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**THE
WRITINGS OF MANKIND**



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KYOTO, JAPAN

The Epsilon Sigma Alpha Sorority

Authorized Text

THE WRITINGS OF MANKIND

*Selections from the Writings of All Ages, with Extensive
Historical Notes, Comment and Criticism, Giving the
Customs, Habits, Characters; the Arts, Philoso-
phies and Religions, of Those Nations
That Have Contributed Most
to Civilization*

By

CHARLES H. SYLVESTER

AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE"
"JOURNEYS THROUGH BOOKLAND", ETC.

TWENTY VOLUMES

Illustrated

VOLUME ONE

JAPAN - CHINA - INDIA



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PREFACE

THE age-long struggle of the human race is for self-expression in some one of its many forms. The lover of power expresses himself in government and politics; the inquisitive mind in discovery; the more exact mind in organization and scientific deduction; the lover of beauty in sculpture, painting and architecture. The creative soul with a high appreciation of form, color and sound finds his best expression in literature, and in so doing inspires his fellows and the multitudes who come after him to higher aspirations, saner living and finer manhood.

Every great nation has its great literature that dips into every human activity but at the same time possesses its own peculiar characteristics. By means of skilled and sympathetic translations this great mass of writing is now accessible to us all, but often the sheer volume of it is appalling: a lifetime of reading and a world of correlative information is necessary to a proper comprehension of the varied and beautiful content.

However, it has seemed possible to one who for many years has made a study of the subject to combine in one publication whatever is best in universal literature, and so to arrange and classify it that, by including with the selections sufficient biographical, historical, explanatory and critical information, reading might be a pleasure and learning a delight. A more extended discussion of the manner in which this has been done will be found in the INTRODUCTION following this PREFACE.

The present series embodies the result of nearly four years of unintermittent labor, and as to a great extent it has been a labor of love it may for that very reason have been the more painstaking.

To insure accuracy of statement and balance of judgment each department has been read, criticized and approved by an expert in that particular line, and the section on Hebrew Literature has been written by a teacher in that faith. The names of those who have so generously rendered this service appear on preceding pages.

The sources of information have been innumerable and the author's indebtedness to the many who have helped in various ways can be acknowledged only in the most general manner. Wherever possible in the course of the work the sources have been carefully indicated.

The make-up of the books, the selection of inserted pictures, and all matters relating to publication, have been under the direction of Karl H. Goodwin, A.B. (Dartmouth). For the excellence of his work the books speak.

The decorations and the multitude of illustrations in the text are from pen-and-ink sketches by R. Fayerweather Babcock.

To how great an extent the author has been successful in his ambitious undertaking, his readers must determine.

C. H. S.

Chicago, January, 1924.

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INTRODUCTION

I. PREFATORY:

In these busy days any time-saving device is welcome and the reader will find that a careful perusal of the following INTRODUCTION will aid greatly in the use of THE WRITINGS OF MANKIND, as it shows in brief outline the scope of the work, its peculiar and manifold usefulness as well as the varied purpose of the author.

II. ARRANGEMENT:

If a person is to get the most out of a series as comprehensive as this, he should at once familiarize himself with the mechanical aids to its use. In the first place, the material is arranged in divisions under the name of the country whose writings are considered, and, after the consideration of Japan and China, which have exerted but little influence upon the literature of the world, the divisions are arranged roughly in chronological sequence.

So unequal is the bulk of the material that it was impossible to make the divisions at the ends of the volumes correspond with the volumes, but upon the backbone of each is the name of the country treated therein.

III. TABLE OF CONTENTS:

At the beginning of each volume is an analytical table showing at a glance not only the chapter titles but also the names of the lesser divisions. By means of these titles and the page numbers attached, the reader can quickly find the subject in which he is most interested.

IV. INDEX:

At the end of the final volume will be found a complete Index. It will be noticed that the pages are numbered

consecutively through the series and that page numbers are given on the back of each volume to facilitate the finding of a topic. No more comprehensive index could be made, and as a natural consequence it is long, but nevertheless, it is simple and clear.

As the main titles are flush with the margin and subtitles are indented, there will be no confusion in running the eyes along the left of each column.

The component parts of the Index may be understood from the following partial *table* used in making it.

1. The names of authors are in Roman type, with the names of their works used in these volumes in *italics*, indented below: Thus:

Björnson Björnstjerne: 8003-8054.

Arne: 8006-8027.

The Newly-Married Couple: 8029-8041.

Leonarda: 8041-8042.

A Gauntlet: 8041-8054.

2. The names of selections are arranged alphabetically by the first letter in the title and are printed in *italics* flush with the margin. Usually the name of the author is given in brackets.

3. Persons of importance not authors.

4. Names of places.

5. Miscellaneous topics which a reader may wish to find; such, for instance, as

Anti-Slavery Movement, Architecture, Chivalry, Crusades, Languages, etc.

6. Forms and kinds of literature, usually classified under the title by the countries which produced them. It will be noticed that these more important titles are printed in capital letters, as in the following:

BALLADS:

Spain: 4668; 4687-4710; 4734-4743.

France: 5590-5596; 5600-5601; 5603-5608.

A few of the other titles of this kind are: ALLEGORY (five references); BATTLE SCENES (ten); DESCRIPTION

(classified first into prose and poetry, and then by countries, twenty-one references); DRAMAS (cross-references to COMEDIES, MASQUES, MORALITIES, MYSTERIES, TRAGEDIES, besides sixty direct references); LYRICS (see also BALLADS, BALLATA, ELEGIES, HYMNS, ODES, SONGS, SONNETS, etc., over one hundred references); NOVELS (with over sixty references), and SHORT STORIES (more than thirty).

V. ILLUSTRATIONS:

The books have numberless pictures and these have been inserted not only to beautify the volumes but also really to illustrate the text. There are numerous half-tone inserts consisting of portraits of authors, characteristic views of beautiful architecture and historic interest, pictures of famous sculptures and paintings, and miscellaneous subjects illustrating the manners and costumes of the different nations.

Besides these, there is a long series of headpieces and tailpieces, each drawn especially for this work and all related closely to the subject.

VI. SCOPE:

THE WRITINGS OF MANKIND covers the literatures of all civilized nations from the earliest times until each became extinct or might be said to have become merged into the great mass of writings which now have, in form, structure, content and beauty, more traits in common than points of difference. Somewhat arbitrarily the writer has selected about the middle of the last century as the time when such universality of literature was reached.

This work must not be considered merely as a collection of masterpieces, for as such there would be little excuse for producing it; in fact, a large proportion of it is original matter never before published.

VII. PURPOSE:

In its literature is found the highest expression of the genius of a race and through such expression is shown best the character and achievements of that race. In its

fiction and narrative history are delineated the activities and the manner of life of a race. In its essays and poetry are expressed its ethics, philosophy and religion.

So to present the literature of the world that the reader may see vividly the activities of each race, its manner of life, its philosophy, ethics and religion is the purpose of this undertaking.

VIII. METHOD:

Properly to comprehend these multitudinous expressions of the higher culture, the reader must have a suitable background against which to view them and enough correlated facts to insure an intelligent interpretation. These things the author has supplied through the following agencies:

1. *Geographical*: The habitat of a race has much to do with its development; the influence of latitude, elevation, configuration of surface and climate is far-reaching. Accordingly, at the beginning of each section is a brief consideration of such geographical peculiarities as may be helpful in later reading.

2. *Peoples and Languages*: The inherent qualities of the race, its probable descent and its language as a vehicle of expression are all treated in a clear and simple manner.

3. *Historical*: Seen against the background of history, the literary achievements of a race clarify and become intelligible, while their inter-relations with those of other nations are seen more vividly. Therefore, near the beginning of each section is an outline of the history of the race, prepared expressly to illuminate its writings.

4. *History of Literature*: To facilitate the placing of authors in their proper position chronologically and in relative importance, both in their own land and in the world at large, a short analytical history of the writings of each race has been prepared.

5. *Biographical*: Sketches of the lives of authors, anecdotes and notes of one kind and another, are scattered through the work, usually preceding the extracts from the writings so that the human element may help to an

appreciation, vitalize the principles and increase the inspirational quality of the writings.

6. *Allusions*: Most authors assume that their readers already possess an acquaintance with much that has been written and flatter their intelligence by frequent allusions to a variety of things which, if unknown, cloud the meaning and destroy the effect. No small part of such allusions is to the mythological characters, legendary heroes and heathen gods of old-time nations. Hence in the proper places, these are discussed at length, the ancient tales are retold by the author or, when possible, are quoted from literary masterpieces in prose or poetry. Interesting in themselves, they add decidedly to the reader's powers of interpretation. In making his selections, too, from the Bible and other great writings of antiquity, the author has been careful in many instances to take those things from which modern writers have drawn most extensively.

7. *Criticism*: It is trite, perhaps, to say that every reader appreciates what he reads only in proportion to what he puts into his reading, and that critical estimates give him little of power. However, some criticism is illuminating and to read what someone else has said of a writer helps to clarify one's own vision if he does not accept slavishly the opinions of others. Moreover, some criticism upon which we have drawn heavily is, in itself, the highest type of literature and full of stimulating thought. When Macaulay, for instance, wrote of a book, his critical essay was not infrequently far more valuable than his subject. Criticism is brought to the eye of the reader not in great masses but pointedly brief just where and when it is most helpful.

8. *Explanatory Notes*: It will be noted that every selection is accompanied to some extent by notes and explanations sufficient to make the meaning clear to the average reader without clouding his comprehension with too much of the opinions of others. To say that all real literature has a universal appeal is merely to say that the universal appeal is what makes it true literature in distinction from the ephemeral writings that always will

burden the presses. Yet sometimes that universal appeal may be made stronger, if some kind hand will but open the gates of information.

9. *Translations*: The masterpieces in this series were published originally in about twenty different languages, and manifestly the greater portion of them would remain wholly unknown to us had it not been for the hundreds of translators who have worked upon them, for the best of us cannot read with thorough appreciation in more than three or four languages. When anyone says that the only way to read a classic is in the original, we are willing to go so far as to say, that if he can bring to the original the same knowledge and appreciation that he has for his own tongue, well and good. But there is not one American in a thousand who can read any one of the classic or modern European languages understandingly enough to get from it one-tenth of what he could get from a first-rate translation by one competent to make it. Granting that much may be lost in translation, there still remains a world of good, and frequently translations made by those of fine literary appreciation and skilled expression eclipse even the original. Many hundreds of volumes were read and examined in deciding what to select and hundreds more before the best of competing translations were chosen. It is little exaggeration to say it has been the work of a lifetime.

IX. SELECTIONS:

What principles were used in making the selections from the mountainous literature of all nations through all time?

1. They must show growth of the people as well as growth of the literary spirit.
2. They must be representative of accomplishment in every kind of literature.
3. They must contain those things which have been most influential in the progress of civilization, culture and refinement of the human race at large as well as in the country where they were written.
4. They must be readable, attractive and clean.

5. They must be complete, or if not complete, enough of connective tissue must be woven in to give a reasonable concept of the whole.

6. They must picture the methods of living, manners, customs, costumes, amusements and serious pursuits of the race.

7. Wherever possible, they must be in the form of the original, poetry in meter, prose as prose.

8. In particular, they must give a comprehensive view of the philosophy, ethics and religion of the race without too great an intrusion of criticism or approval.

9. It is better to devote considerable space to the great writers, even if some of the minor ones must be omitted, and to give greater prominence to Greece, Rome, France, Germany, England and America than to the other nations.

It is needless to say that after making the selections in accordance with these principles, and arranging the material according to plan, it was found that an overwhelming quantity was on hand and that it required more than one thoughtful reading to determine what was best worth keeping. It was only with great reluctance that many things were rejected.

X. USING THE BOOKS:

These volumes contain a world of good reading, a vast fund of information and will afford culture and inspiration to every reader. If used frequently, they will be found entertaining, instructive and stimulating. Left on the shelves unopened, they may be an ornament but a very expensive one. Many persons are so constituted that as soon as they have purchased a thing, they grow critical and dissatisfied and are inclined to lay it aside, while, if they would only use it a little, they would be more than delighted. Particularly is this so of books.

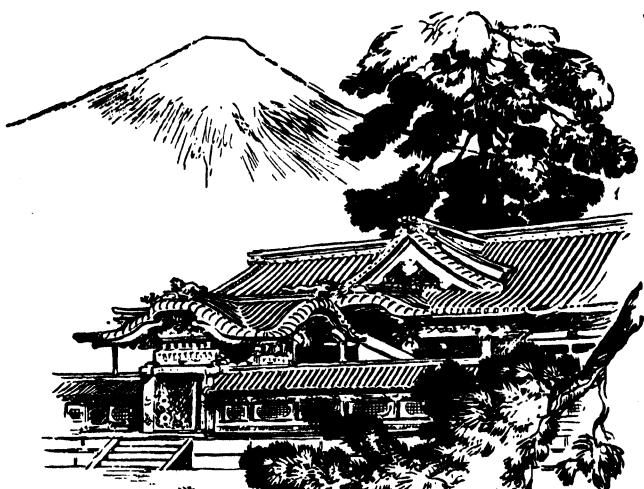
Select any volume at random, open it anywhere and begin to read. You will soon find something interesting, and it will suggest further reading where you are and lead you to consult the Index to find more upon the same subject or something akin to it. Better yet, per-

haps, think of a topic, a person or a thing of which you already know considerable and look for it in the Index. Turn to the volume where the matter is and read. Lines of thought will open and, before you know it, you will be following them hither and yon till you have had from the shelf half the books of the set. Such desultory reading often creates a taste for more systematic and thorough reading later on.

Again, are you weary and worn, discouraged and sick at heart? Go to the Index; among the lyrics or the essays you will find restful, cheerful and invigorating lines that will calm your troubled mind and fill your soul with encouragement, give it a new and higher inspiration. Are you dull and dreary? in need of amusement?—even of laughter? In these volumes is an abundance of the world's best wit and humor. Does your mind crave knowledge or enlightenment, are you wanting food for thought? Herein you can delve in the philosophies of the ages. In fact, in literature is to be found satisfaction for every mood, a solace for every dark hour.

For the reader who desires to master the subject in a fair degree, the best plan is to begin at the beginning of the first volume and follow through to the end, skipping here and there and everywhere those things with which he is familiar and reading only that which is new. We venture to say that any man or woman, however widely read, will find herein entertainment for many an hour.

JAPAN



JAPAN

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

LOCATION AND EXTENT. The empire of Japan consists of four large islands and about four hundred small ones. The total area is about 150,000 square miles, or less than that of the state of California. The population of the empire, however, is upward of 52,000,000, or about half the population of the entire United States exclusive of her island possessions.

The four large islands named from north to south are Yesso, Hondo, Shikoku and Kiushu,

the second of which is much the largest and is often spoken of as the Japanese mainland. They lie off the eastern coast of Asia as an arc of a broad circle, enclosing the Japan Sea, and separated from the peninsula of Korea, now called Chosen by the Japanese, only by a narrow strait. They extend from about the thirty-first to the forty-fifth parallel of north latitude; that is, from Southern Georgia to Northern New York, or from Southern California to Salem, Oregon. The archipelagoes extend the boundaries of the empire south to the twenty-fourth parallel and north to the fiftieth. Tokyo, the chief city, with a population approaching two millions, lies in nearly the same latitude as San Francisco, but distant some forty-eight hundred miles.

II. PHYSICAL FEATURES. Japan is one of the most mountainous countries of the world and is of volcanic origin. No fewer than eight active volcanoes are still to be found on Yesso, and more are scattered through the other islands. Earthquakes are common, and many have been extremely destructive. But the scenery, while on a grand scale, is at the same time naturally beautiful, for the fertile soil and varied climate support a luxuriant vegetation that rivals the tropics. The famous volcano of Fujiyama, "the matchless one," towers more than twelve thousand feet above sea level, and though now quiescent was two hundred years ago the source of a great catastrophe. This Fujiyama, the sacred mountain, shows

its snow-capped summit in most of the pictures of Japan, and references to it are as common in literature.

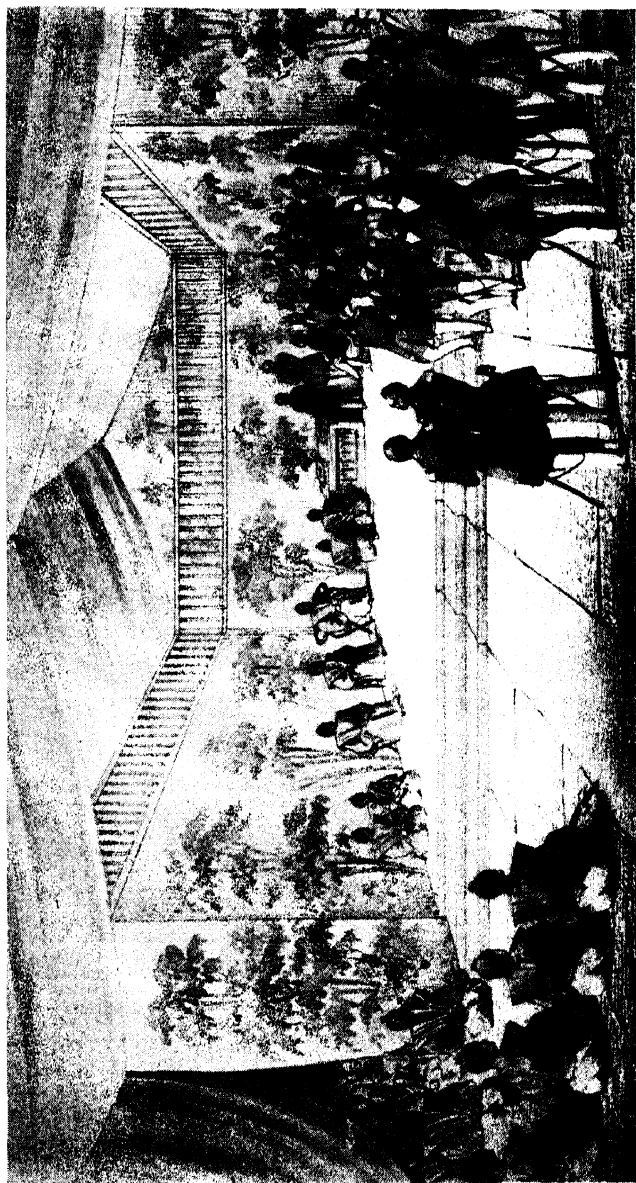
III. THE PEOPLE. The origin of the Japanese is not wholly clear, but it is probable that they are a mixed race, the result of inter-marriage between the aboriginal Ainos, a hairy race of whom there are still some thousands in the islands at the North, the Malays from the South, and invading Asiatics who came across from Korea.

In stature the Japanese are rather undersized, but are vigorous, healthy and capable of resisting great hardships. The prevailing complexion is a light olive, though there are variations from a very dark copper color to almost Caucasian lightness. Intellectually they are keen, imitative and quick to absorb knowledge, for which they have an abiding passion. Proud and fickle, they are yet extremely courteous and have a high sense of personal honor. Their insular position has enabled them to develop their own civilization, which, however, has not advanced steadily, but rather in sudden bounds as a result of the absorption at different epochs of the learning of other countries. They are a happy, lively race, with a keen sense of humor and a certain addiction to pleasure. Their esthetic sense is highly developed, and much of their effort tends to the beautifying of their natural surroundings.

IV. HISTORY. Some few centuries before the birth of Christ, Jimmu Tenno established

his capital in the province of Yamato. This man is recognized as the first Mikado, and the date of the beginning of his reign is often given as 660 B. C., though there is little proof of its accuracy. Until the beginning of the eighth century after Christ, the court of the Mikado was somewhat nomadic, but at that time it was more permanently established at Nara. In course of time the Mikados became feeble, their military subjects grew stronger, and about A. D. 1192, the Shogun, or general-in-chief, otherwise called the Tycoon, or "Great Lord," usurped the supreme authority. Then for about six hundred seventy-five years, or until 1868, there prevailed a double rulership, the Mikado, spiritual head and real Emperor of Japan, and the reigning Shogun, or ruler in fact, of the Empire. At the latter date the Daimios, feudal barons or territorial princes, who had long felt the burden of military rule, rebelled, deposed the reigning Shogun, restored to the Mikado his temporal powers and made Japan the limited monarchy it now is. It is interesting to know that the inciting cause of the overthrow of the Shogunate was the signing of the treaty with the United States in 1854, by which, at the instigation of Commodore Perry and the presence of his war fleet, Japan opened her ports to trade with the American continent.

Prior to 1543 the history of Japan is purely local or related only to its Asiatic neighbors. At that date the Portuguese began trading with



COMMODORE PERRY DELIVERING PRESIDENT FILLMORE'S LETTER TO REPRESENTATIVES OF
THE SHOGUN, ADDRESSED TO THE RULER OF JAPAN, 1853

Japan, and a few years earlier St. Francis Xavier introduced the Roman Catholic religion. Eighty years later, however, Japan had again closed its doors to foreigners, after terrible persecutions during which more than fifty thousand professing Christians lost their lives. For a series of years the Dutch had had a profitable monopoly of trade, but under such restrictions that they produced no effect upon Japanese manners, customs or beliefs, and Japan returned to the hermit-like seclusion which it had practiced for many centuries.

Many of the Shoguns were able men, and Iyeyasu, who usurped the Shogunate in 1600, was probably the greatest statesman Japan has ever had. To him is to be credited the establishment of that feudal system which ultimately, as we have seen, was instrumental in overthrowing and forever deposing the Shogunate. He established the capital at Yedo, which rose rapidly in importance until now, under the new name of Tokyo, it is the capital of the restored Mikados and the largest city of the Empire.

Since Japan opened her doors to European nations her progress has been phenomenal and by her unexpected successes on land and sea in her recent war with Russia she demonstrated beyond cavil her right to be considered one of the great powers of the world. In fact, in the World War, she took her place with the Allies and by guarding the East rendered material aid, which was fully recognized in the settle-

ment of affairs at the close of that tremendous struggle.

V. RELIGION. Japan has in reality two religions, each of which has in turn held a predominating influence; these are *Shintoism*, the native religion, and *Buddhism*, which was introduced from China in the sixth century.

Shintoism, or "The Way of the Gods," consisted largely of the deification of rulers and native heroes, combined with the worship of certain natural objects and phenomena. There was in its pure form little of ceremonial and few instruments of worship. Long pilgrimages were made to some favorite shrines, possibly high on a mountain summit, where after an ablution and a contribution for the support of the religion, the devotee prayed for a few moments in silence. There is no teaching of a future existence and no definite moral or doctrinal code, but through their reverence for their ancestors the masses are largely controlled. On the other hand, there are in existence some rituals of great antiquity.

Buddhism has taken a deep hold upon the people, and for many centuries it was the state religion. In its influence upon Japan it has been not unlike that of Christianity upon European nations. The monks of the many sects resemble priests, and the monasteries in their preservation of learning and political influence resemble strongly the Roman Catholic establishments of the Middle Ages. Recently, since the restoration of the Mikado to political

power, there has been a revival of Shintoism, but it is safe to say that Buddhism is still the dominating religion. Nevertheless, it is quite impossible to separate them entirely in the minds of the masses, who often worship indiscriminately at the shrines of both.

Toward the Christian religion the Japanese have held a strong prejudice, though at the present time there are many thousands of native Christians, and it is too early yet to tell what will be the final outcome of the great revolution in culture and knowledge which has come in the last sixty years. As a class, the nobles and educated Japanese are frankly agnostic except for their deep reverence for their Mikado and the spirits of their ancestors.

VI. LANGUAGE. The soft speech of the Japanese bears no resemblance to the harsh monosyllabic tongue of the Chinese, but the written language of the former is certainly a derivative from that of the latter. While there are indications of an early and peculiarly a Japanese written language, it has utterly disappeared, and Chinese, which was introduced in the third century after Christ, is still in use in diplomatic correspondence and in the more scholarly books.

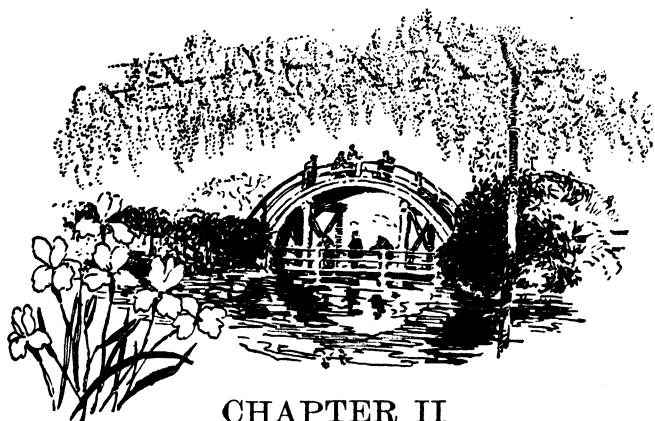
In the ninth century the ideographic symbols of the Chinese were found too numerous and complicated to permit of the comfortable transcription of the long literary effusions that were then being produced, and the cumbrous plan was simplified by the introduction of a

phonetic and arbitrary alphabet known as *Hiragana*, which, however, permitted variations that finally resulted in the invention of a second and simpler alphabet, the *Katakana*, which admits of no variants. Both these systems write the characters in vertical columns, but their use marvelously simplifies the labor of composition.

VII. MANNERS AND CUSTOMS. It is not possible to examine the literature of a country without seeing reflected in it the manners and customs of the people, nor without becoming more vividly conscious of its education, refinements and philosophy. What has been written so far is intended to serve as a background against which the literary productions of the Japanese may be seen distinctly. As we read on we shall find ourselves marveling more and more at the wonderful facility, intelligence and power of this so-long-isolated race.



A TEA HOUSE



CHAPTER II

JAPANESE POETRY

GENERAL REMARKS. Japanese poetry is unique, and differs in almost every way from English poetry. There is neither rhyme nor meter in our sense of the words, and the chief peculiarity of the structure is a definite arrangement of syllables into lines of restricted length. The Japanese use polysyllabic words, but a syllable consists merely of a vowel alone or of a vowel preceded by a single consonant. Under such strict limitations of form it is apparent that spirit and meaning must be the important consideration.

II. WORD DEVICES. Some few devices of frequent use are readily noticeable, but they are of such a character that they do not add to the pleasure of European readers.

First may be mentioned the *Makura-Kotoba*, which stands at the beginning and may be con-

sidered as forming a rest for the verse. Hence the name, which means *pillow word*. Usually containing five syllables, the Makura-Kotoba is decidedly helpful to the poet, who therein finds one line of his little verse ready-made. They are in reality epithets, usually compound, which by long use have gained a conventional meaning or have so lost their original significance that they may be used merely as sonorous fillers-in of space. Hundreds of these words are collected into dictionaries, which the Japanese poets use as a mechanical English versifier might use a rhyming dictionary. "Rain-enshrouded" and "Whale-catching," for instance, were in all probability first applied to a mountain and a lake, but now would appear amusing to us when applied to an ant hill or an inland pool.

We might illustrate a second device, the "pivot-word," by the childish "joke" of years gone by. "You can't spell 'coffee-pot' and pronounce the syllables without saying 'tea-pot.'" And the experimenter fails: "C-o-f, cof, f-e-e, fee, p-o-t (tea) pot." Sometimes the scheme is carried to absurd lengths; thus a writer might begin after this fashion: "When at eve he had drunk his {fill, Philip sought his humble {cot, caught his horse and led it shivering to the stall, where he carefully bedded it {down, downy chickens running about him as he

sang." Lest it be thought that the use of pivot words by the Japanese was wholly artificial and displeasing, listen to what Mr. Chamberlain says:

To the English reader such a punning invention will doubtless seem the height of misapplied ingenuity. But, as a matter of fact, the impression produced by these linked verses is delightful in the extreme, passing as they do before the reader like a series of dissolving views, vague, graceful and suggestive. This ornament especially characterizes the old poetic dramas, and renders them a peculiarly arduous study to such as do not thoroughly appreciate its nature.

In *Hiawatha* Longfellow gives us frequent illustrations of the third device which the Japanese consider ornamental. It consists in repeating in one line of poetry several of the words of the preceding line, making couplets and sometimes even three or four lines with only a few words different.

III. KINDS OF POETRY. The poetry of the Japanese consists of brief lyrics and briefer epigrams and of moderately long poems of lyrical character. Neither epic nor dramatic poetry is known, but in many of the dramas are passages of lyrical quality, as we shall see later.

IV. SUBJECT MATTER AND SENTIMENT. It would seem that the Japanese have intentionally restricted their poetry to the expression of their more refined emotions, excluding as foreign to the domain of the lyrical spirit everything like war, fighting or bloodshed, sa-

tire, political discussion, philosophical thought or religious precepts.

But there is an abundance of love poems, of those expressing all phases of family affection, of elegies, of the longing for home and the touch of a friendly hand, of melancholy reflection on the vanity and uncertainty of life, of pretty conceit, and exquisite testimonials to the love of the beautiful in nature. But always is it Japanese nature, its own mountains, its own climate, its own flowers and birds and insects. To express all this delicate feeling there are comparatively few figures of speech and no reliance upon the Chinese or other nations for comparison or confirmation. Quite sufficient unto itself has Japan been, not only for its civilization, but for its expression of sentiment in poetry.

V. THE TANKA. With no accented syllables such as we use to give rhythm to our verse and with no admixture of long and short syllables such as the Greeks and Romans had for the same purpose, there is little left to remove Japanese poetic structure from the greatest simplicity. Accordingly, we are not surprised to learn that poetry is distinguished from prose only by the alternation of lines—one of five syllables, a second of seven, a third of five, a fourth of seven syllables, and so on.

Moreover, in the usual acceptance of the term a Japanese “poem” consists of five lines or verses arranged as above, making but thirty-one syllables in all. If a “pillow-word” is used

at the beginning, there are left but twenty-six syllables for the ardent poet to find. This form of poetry is called the *Tanka*, of which there are countless examples in the literature of Japan.

Aston quotes the following:

Idete inaba
Nushi naki yado to
Narinu tomo
Nokiba no ume yo
Haru wo wasuruna.

In reading it give to the consonants the customary English sounds, elide the *i* from *inaba* in the first line and pronounce the vowels long and the syllables without accent. Evidently *Tanka* may be highly agreeable to the ear. In this one is a pretty bit of sentiment, as may be seen from the translation:

When I am gone away,
Masterless my dwelling
Though it become—
Oh! plum tree by the eaves,
Forget not thou the spring.

Readers of Japanese unite in praising the skillful manner in which the Japanese have handled the *Tanka* and willingly testify to the exquisite beauty of sentiment and expression in many of them. Translations of a few *Tanka* follow:

LIFE IS LIKE A BOAT

To what shall I compare
This life of ours?
It is like a boat

Which at daybreak rows away
And leaves no trace behind it.

MIRAGE

I say not that this Life is pitiful,
Or that unending woe is mortals' lot,
For Life is but a mirage of the mind,
And who can say if it exist or not?

THE LIGHTNING

By Minamoto no Jun—10th Century
Out of the murky clouds the lightning's glare
Dimly reveals the brooding Autumn plain,
Shown for an instant in its 'broidery rare,
Then the dense darkness covers it again.
Such is our life, an instant in the light,
Then the Unknown, impenetrable night!

THE MOON

The sky is a sea
Where the cloud-billows rise,
And the moon is a boat;
To the groves of the stars
It is rowing away.

A GIFT

Oh! that the white waves far out
On the sea of Ise
Were but flowers,
That I might gather them
And bring them as a gift to my love!

CHERRY BLOSSOMS

Fall gently
O thou rain of spring!
And scatter not
The cherry flowers
Until I have seen them.

LOST HOPES

On the plum blossoms
Thick fell the snow;
I wished to gather some
To show to thee,
But it melted in my hands.

EVANESCENCE

Even as the beads of evening dew that lie
Upon the morning-glory through the night,
And vanish ere the fading of the flower
With the day's dawning:
Such is human life!

DISAPPOINTMENT

I came and found thee not:
Wetter far is my sleeve
Than if I had threaded my way at morn
Through the bamboo-grass
Of the autumn plain.

THE FROGS CROAKING

The croaking frogs that find their lodging here,
Would seem to feel the loneliness of night
As much as I, so plaintive is their cry
Through the long hours until the morning light.

REMEMBRANCE

Do I forget thee
Even for so brief a time
As the ears of grain
On the fields of autumn
Are lit by the lightning's glare?

SOUL OF JAPAN

By Motoori

O sacred Isles! Would strangers know
The Spirit of Yamato's hero race?
Point where the cherry-blossoms blow,

Veiling the rugged mountain's frowning face.
Sun-flushed and heavenly fair,
Scenting the morning air!

VI. THE NAGA-UTA, OR LONG POETRY. The only distinction between the Naga-uta and the Tanka is one of length, and none of the former is what we would call a long poem. They are not divided into stanzas, but the five and seven syllable lines follow one another in regular succession. Not infrequently the long poem is followed by one or more brief stanzas in Tanka form which seem like postscripts to the thought of the former. In this position the five lines are known as a *Hanka*.

As an illustration of the field of the Naga-uta, the following paraphrase of a translation of the *Legend of Urashima* may be cited:

One hazy day in spring I went to the beach of Suminoye, and as I stood there watching the fishing boats rocking to and fro I recalled the old-time tale of Urashima of Midzunoye.

Proud of his skill in catching the fish from the ocean, he rowed far beyond the horizon and did not return even for seven days.

As he rowed onward he met a beautiful daughter of the Sea God with whom, after a mutual courtship, he plighted his troth, and the two went together to the land of the immortals, and hand in hand entered a stately mansion in the palace of the Sea God.

Here might they have dwelt together forever, never growing older, but the foolish man yearning for home said to his wife, "For a little while I would be with my father and mother, but to-morrow I will return to thee."

"If ever again thou art to return to me to dwell in the land of the immortals, beware how thou openest the

casket which I entrust to thee." Upon this the wife insisted as Urashima set forth on his journey.

When he had reached Suminoye he looked everywhere for his house, but he could not see it, and though he searched faithfully for the village, no village could he find.

Wondering at this, he suddenly remembered the casket and thought: "Can it be possible that in the three short years since I went away my house has utterly disappeared, leaving not even a trace of fence? If I should open this casket now might not the house be restored to my vision?"

So saying, he opened slightly the precious little casket, only to see a white cloud issue from it and spread away toward the immortal land that he had abandoned.

In terror, he ran, he shouted, he waved his sleeves, ground his feet together and writhed upon the earth. Suddenly his heart seemed to melt within him, his hair that had been so black became snowy white, wrinkles covered his body, his breath failed and from his body life departed.

And lo! here once stood the cottage of Urashima of Midzunoye!

BUSHIDO¹

(Rendered into English by S. Uchida, Esq.)

By Tenshu Nishimura

Our Sunrise Land hath been from ancient times
Founded on valor, built on chivalry.
Three sister-virtues, moulded into one,
Wisdom, and Courage, and Humanity:
These laid the corner-stone, and reared the frame,
Yamato's Spirit, and her "warrior-way"!
Three heav'nly gifts to our Imperial Line
Have been the source and sign of our ideal:
The polished Mirror, emblem of the mind,
The keen-edged Sword, for valor's dauntless heart,
The precious Gem, for human kindness.

¹The word means "the way (spirit) of the warrior."

These treasures three have long in symbol taught
The threefold virtue of the warrior-way!
Wisdom dwells oft in warriors, and therewith
Courage to face alone a thousand men!
But dull is wit and brutal bravery
That knows not mercy—source of all true deeds.
For even war at last doth serve her ends,
The people's safety. So the saying is,
"Who knows not pity is no warrior!"
Behold the men, whom deep we reverence,
As showing forth our country's "Knightly Way."
The elder Kusunoki wise and brave,
And yet withal so sweet compassionate,
That o'er the grave of vanquished enemies
He read the service for departed souls.
Like him, his son the brave Masatsura,
When there came word of his advancing foes.
('Twas in the frost of Autumn's latest moon),
Undaunted by their greater force he led
His horsemen resolutely to the field.
Raising their shouts of war, the armies met,
Fierce surged the wave of battle up and down.
Here, with a merry song upon his lips,
Enters a valiant youth amid the fray;
Yonder a priest in arms, a giant form,
His ten-foot spear propped on his stallion's neck,
Charging across the field to right and left,
Lays six-and-thirty horsemen on the ground.
The clanging sabres echo to the skies!
With seven wounds from deadly sword and spear,
The foaming war-steeds shake the very earth!
The foemen's Leader turns, his men with him,
And madly spur their weary steeds to flight,
Till, hot-pursued and pressed, their vanguard crowds
Into the turbulent November stream:
Five hundred perished in the river there.
At such a time no idle pity serves!
Compassionately then Masatsura
Came to the rescue of his drowning foes,

And brought them safe to land, dressing their wounds,
And warmed and fed them in his kindly camp,
Until, with crown of knightly courtesy,
He sent them forth, all mounted and with arms.
Both friend and foe acclaimed his nobleness!
Then was there too that Chief of Satsuma
Who from Korea came in triumph home,
And raised a stone in memory of the dead,
Or friend or foe—and made his offerings
That thus their souls might find the way to peace.
Such are the men whom warriors emulate,
Such too the meaning of the Cross of Red—
Emblem of love in lands beyond the sea.
Ah! human kindness hath been from of old!
And such the Truth our ancient “Knightly Way”
Hath handed down to us in every age.
O precious Truth bound with our country’s life!
Now is the time for warrior souls to rise!
Now is the time for warlike zeal to glow!
As mirror, sword and gem have taught our land,
Of wisdom, valor and humanity;
This threefold glory of our chivalry,
O Nation! keep unsullied as of old!
Still let our country’s honor sound abroad!
Still let our country’s glory shine afar!

The substance of the Hanka appended to this is that Urashima might have dwelt peacefully in the immortal land if he had not been so dull. It reminds us of the “Moral” attached to the fables of Aesop. The beauty of the poem necessarily is lost in so liberal a paraphrase.

VII. THE NO, or LYRICAL DRAMAS. In the fourteenth century there appeared a simple lyrical drama; many were written in the fifteenth century, but during the sixteenth century their production ceased. Primarily, they

were religious plays with little dramatic value, but intended to promote piety at the court of the Shoguns, under whose patronage they were produced. In some respects they remind us of the morality and miracle plays of the early English period. The most complete anthology contains over two hundred of the No, which, as a general rule, are largely prose with lyrical passages which were sung or chanted by the actors. The poetic element is supplied by the irregular use of lines of seven and five syllables each and by the profuse introduction of word devices, particularly of pivot-words, previously described. No attempt at originality was made, and the authors, usually unknown, borrowed freely from such sources as were at their command, using Tanka or fragments of them and lines from Naga-uta which suited their purpose.

The chief person of the No is often a priest of the Shinto or Buddhist religion, who uses the legends and traditions of his faith to inculcate the virtues and condemn the vices of his hearers.

VIII. THE HAIKAI. To us it would seem that the Tanka are as brief as any poem well can be. Still in the seventeenth century writers began to produce lyrics yet more condensed, which they called *Haikai*. Their popularity is astonishing, but it may be accounted for partially by the greater freedom allowed in the subjects to be considered and in the wider use of words popularly understood. In

fact, what the Tanka was to the cultured classes the Haikai became to the common people.

The Haikai consists of but three lines, of five, seven and five syllables, respectively. It is then in form the first three lines of the Tanka. Mr. Chamberlain cites the following example:

Asagao ni
Tsurube torarete,
Morai-mizu!

Translated, it means, "My well-bucket having been taken away by the convolvuli—gift water." In commenting upon it, the same writer says:

The poetess Chiyo, having gone to her well one morning to draw water, found that some tendrils of the convolvulus had twined themselves around the rope. As a poetess and a woman of taste, she could not bring herself to disturb the dainty blossoms. So, leaving her own well to convolvuli, she went and begged water of a neighbor. A pretty little vignette surely, and expressed in five words.

Some of the Haikai are humorous; most contain an element of surprise and suggestiveness. In fact, the most noticeable characteristic is the demand they make upon the imagination of the reader. To us, many of them are quite unintelligible. Mr. Aston translates one thus:

Even in the rain, come forth,
O midnight moon!
But first put on your hat.

The same Japanese word is used to describe a

broad hat or umbrella and the halo that sometimes surrounds the moon.

Another he translates is this:

I come aweary,
In search of an inn—
Ah! these wistaria flowers!

IX. THE *KIOKA*. The Japanese are a fun-loving people, and their wit manifests itself in the punning pivot-word as well as in many other quips and turns, all of which they include under the general term *Share* (pronounced *sharry*). In pursuing their proclivity for witty epigrams they devised witty and vulgar forms of the *Tanka*, which they called *Kioka*, or “mad poetry.” No subject is too mean for the *Kioka*, and popular words are used without restraint.

X. RECENT DEVELOPMENTS. Since Japan has come into contact with the Western civilizations and a knowledge of Christianity has been permeating the land, a new spirit seems to be animating its poets who, while they still retain the five and seven syllabled lines, abandon the *Tanka* and its derivatives and use a modified *Naga-uta*, dividing the poem into stanzas of equal length and using with perfect unconcern the ordinary spoken language of the people. They allow themselves greater latitude in the selection of topics and do not bind themselves by the brevity which even the old-time *Naga-uta* demanded. How far Western ideals will prevail remains to be seen.

XI. POETIC PROSE. The prose of many Japanese writers has much of the poetic quality and in sentiment and beauty would take high rank with their best metrical compositions. Not infrequently in the midst of their prose one finds long passages that have not only high poetic feeling but that utilize all the aids and formal requirements of poetry, except the printing in lines of regular length; even the phrasing alternates in the five and seven syllabic manner that is the basis of their meter. Some of the most popular writers have been addicted to thus lyricizing their prose to so great an extent that it appears a serious defect.

XII. CONCLUSION. The *Kokinshiu* is an anthology of about eleven hundred poems, of which fewer than a hundred are other than Tanka. The collection, which was completed during 922, was separated into divisions under such titles as the names of the four seasons, names of things, Love, Sorrow, Partings, Journeys, etc. The preface was written by the editor, Kino Tsurayuki, and is considered by the Japanese as one of the finest examples of elegant style the language contains. From it is taken the following quotation as given by Mr. Aston:

The poetry of Yamato (Japan) has the human heart for its seed, and grows therefrom into the manifold forms of speech. Men are full of various activities, among which poetry is that which consists in expressing the thoughts of their hearts by metaphors taken from what they see or hear.

Listening to the nightingale singing among the flowers or to the cry of the frog which dwells in the water, we recognize the truth that of all living things, there is not one which does not utter song. It is poetry by which, without an effort, heaven and earth are moved, and gods and demons invisible to our eyes are touched with sympathy. By poetry the converse of lovers is made gentler, and the hearts of fierce warriors soothed.

Poetry began when heaven and earth were created. But of that which has been handed down to our day, the first was made in everlasting heaven by Shita-teru-hime, and on the ore-yielding earth by Susa-no-wo. In the age of the swift gods it would seem that as yet there was no established meter. Their poetry was artless in form and hard of comprehension. It was in the age of man that Susa-no-wo made the first poetry of thirty and one syllables. And so by the varied multiplication of thoughts and language we came to express our love for flowers, our envy of birds, our emotion at the sight of the hazes which usher in the spring, or our grief at beholding the dew. As a distant journey is begun by our first footstep and goes on for months and years, as a high mountain has its beginning in the dust of its base and at length rises aloft and extends across the sky like the clouds of heaven, so gradual must have been the rise of poetry.

The following are free translations of Tanka which we have selected somewhat at random from the Kokinshiu:

REMEMBRANCE

Shall I forget thee?
 Not for that instant brief,
 In which the lightning's blade
 Lights up each ear of grain,
 Each swaying stem and leaf,
 When Autumn decks the plain
 In rare brocade!

PLUM-BLOSSOM

In this Spring night
Of all-pervading gray,
No ray of light
Reveals the plum-tree's spray,
But viewless to the skies
Its perfumes still arise.

THE LEAVES

See the red maple-leaves that swirl
In Autumn storm-winds! brief their span,
Into the outer dark they whirl!
More fleeting still the life of man.

THE TOMB

An ancient tomb, with withered shikimi,
Where the red dragon-flies flit to and fro!

THE DREAM

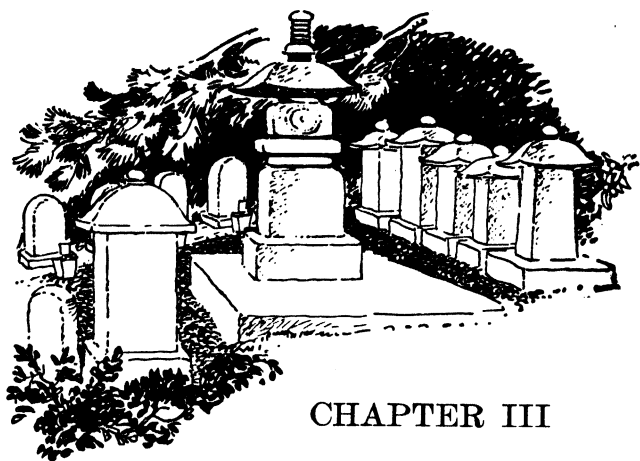
Before I slept, I thought of thee,
Then fell asleep, and sought for thee,
And found thee:
Had I but known 'twas only seeming,
I had not waked, but lain for ever dreaming!

PASSING

What of our life! 'Tis imaged by a boat:
The wide dawn sees it on the sea afloat;
Swiftly it rows away,
And on the dancing waves no trace is seen
That it has ever been!

ILLUSION

That which we see in sleep,
Is that alone a dream?
To me the world itself
Is not what it may seem,
But just a phantasy!



CHAPTER III

JAPANESE FICTION

MONOGATARI. In Japanese the word which means "not native" is *Monogatari*, and it is used indiscriminately to cover certain works of pure fiction, those which are historical and those that are a blend of history and fiction, and yet all have a certain characteristic style drawn from early models. Of these Monogatari, some are of great age and still rank high in the literature of the Empire.

The *Taketori Monogatari*, which must have been written in the tenth century, is generally regarded as the oldest but not as the greatest. The name means "The Bamboo-Gatherer Narrative," but it is scarcely warranted by the tale, many of whose incidents are from the fairy lore of China, though the language is pure Japanese. The plot may be summed up as follows:



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ENTRANCE TO JAPANESE HOUSE

SHOWING TYPICAL NATIVE ARCHITECTURE AND COSTUMES OF THE
PEOPLE.

One day an old bamboo-gatherer at work in the thicket noticed one slender stalk with a beautiful shining stem. When he had cut this down and opened the joints he found snugly ensconced in one of them an exquisite little maiden, scarcely three inches high. Delighted with his discovery, he took the charming miss to his home, where, under the name of *Kaguyahime* (Shining Damsel), she quickly grew into a lovely woman whose beauty and wit attracted many suitors. To each in turn she assigned a difficult task with the promise that if he executed it successfully she would marry him. One she sent to India to procure the stone begging-bowl of the holy Buddha. A second was dispatched to the fairy island Paradise of Mount Horai, where grew the marvelous tree with silver roots and stem of gold. His task was to bring her from the tree a branch laden with the glittering fruit of precious jewels. The third suitor was ordered to bring a garment made from the fur of the salamander, or fire rat, a garment that no fire could ever consume. To others were given similar quests, but all failed dismally. Even the Mikado, who wooed persistently, was rejected, but in so gently firm a manner that they remained good friends. At the end, her friends came in a gorgeous flying chariot and carried her back to heaven, from which she had been banished for a term of years.

The bulk of the narrative is made up of the experiences of the several suitors on their hopeless quests.

The *Ise Monogatari* is of about the same date, but is far superior in style and relates in a humorous or sentimental vein the love adventures of Narihira, a gay young nobleman who lived in Ise, whose residents were reputed to be great liars. It is interesting to know that the author begins each chapter with the word *Mukashi*, which is much like the phrase, "A

long time ago," with which so many of our old fairy tales begin.

There are numerous other works of this type which persisted until a much later date. The most famous is the *Genji Monogatari*, but that is more properly to be considered as a novel.

The *Heike Monogatari* is supposed to have been written early in the twelfth century, and may be mentioned as an illustration of those that paraphrase a known history and add to it innumerable interesting inventions. It is said that this narrative was written to be chanted to the accompaniment of the biwa, or native four-stringed lute. It was one of the most popular of the narratives, and even now is well-known by the Japanese.

The *Yeigwa Monogatari*, "The Glorious Narrative," which probably was written near the end of the eleventh century, consists of forty books and gives the history of Japan for about two hundred years, terminating about 1088. Though classified as history, the tale is so ornate, so filled with romantic episodes, poetical conceits and fanciful headings, that one hesitates to consider it as authentic. It illustrates, however, the broad field covered by the *Monogatari*.

II. THE FIRST NOVEL. The first novel that appeared in Japan is the *Genji Monogatari*, finished possibly in 1004, and written by a lady who is known under the pen name of Murasaki no Shikibu. This voluminous work, which covers more than four thousand pages, is a

story of aristocratic life related with a minute regard to realism in an ornate style that for centuries fixed the canons for similar works throughout the Empire. It is not dramatic, and the episodes are neither startling nor sensational. The characters are the ordinary personages of Japanese court life and preserve their individuality in spite of etiquette and the courtly phrases in which their conversation is couched.

In no other country is there a work which gives in such painstaking detail a picture of life and society. No Japanese writer has had a higher command of the language, and in her hands it expresses humor, sentiment and pathos in such a manner that she is never dull to the reader who can appreciate her work. The decadence of knowledge left much of the book beyond the understanding of the people, and many volumes of commentaries have been published in its explanation. It depicts a laxity of morals that is shocking, but not in such a manner as to make it attractive, nor in language that is indecent. In fact, in this respect it might well serve as a model to the prurient writers who subsequently flooded Japan with their nauseous wares.

III. IBARA SAIKAKU. The seventeenth century marked the beginning of a new school of writing led by Ibara Saikaku, but of him and his disciples the best that can be said is that their lifelike delineation of character, their humor and mastery of incident, form but a poor

excuse for the vileness of their stories, many of which cannot even be named without a blush. In spite of the government's endeavors to suppress his works as immoral, they grew in popularity and incited other writers of similar laxity, who in their turn have tainted most of the fiction that was produced until comparatively recent times. In one of his less objectionable books appears the story which he relates somewhat in this manner:

A fisherman of Yashima, named Hokugan Kiuroku, was in the habit of hiring himself each year to those who conducted the sardine fishery on the East coast. Usually there were many of his neighbors and friends to go with him, but one autumn no one else appeared, and Kiuroku went on the long journey alone. As he was unable to write, his family were always anxious and troubled about him until he returned to his home.

As usual, nothing was heard from him that autumn, and as it was a season of frequent and violent storms, during which many fishing boats were lost, his family grew more and more terrified, and every time the wind mounted into a tempest they would cry out, "Oh! poor Kiuroku! he has undoubtedly perished. We shall never see him again." Once there was a rumor that more than two hundred men had died in one wild storm, and those men who had remained at home congratulated themselves that they had not gone with Kiuroku, and spoke of him as though they had actually seen him drowned before their eyes.

His wife, miserable as she already was, could scarcely bear to hear him mentioned, and when those men spoke in so vivid a manner her grief became almost insupportable. Morning and evening her thought dwelt on her absent husband, and again and again she was on the point of throwing away her life, as a wife with a gentle, womanly heart might be expected to do. Moreover,

Kiuroku had been a devoted husband, kind to her in every way and extremely dutiful to her parents, as a good son-in-law ought to be, and for this reason also she grieved over her loss.

And while she thus suffered, the cold winter came and went, the months rolled on and spring was a thing of the past, summer arrived and nearly a year had passed. As there was now no longer a doubt that Kiuroku was dead, his sorrowing relatives chose the anniversary of his departure as the day of his funeral and required the priests to say prayers for the repose of his soul. According to custom, all the things that belonged to him personally were given back to his own parents, and the world proceeded gradually to forget him.

His wife made a charming widow, and as she was still young she had suitors in plenty. Everybody thought it a shame for her to remain single and talked to her continually about taking a second husband. They even urged it as a duty she owed her parents to provide them with another son-in-law to care for them, as was the custom of the country. For a long time she was deaf to their entreaties and even resolved to shave her head, retire from the world and devote herself entirely to the memory of her lost husband.

But at last even in her heart the memory of Kiuroku began to fade, and her friends urged her duty to her parents so strongly that she consented to receive a suitor. Accordingly, a highly satisfactory man was chosen, one Iso no Mokubei, a fisherman of her own village and a better man in every way than Kiuroku. So amidst the joy and exultation of her parents and friends, the lucky day was chosen and preparations were made for the wedding.

The little fishing village was all excitement and everybody prepared for a fete of great magnificence, for even there it was known how to do such things in style. Sake, the native whisky, circulated freely; the matrons wore their elegant boxwood combs, and the men were ceremonious and polite. Everything moved off smoothly,

except that now and then in the early evening pebbles were thrown against the door, but they only caused the happy couple and the gay guests to reflect that there is jealousy everywhere. At last the festivities were over, the bride and groom had retired to their chamber and the guests, worn out by excitement, slept soundly and long.

In the morning when the door was opened, the servants found Kiuroku standing there in his traveling clothes. With a heart full of love for the wife from whom he had been so long separated, he walked into the house and silently entered her chamber. A single ray of sunshine fell upon his wife's disordered hair, which in the bright light glowed more beautiful than ever. "She's the prettiest woman in the village," he thought, and his soul filled with gratitude for his safe return.

But in an instant his fond dream was shattered, for he saw Mokubei; and his wife, awakening, burst into tears. "What does this mean?" Kiuroku demanded, and the second husband explained, greatly embarrassed and laying the entire blame for the terrible misfortune upon unhappy fate. For many years there had been enmity between Mokubei and Kiuroku, and this fact, known to all the company, made their presence intolerable and added greatly to the distress of the wanderer.

Nevertheless, he spoke genially to his rival and proceeded to relate the many misadventures that had delayed his return so long. When he had finished he arose, calmly stabbed his wife to the heart, killed Mokubei with a single blow and then turning the same sword upon himself put an end to his miserable existence.

As a concluding reflection upon the tragedy, the author remarks, "What a heroic winding up of the matter, for a mere rustic!"

IV. THE "FIGURE - OF - EIGHT HOUSE."
Noted literary partnerships have been known in more than one country, and Japan is not without hers. By readers of the early English

drama the names Beaumont and Fletcher are always associated, and the Japanese always think of Jisho and Kiseki as collaborators. Where two writers are thus associated, it is difficult to tell just which part of the work each has done, though usually one is known to be the superior of the other. In this instance it seems that Kiseki did most of the writing, while Jisho was the publisher. However that may be, they finally quarreled, and Kiseki set up an independent establishment which, however, never gained the fame that had been acquired by the Hachimonjiya, or "Figure-of-Eight House," the establishment that Jisho managed. Neither was educated nor refined, and the names by which we know them were assumed. Jisho was a publisher; Kiseki, the spendthrift son of a line of wealthy caterers. Their work is vivid, witty and dramatic, but corrupt and indecent. Unfortunately, their work was immensely popular, and numerous other houses following in their footsteps carried their erotic publications well into the eighteenth century, when the government took active measures to suppress them.

V. A JAPANESE "GULLIVER'S TRAVELS." *Wasobioye* is a curious novel that is not of high rank, but is interesting to us because of some superficial resemblance to our *Gulliver's Travels*. Leaving the port of Nagasaki, the hero *Wasobioye* drifts out to sea, where he meets with many adventures in his visits to the "Land of Perennial Youth and Everlasting

Life," the "Land of Endless Plenty," the "Land of Shams" and the "Land of Giants," the last of which is strongly suggestive of Dean Swift's great work. It is highly imaginative and full of humor, though its popularity has not been so great as the more salacious fiction. From Mr. Chamberlain's translation the following is taken:

Now you must know that as in this country there were no such phenomena as death and disease, none of the people knew what death or disease felt like, though they were much given to speculating on the subject. Some few volumes of the Buddhist Scriptures that had been brought over in ancient times from India and China described heaven in such glowing terms that they were filled with quite a desperate admiration for death, and distaste for their own never-ending existence, so much so that when, as a rare exception, any of their countrymen chanced to die, he was envied in the same manner as in Japan would be envied one who should have obtained immortality.

They studied the "art of death" as it were the art of magic, retiring to mountain districts and secluded valleys, where they subjected themselves to all manner of ascetic privations, which, however, rarely obtained for them the desired effect. In the matter of food, all such articles as ginseng, wild potatoes, eels, wild duck, etc., which increase the action of the kidneys, and strengthen the spleen and stomach, were feared and avoided as being poisonously life-giving: whereas what people of rank and consideration highly prized and delighted in were such viands as were likely to cause the eater's death. Thus mermaids were unusually cheap and plentiful—plentiful as cuttle-fish on the coast of Idzumi—and you might see slices of them piled up on dishes, as well as whole ones hanging from the eaves of every cook-shop. But nobody who was anybody would touch with

the tips of his fingers a fish so apt to poison you to life, and it was accordingly left to the lowest of the populace. The globe-fish was much esteemed, commanding a high price, and a favorite dish to set before the most honored guests was a broth made of this fish powdered over with soot. These would not, of course, in this Land of Perennial Youth and Life, actually kill a man. But still the poison would have a certain slight effect, making him feel giddy for half an hour or so, and giving him sensations as pleasurable as that experienced by us Japanese after drinking rice-beer. “Ah,” he would exclaim, “this is what death must feel like!” and he would clap his hands and dance and sing, and believe himself to have attained the very acme of felicity. If, in trying to say something flattering about a friend’s child, a caller were to remark on its apparent healthiness, both father and mother would remember his words with uneasiness; whereas, if he should say, “The little thing doesn’t look as if it would live long,” he would give the parents the greatest pleasure, and they would reply, “Ah, if only what you say may come true!”

VI. “JITSUROKU-MONO.” Besides its real history and its legends under the name of history, and its Monogatari, which might be classified as either, Japan has had its popular *Jitsuroku-mono*, or “True Records,” which were far from being real history and corresponded more nearly to our own much abused historical novels. These appeared first in the eighteenth century and became at once highly popular, as their style was generally lucid and unadorned, and the battles, sieges and tales of bloody revenge caught the public fancy.

One of the most noteworthy was the *Oka Seidan*, which gave an account of over forty

famous cases tried by a wise and just judge who presided in Yedo in the early part of the eighteenth century.

One of the tales relates the attempt of a conscienceless Buddhist priest, Tenichi Bo, to pass himself off as the son of the Shogun by a woman with whom he had been intimate in his youth. By the aid of wicked accomplices who furnished him with plenty of money, he went to Yedo and established himself luxuriously in an elegant new palace built expressly for himself. The Shogun was deceived by the skillful plot, and Tenichi Bo was about to be recognized officially, when Judge Oka interfered and recommended caution, as he believed it all a well-laid plot. By the use of detectives, the judge exposed the scheme and laid bare the whole career of Tenichi Bo and his co-partners in crime. The dramatic climax of the story is the triumph of the judge and the trial and execution of the chief conspirators.

VII. ROMANTIC NOVELS. In the latter part of the eighteenth century a man who assumed the name of Santo Kioden produced the first romantic novel, in which he created his characters from his own fertile imagination. The school he founded came rapidly into prominence, and he was followed by writers who quickly excelled him. Among them was Bakin, who is considered by the Japanese as their greatest novelist.

Kioden's early novels were so vile that he was threatened with prosecution by the gov-

ernment, and thereafter he wrote in a more decent vein. His stories are sensational in the extreme and are full of wild adventures, horrible murders, suicides, tortures, thefts, *hara-kiri* (the national suicide by disemboweling, the last resort of the disgraced of every rank). His characters are brave men, marvelously beautiful women, witches, necromancers and criminal dare-devils. If it is understood that all these persons and all these and still more thrilling events may be crowded into a single novel of about three hundred pages, it easily may be understood that readers of Kioden's books do not lack for excitement.

The most famous novel of the Empire is Bakin's *Hakkenden*, a prodigious work that filled, in their original form, one hundred ten volumes, and whose pages overflowed with incidents that bespoke a marvelous fertility of invention. Moreover, it is difficult for us to realize its amazing popularity, as it appeared in what might be called a serial, for the parts of it were sold as rapidly as they were printed. The book was begun in 1814, but it was not finished till twenty-seven years later.

A further account of the work of Bakin and his contemporaries will be found in their biographies.

VIII. RECENT FICTION. In 1879 an English novel, *Ernest Maltravers*, by Bulwer, Lord Lytton, was translated into Japanese. Since that date many other foreign novels have found their way into the language and have

given the islanders access to the best models of European literature. Moreover, the thirst for knowledge that has always characterized the Japanese has led many of the younger men into the schools of all the great nations of the world, and these apt scholars have carried back with them the learning of the West. The influence of all this upon fiction has been profound, and under it there have been produced many excellent stories that show conclusively the influence of our art.

While the novels are still Japanese, they are no longer of such extreme length; they are written in an improved style in more colloquial language and inculcate less artificial systems of manners and morality. What the future has in store no one can say, but the inference to be drawn from what has been accomplished is that we have reason to expect from Japan in the new literature as great an improvement as she has shown in other lines of thought.

IX. CHILDREN'S STORIES. Children by no means have been neglected. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries scores of fairy tales similar to those that delight our own little folks were put into print, though it is now quite impossible to determine whether they are to be attributed to the invention of some certain authors, or to be understood as merely putting into permanent form the folk lore of the race. In the influx of new ideas which recent years have brought to Japan, the craze for the new learning is causing the old tales to



Photo: Ewing Gallouay

JAPANESE GIRLS AT PLAY

THE SPIRIT OF PLAY IS STRONG IN CHILDREN OF ALL RACES.

be neglected for new ones embodying the educational ideas of the Occident.

It is a notable fact that there are hundreds of child's histories in Japan, and that parents delight to instruct their offspring in the history of their native land and to inculcate that devoted love of country which is so profound a national characteristic. Many of the books are beautifully and profusely illustrated and are written in most excellent style.

The following are taken from *Tales of Old Japan*, by Lord Redesdale:

THE FOXES' WEDDING

Once upon a time there was a young white fox, whose name was Fukuyemon. When he had reached the fitting age, he shaved off his forelock and began to think of taking to himself a beautiful bride. The old fox, his father, resolved to give up his inheritance to his son, and retired into private life; so the young fox, in gratitude for this, labored hard and earnestly to increase his patrimony. Now it happened that in a famous old family of foxes there was a beautiful young lady-fox, with such lovely fur that the fame of her jewel-like charms was spread far and wide. The young white fox, who had heard of this, was bent on making her his wife, and a meeting was arranged between them. There was not a fault to be found on either side; so the preliminaries were settled, and the wedding presents sent from the bridegroom to the bride's house, with congratulatory speeches from the messenger, which were duly acknowledged by the person deputed to receive the gifts; the bearers, of course, received the customary fee in copper cash.

When the ceremonies had been concluded, an auspicious day was chosen for the bride to go to her husband's house, and she was carried off in solemn procession dur-

ing a shower of rain, the sun shining all the while. After the ceremonies of drinking wine had been gone through, the bride changed her dress, and the wedding was concluded, without let or hindrance, amid singing and dancing and merry-making.

The bride and bridegroom lived lovingly together, and a litter of little foxes was born to them, to the great joy of the old grandsire, who treated the little cubs as tenderly as if they had been butterflies or flowers. "They're the very image of their old grandfather," said he, as proud as possible. "As for medicine, bless them, they're so healthy that they'll never need a copper coin's worth!"

As soon as they were old enough, they were carried off to the temple of Inari Sama, the patron saint of foxes, and the old grandparents prayed that they might be delivered from dogs and all the other ills to which fox flesh is heir.

In this way the white fox by degrees waxed old and prosperous, and his children, year by year, became more and more numerous around him; so that, happy in his family and his business, every recurring spring brought him fresh cause for joy.

THE ELVES AND THE ENVIOUS NEIGHBOR

Once upon a time there was a certain man, who, being overtaken by darkness among the mountains, was driven to seek shelter in the trunk of a hollow tree. In the middle of the night, a large company of elves assembled at the place; and the man, peeping out from his hiding-place, was frightened out of his wits. After a while, however, the elves began to feast and drink wine, and to amuse themselves by singing and dancing, until at last the man, caught by the infection of the fun, forgot all about his fright, and crept out of his hollow tree to join in the revels. When the day was about to dawn, the elves said to the man, "You're a very jolly companion, and must come out and have a dance with us again. You must make us a promise, and keep it." So

the elves, thinking to bind the man over to return, took a large wen that grew on his forehead and kept it in pawn; upon this they all left the place, and went home. The man walked off to his own house in high glee at having passed a jovial night, and got rid of his wen into the bargain. So he told the story to all his friends, who congratulated him warmly on being cured of his wen. But there was a neighbor of his who was also troubled with a wen of long standing, and, when he heard of his friend's luck, he was smitten with envy, and went off to hunt for the hollow tree, in which, when he had found it, he passed the night.

Towards midnight the elves came, as he had expected, and began feasting and drinking, with songs and dances as before. As soon as he saw this, he came out of his hollow tree, and began dancing and singing as his neighbor had done. The elves, mistaking him for their former boon-companion, were delighted to see him, and said—

“You're a good fellow to recollect your promise, and we'll give you back your pledge;” so one of the elves, pulling the pawned wen out of his pocket, stuck it on to the man's forehead, on the top of the other wen which he already had. So the envious neighbor went home weeping, with two wens instead of one. This is a good lesson to people who cannot see the good 'luck of others, without coveting it for themselves.

THE ACCOMPLISHED AND LUCKY TEA-KETTLE

A long time ago, at a temple called Morinji, in the province of Joshu, there was an old tea-kettle. One day, when the priest of the temple was about to hang it over the hearth to boil the water for his tea, to his amazement, the kettle all of a sudden put forth the head and tail of a badger. What a wonderful kettle, to come out all over fur! The priest, thunderstruck, called in the novices of the temple to see the sight; and whilst they were stupidly staring, one suggesting one thing and another another, the kettle, jumping up into the air, began flying about the room. More astonished than ever, the priest and his

pupils tried to pursue it; but no thief or cat was ever half so sharp as this wonderful badger-kettle. At last, however, they managed to knock it down and secure it; and, holding it in with their united efforts, they forced it into a box, intending to carry it off and throw it away in some distant place, so that they might be no more plagued by the goblin. For this day their troubles were over; but, as luck would have it, the tinker who was in the habit of working for the temple called in, and the priest suddenly bethought him that it was a pity to throw the kettle away for nothing, and that he might as well get a trifle for it, no matter how small. So he brought out the kettle, which had resumed its former shape and had got rid of its head and tail, and showed it to the tinker. When the tinker saw the kettle, he offered twenty copper coins for it, and the priest was only too glad to close the bargain and be rid of his troublesome piece of furniture. But the tinker trudged off home with his pack and his new purchase. That night, as he lay asleep, he heard a strange noise near his pillow; so he peeped out from under the bedclothes, and there he saw the kettle that he had bought in the temple covered with fur, and walking about on four legs. The tinker started up in a fright to see what it could all mean, when all of a sudden the kettle resumed its former shape. This happened over and over again, until at last the tinker showed the tea-kettle to a friend of his, who said, "This is certainly an accomplished and lucky tea-kettle. You should take it about as a show, with songs and accompaniments of musical instruments, and make it dance and walk on the tight rope."

The tinker, thinking this good advice, made arrangements with a showman, and set up an exhibition. The noise of the kettle's performances soon spread abroad, until even the princes of the land sent to order the tinker to come to them; and he grew rich beyond all his expectations. Even the princesses, too, and the great ladies of the court, took great delight in the dancing kettle, so that no sooner had it shown its tricks in one

place than it was time for them to keep some other engagement. At last the tinker grew so rich that he took the kettle back to the temple, where it was laid up as a precious treasure, and worshiped as a saint.

X. SHORT STORIES. From what has been written the reader doubtless has gathered the idea that Japan's short stories are legion in number. Not only were the *Monogatari* largely collections of short stories, but in very many of the longer novels the incidents often seem of greater importance than the central plot and may often be separated from the text as short, independent stories, without loss to the continuity of the main tale. Besides this, however, there are countless independent short stories and sketches by most of the great novelists which show decided skill in construction and expression. On the whole, the short story is of greater importance in Japanese fiction than the sustained novel.

XI. THE TALE OF THE FORTY-SEVEN RONINS. A *ronin* is a disgraced Samurai, or one unwilling to conform to the laws governing the Samurai. Japanese fiction is full of the wild deeds of the ronins. Famous in Japanese history are the forty-seven ronins, to whose devotion and bravery countless allusions are still being made in Japanese literature, and the mention of whom always brings a smile of approval to the face of a Samurai. The subject is a favorite for Japanese artists, and innumerable pictures of different incidents in the story are in existence. The following,

as translated, is perhaps the best version of the tale:

At the beginning of the eighteenth century there lived a daimio, called Takumi no Kami, the Lord of the castle of Ako, in the province of Harima. Now it happened that an Imperial ambassador from the Court of the Mikado, having been sent to the Shogun at Yedo, Takumi no Kami and another noble called Kamei Sama were appointed to receive and feast the envoy; and a high official, named Kotsuke no Suke, was named to teach them the proper ceremonies to be observed upon the occasion. The two nobles were accordingly forced to go daily to the castle to listen to the instructions of Kotsuke no Suke. But this Kotsuke no Suke was a man greedy of money; and as he deemed that the presents which the two daimios, according to time-honored custom, had brought him in return for his instruction, were mean and unworthy, he conceived a great hatred against them, and took no pains in teaching them, but on the contrary rather sought to make laughing-stocks of them. Takumi no Kami, restrained by a stern sense of duty, bore his insults with patience; but Kamei Sama, who had less control over his temper, was violently incensed, and determined to kill Kotsuke no Suke.

One night when his duties at the castle were ended, Kamei Sama returned to his own palace, and having summoned his councilors to a secret conference, said to them: "Kotsuke no Suke has insulted Takumi no Kami and myself during our service in attendance on the Imperial envoy. This is against all decency, and I was minded to kill him on the spot; but I bethought me that if I did such a deed within the precincts of the castle, not only would my own life be forfeit, but my family and vassals would be ruined; so I stayed my hand. Still the life of such a wretch is a sorrow to the people, and to-morrow when I go to Court I will slay him: my mind is made up, and I will listen to no remonstrance." And as he spoke his face became livid with rage.

Now one of Kamei Sama's councilors was a man of great judgment, and when he saw from his lord's manner that remonstrance would be useless, he said: "Your lordship's words are law; your servant will make all preparations accordingly; and to-morrow, when your lordship goes to Court, if this Kotsuke no Suke should again be insolent, let him die the death." And his lord was pleased at his speech, and waited with impatience for the day to break, that he might return to Court and kill his enemy.

But the councilor went home, and was sorely troubled, and thought anxiously about what his prince had said. And as he reflected, it occurred to him that since Kotsuke no Suke had the reputation of being a miser he would certainly be open to a bribe, and that it was better to pay any sum, no matter how great, than that his lord and his house should be ruined. So he collected all the money he could, and giving it to his servants to carry, rode off in the night to Kotsuke no Suke's palace, and said to his retainers: "My master, who is now in attendance upon the Imperial envoy, owes much thanks to my Lord Kotsuke no Suke, who has been at so great pains to teach him the proper ceremonies to be observed during the reception of the Imperial envoy. This is but a shabby present which he has sent by me, but he hopes that his lordship will condescend to accept it, and commends himself to his lordship's favor." And, with these words, he produced a thousand ounces of silver for Kotsuke no Suke, and a hundred ounces to be distributed among his retainers.

When the latter saw the money, their eyes sparkled with pleasure, and they were profuse in their thanks; and begging the councilor to wait a little, they went and told their master of the lordly present which had arrived with a polite message from Kamei Sama. Kotsuke no Suke in eager delight sent for the councilor into an inner chamber, and, after thanking him, promised on the morrow to instruct his master carefully in all the different points of etiquette. So the councilor, seeing

the miser's glee, rejoiced at the success of his plan; and having taken his leave returned home in high spirits. But Kamei Sama, little thinking how his vassal had propitiated his enemy, lay brooding over his vengeance, and the next morning went to Court in solemn procession.

When Kotsuke no Suke met him, his manner had completely changed, and nothing could exceed his courtesy. "You have come early to Court this morning, my Lord Kamei," said he. "I cannot sufficiently admire your zeal. I shall have the honor to call your attention to several points of etiquette to-day. I must beg your lordship to excuse my previous conduct, which must have seemed very rude; but I am naturally of a cross-grained disposition, so I pray you to forgive me." And as he kept on humbling himself and making fair speeches, the heart of Kamei Sama was gradually softened, and he renounced his intention of killing him. Thus by the cleverness of his counselor, was Kamei Sama, with all his house, saved from ruin.

Shortly after this, Takumi no Kami, who had sent no present, arrived at the castle, and Kotsuke no Suke turned him into ridicule even more than before, provoking him with sneers and covert insults; but Takumi no Kami affected to ignore all this, and submitted himself patiently to Kotsuke no Suke's orders.

This conduct, so far from producing a good effect, only made Kotsuke no Suke despise him the more, until at last he said haughtily: "Here, my Lord of Takumi, the ribbon of my sock has come untied; be so good as to tie it up for me."

Takumi no Kami, although burning with rage at the affront, still thought that as he was on duty he was bound to obey, and tied up the ribbon of the sock. Then Kotsuke no Suke, turning from him, petulantly exclaimed: "Why, how clumsy you are! You cannot so much as tie up the ribbon of a sock properly! Any one can see that you are a boor from the country, and know nothing of the manners of Yedo." And with a scornful laugh he moved towards an inner room.

But the patience of Takumi no Kami was exhausted; this last insult was more than he could bear.

"Stop a moment, my lord," cried he.

"Well, what is it?" replied the other. And, as he turned round, Takumi no Kami drew his dirk, and aimed a blow at his head; but Kotsuke no Suke, being protected by the Court cap which he wore, the wound was but a scratch, so he ran away; and Takumi no Kami, pursuing him, tried a second time to cut him down, but, missing his aim, struck his dirk into a pillar. At this moment an officer rushed up, and holding back the infuriated noble, gave Kotsuke no Suke time to escape.

Then there arose a great uproar and confusion, and Takumi no Kami was arrested and disarmed, and confined in one of the apartments of the palace under the care of the censors. A council was held, and the prisoner was given over to the safeguard of a daimio, who kept him in close custody in his own house, to the great grief of his wife and of his retainers; and when the deliberations of the council were completed, it was decided that, as he had committed an outrage and attacked another man within the precincts of the palace, he must perform *hara-kiri*; his goods must be confiscated, and his family ruined. Such was the law. So Takumi no Kami performed *hara-kiri*, his castle of Ako was confiscated, and his retainers having become ronins, some of them took service with other daimios, and others became merchants.

Now amongst these retainers was his principal counselor, a man called Kuranosuke, who, with forty-six other faithful dependants, formed a league to avenge their master's death by killing Kotsuke no Suke. This Kuranosuke was absent at the castle of Ako at the time of the affray, which, had he been with his prince, would never have occurred; for, being a wise man, he would not have failed to propitiate Kotsuke no Suke by sending him suitable presents; while the counselor who was in attendance on the prince at Yedo was a dullard, who neglected this precaution, and so caused the death of his master and the ruin of his house.

So Kuranosuke and his forty-six companions began to lay their plans of vengeance; but the latter was so well guarded by a body of men lent to him by a daimio, whose daughter he had married, that they saw that the only way of attaining their end would be to throw their enemy off his guard. With this object they separated and disguised themselves, some as carpenters or craftsmen, others as merchants; and their chief, Kuranosuke, went to Kyoto, and built a house in the quarter called Yamashina, where he took to frequenting houses of the worst repute, and gave himself up to drunkenness and debauchery, as if nothing were further from his mind than revenge. Kotsuke no Suke, in the meanwhile, suspecting that Takumi no Kami's former retainers would be scheming against his life, secretly sent spies to Kyoto, and caused a faithful account to be kept of all that Kuranosuke did. The latter, however, determined thoroughly to delude the enemy into a false security, went on leading a dissolute life with harlots and wine-bibbers. One day, as he was returning home drunk from some low haunt, he fell down in the street and went to sleep, and all the passers-by laughed him to scorn. It happened that a Satsuma man saw this, and said: "Is not this Kuranosuke, who was a councilor of Takumi no Kami, and who, not having the heart to avenge his lord, gives himself up to women and wine? See how he lies drunk in the public street! Faithless beast! Fool and craven! Unworthy the name of a Samurai!"

And he trod on Kuranosuke's face as he slept, and spat upon him; but when Kotsuke no Suke's spies reported all this at Yedo, he was greatly relieved at the news, and felt secure from danger.

One day Kuranosuke's wife, who was bitterly grieved to see her husband lead this abandoned life, went to him and said: "My lord, you told me at first that your debauchery was but a trick to make your enemy relax in watchfulness. But indeed, indeed, this has gone too far. I pray and beseech you to put some restraint upon yourself."

"Trouble me not," replied Kuranosuke, "for I will not listen to your whining. Since my way of life is displeasing to you, I will divorce you, and you may go about your business; and I will buy some pretty young girl from one of the public-houses, and marry her for my pleasure. I am sick of the sight of an old woman like you about the house, so get you gone—the sooner the better."

So saying, he flew into a violent rage, and his wife, terror-stricken, pleaded piteously for mercy.

"Oh, my lord! unsay those terrible words! I have been your faithful wife for twenty years, and have borne you three children; in sickness and in sorrow I have been with you; you cannot be so cruel as to turn me out of doors now. Have pity! have pity!"

"Cease this useless wailing. My mind is made up, and you must go; and as the children are in my way also, you are welcome to take them with you."

When she heard her husband speak thus, in her grief she sought her eldest son, Chikara, and begged him to plead for her, and pray that she might be pardoned. But nothing would turn Kuranosuke from his purpose, so his wife was sent away, with the two younger children, and went back to her native place. But the oldest son remained with his father.

The spies communicated all this without fail to Kotsuke no Suke, and he, when he heard how Kuranosuke, having turned his wife and children out of doors and bought a concubine, was groveling in a life of drunkenness and lust, began to think that he had no longer anything to fear from the retainers of Takumi no Kami, who must be cowards, without the courage to avenge their lord. So by degrees he began to keep a less strict watch, and sent back half of the guard which had been lent to him by his father-in-law. Little did he think how he was falling into the trap laid for him by Kuranosuke, who, in his zeal to slay his lord's enemy, thought nothing of divorcing his wife and sending away his children! Admirable and faithful man!

In this way Kuranosuke continued to throw dust in the eyes of his foe, by persisting in his apparently shameless conduct; but his associates all went to Yedo, and, having in their several capacities as workmen and pedlars contrived to gain access to Kotsuke no Suke's house, made themselves familiar with the plan of the building and the arrangement of the different rooms, and ascertained the character of the inmates, who were brave and loyal men, and who were cowards; upon all of which matters they sent regular reports to Kuranosuke. And when at last it became evident from the letters which arrived from Yedo that Kotsuke no Suke was thoroughly off his guard, Kuranosuke rejoiced that the day of vengeance was at hand; and, having appointed a trysting-place at Yedo, he fled secretly from Kyoto, eluding the vigilance of his enemy's spies. Then the forty-seven men, having laid all their plans, bided their time patiently.

It was now mid-winter, the twelfth month of the year, and the cold was bitter. One night, during a heavy fall of snow, when the whole world was hushed, and peaceful men were stretched in sleep upon the mats, the ronins determined that no more favorable opportunity could occur for carrying out their purpose. So they took counsel together, and, having divided their band into two parties, assigned to each man his post. One band, led by Kuranosuke, was to attack the front gate, and the other, under his son, was to attack the postern of Kotsuke no Suke's house; but as the son was only sixteen years of age, an old retainer was appointed to act as his guardian. Further it was arranged that a drum, beaten at the order of Kuranosuke, should be the signal for the simultaneous attack; and that if any one slew Kotsuke no Suke and cut off his head he should blow a shrill whistle, as a signal to his comrades, who would hurry to the spot, and, having identified the head, carry it off to the temple, and lay it as an offering before the tomb of their dead lord. Then they must report their deed to the Government, and await the sentence of death which

would surely be passed upon them. To this the ronins one and all pledged themselves. Midnight was fixed upon as the hour, and the forty-seven comrades, having made all ready for the attack, partook of a last farewell feast together, for on the morrow they must die. Then Kuranosuke addressed the band, and said :

“To-night we shall attack our enemy in his palace; his retainers will certainly resist us, and we shall be obliged to kill them. But to slay old men and women and children is a pitiful thing; therefore, I pray you each one to take great heed lest you kill a single helpless person.” His comrades all applauded this speech, and so they remained, waiting for the hour of midnight to arrive.

When the appointed hour came, the ronins set forth. The wind howled furiously, and the driving snow beat in their faces; but little cared they for wind or snow as they hurried on their road, eager for revenge. At last they reached Kotsuke no Suke's house, and divided themselves into two bands; and the son, with twenty-three men, went round to the back gate. Then four men, by means of a ladder of ropes which they hung on to the roof of the porch, effected an entry into the courtyard; and, as they saw signs that all the inmates of the house were asleep, they went into the porter's lodge where the guard slept, and, before the latter had time to recover from their astonishment, bound them. The terrified guard prayed hard for mercy, that their lives might be spared; and to this the ronins agreed on condition that the keys of the gate should be given up; but the others tremblingly said that the keys were kept in the house of one of their officers, and that they had no means of obtaining them. Then the ronins lost patience, and with a hammer dashed in pieces the big wooden bolt which secured the gate, and the doors flew open to the right and to the left. At the same time Kuranosuke's son and his party broke in by the back gate.

Then Kuranosuke sent a messenger to the neighboring houses, bearing the following message:—“We, the

ronins who were formerly in the service of Asano Takumi no Kami, are this night about to break into the palace of Kotsuke no Suke, to avenge our lord. As we are neither night robbers nor ruffians, no hurt will be done to the neighboring houses. We pray you to set your minds at rest." And as Kotsuke no Suke was hated by his neighbors for his covetousness, they did not unite their forces to assist him. Another precaution was yet taken. Lest any of the people inside should run out to call the relations of the family to the rescue, and these coming in force should interfere with the plans of the ronins, Kuranosuke stationed ten of his men armed with bows on the roof of the four sides of the courtyard, with orders to shoot any retainers who might attempt to leave the place. Having thus laid all his plans and posted his men Kuranosuke with his own hand beat the drum and gave the signal for attack.

Ten of Kotsuke no Suke's retainers, hearing the noise, woke up; and, drawing their swords, rushed into the front room to defend their master. At this moment the ronins, who had burst open the door of the front hall, entered the same room. Then arose a furious fight between the two parties, in the midst of which Chikara, leading his men through the garden, broke into the back of the house; and Kotsuke no Suke, in terror of his life, took refuge, with his wife and female servants, in a closet in the veranda; while the rest of his retainers, who slept in the barrack outside the house, made ready to go to the rescue. But the ronins who had come in by the front door, and were fighting with the ten retainers, ended by overpowering and slaying the latter without losing one of their own number; after which, forcing their way bravely towards the back rooms, they were joined by Chikara and his men, and the two bands were united in one.

By this time the remainder of Kotsuke no Suke's men had come in, and the fight became general; and Kuranosuke, sitting on a camp-stool, gave his orders and directed the ronins. Soon the inmates of the house

perceived that they were no match for their enemy, so they tried to send out intelligence of their plight to their lord's father-in-law, begging him to come to the rescue with all the force at his command. But the messengers were shot down by the archers whom Kuranosuke had posted on the roof. So no help coming, they fought on in despair. Then Kuranosuke cried out with a loud voice: "Kotsuke no Suke alone is our enemy; let some one go inside and bring him forth dead or alive!"

Now in front of Kotsuke no Suke's private room stood three brave retainers with drawn swords, all good men and true, and expert swordsmen. So stoutly did these men lay about them that for a while they kept the whole of the ronins at bay, and at one moment even forced them back. When Kuranosuke saw this he ground his teeth with rage, and shouted to his men: "What! did not every man of you swear to lay down his life in avenging his lord, and now are driven back by three men? Cowards, not fit to be spoken to! to die fighting in a master's cause should be the noblest ambition of a retainer!" Then turning to his own son Chikara, he said, "Here, boy! engage those men, and if they are too strong for you, die!"

Spurred by these words, Chikara seized a spear and gave battle, but could not hold his ground, and backing by degrees, was driven out into the garden, where he missed his footing and slipped into a pond; but as the man, thinking to kill him, looked down into the pond, Chikara cut his enemy in the leg and caused him to fall, and then crawling out of the water dispatched him. In the meanwhile the other two had been killed by the ronins, and of all Kotsuke no Suke's retainers not one fighting man remained. Chikara, seeing this, went with his bloody sword in his hand into a back room to search for Kotsuke no Suke, but he only found the son of the latter, who, carrying a halberd, attacked him, but was soon wounded and fled. Thus Kotsuke no Suke's men having been killed, there was an end of fighting; but as yet there was no trace of Kotsuke no Suke to be found.

Then Kuranosuke divided his men into several parties and searched the whole house, but all in vain; women and children weeping were alone to be seen. At this the forty-seven men began to lose heart in regret, that after all their toil they had allowed their enemy to escape them, and there was a moment when in their despair they agreed to commit suicide together upon the spot; but they determined to make one more effort. So Kuranosuke went into Kotsuke no Suke's sleeping-room, and touching the quilt with his hands, exclaimed, "I have just felt the bed-clothes and they are yet warm, and so methinks that our enemy is not far off. He must certainly be hidden somewhere in the house." Greatly excited by this, the ronins renewed their search. Now in the raised part of the room, near the place of honor, there was a picture hanging; taking down this picture, they saw that there was a large hole in the plastered wall, and on thrusting a spear in they could feel nothing beyond it. So one of the ronins got into the hole, and found that on the other side there was a little courtyard, in which there stood an outhouse for holding charcoal and firewood. Looking into the outhouse, he spied something white at the further end, at which he struck with his spear, when two armed men sprang out upon him and tried to cut him down, but he kept them back until one of his comrades came up and killed one of the two men and engaged the other, while the ronin entered the outhouse and felt about with his spear. Again seeing something white, he struck it with his lance, when a cry of pain betrayed that it was a man; so he rushed up, and the man in white clothes, who had been wounded in the thigh, drew a dirk and aimed a blow at him. But the ronin wrested the dirk from him, and clutching him by the collar, dragged him out of the outhouse. Then the other ronin came up, and they examined the prisoner attentively, and saw that he was a noble-looking man, some sixty years of age, dressed in a white satin sleeping-robe, which was stained by the blood from the thigh-wound. The two men felt convinced

that this was no other than Kotsuke no Suke, and they asked him his name, but he gave no answer, so they gave the signal whistle, and all their comrades collected together at the call; then Kuranosuke, bringing a lantern, scanned the old man's features, and it was indeed Kotsuke no Suke; and if further proof were wanting, he still bore a scar on his forehead where their master, Takumi no Kami, had wounded him during the affray in the castle. There being no possibility of mistake, therefore, Kuranosuke went down on his knees, and addressing the old man very respectfully, said:

"My lord, we are the retainers of Takumi no Kami. Last year your lordship and our master quarreled in the palace, and our master was sentenced to *hara-kiri*, and his family was ruined. We have come to-night to avenge him, as is the duty of faithful and loyal men. I pray your lordship to acknowledge the justice of our purpose. And now, my lord, we beseech you to perform *hara-kiri*. I myself shall have the honor to act as your second, and when, with all humility, I shall have received your lordship's head, it is my intention to lay it as an offering upon the grave of Takumi no Kami."

Thus, in consideration of the high rank of Kotsuke no Suke, the ronins treated him with the greatest courtesy, and over and over again entreated him to perform *hara-kiri*. But he crouched speechless and trembling. At last Kuranosuke, seeing that it was vain to urge him to die the death of a nobleman, forced him down, and cut off his head with the same dirk with which Takumi no Kami had killed himself. Then the forty-seven comrades, elated at having accomplished their design, placed the head in a bucket, and prepared to depart; but before leaving the house they carefully extinguished all the lights and fires in the place, lest by any accident a fire should break out and the neighbors suffer.

As they were on their way to the suburb in which the temple stands, the day broke; and the people flocked out to see the forty-seven men, who, with their clothes and arms all blood-stained, presented a terrible appear-

ance; and every one praised them, wondering at their valor and faithfulness. But they expected every moment that Kotsuke no Suke's father-in-law would attack them and carry off the head, and made ready to die bravely sword in hand. However, they reached the suburb in safety.

At about seven in the morning they came opposite to the palace of the Prince of Sendai, and the Prince, hearing of it, sent for one of his councilors and said: "The retainers of Takumi no Kami have slain their lord's enemy, and are passing this way; I cannot sufficiently admire their devotion, so, as they must be tired and hungry after their night's work, do you go and invite them to come in here, and set some gruel and a cup of wine before them."

So the councilor went out and said to Kuranosuke: "Sir, I am a councilor of the Prince of Sendai, and my master bids me beg you, as you must be worn out after all you have undergone, to come in and partake of such poor refreshment as we can offer you. This is my message to you from my lord."

"I thank you, sir," replied Kuranosuke. "It is very good of his lordship to trouble himself to think of us. We shall accept his kindness gratefully."

So the forty-seven ronins went into the palace, and were feasted with gruel and wine, and all the retainers of the Prince of Sendai came and praised them.

Then Kuranosuke turned to the councilor and said, "Sir, we are truly indebted to you for this kind hospitality; but as we have still to hurry to the temple, we must needs humbly take our leave." And, after returning many thanks to their hosts, they left the palace of the Prince of Sendai and hastened to the temple, where they were met by the abbot of the monastery, who went to the front gate to receive them, and led them to the tomb of Takumi no Kami.

And when they came to their lord's grave they took the head of Kotsuke no Suke, and having washed it clean in a well hard by, laid it as an offering before the

tomb. When they had done this, they engaged the priests of the temple to come and read prayers while they burnt incense: first Kuranosuke burnt incense, and then his son Chikara, and after them the other forty-five men performed the same ceremony. Then Kuranosuke, having given all the money that he had by him to the abbot, said:

"When we forty-seven men shall have performed *hara-kiri*, I beg you to bury us decently. I rely upon your kindness. This is but a trifle that I have to offer; such as it is, let it be spent in masses for our souls!"

And the abbot, marveling at the faithful courage of the men, with tears in his eyes pledged himself to fulfil their wishes. So the forty-seven ronins, with their minds at rest, waited patiently until they should receive the orders of the Government.

At last they were summoned to the Supreme Court, where the governors of Yedo and the public censors had assembled; and the sentence passed upon them was as follows: "Whereas, neither respecting the dignity of the city nor fearing the Government, having leagued yourselves together to slay your enemy, you violently broke into the house of Kotsuke no Suke by night and murdered him, the sentence of the Court is, that, for this audacious conduct, you perform *hara-kiri*." When the sentence had been read, the forty-seven ronins were divided into four parties, and handed over to the safe keeping of four different daimios; and sheriffs were sent to the palaces of those daimios in whose presence the ronins were made to perform *hara-kiri*. But, as from the very beginning they had all made up their minds that to this end they must come, they met their death nobly; and their corpses were carried to the temple and buried in front of the tomb of their master, Asano Takumi no Kami. And when the fame of this became noised abroad, the people flocked to pray at the graves of these faithful men.

Among those who came to pray was a Satsuma man, who, prostrating himself before the grave of Kuranosuke,

said: "When I saw you lying drunk by the roadside at Yamashina, in Kyoto, I knew not that you were plotting to avenge your lord; and, thinking you to be a faithless man, I trampled on you and spat in your face as I passed. And now I have come to ask pardon and offer atonement for the insult of last year." With those words he prostrated himself again before the grave, and, drawing a dirk from his girdle, stabbed himself in the belly and died. And the chief priest of the temple, taking pity upon him, buried him by the side of the ronins; and his tomb still remains to be seen with those of the forty-seven comrades.

This is the end of the story of the forty-seven ronins.

Hara-kiri, the national method of self-destruction, is not perhaps generally understood among us of the West. Official disgrace, reproof by a sovereign, an imputed failure in duty, is to the loyal Japanese a signal for *hara-kiri*. If at any time public sentiment demands the act and the noble fails to respond to the demand, it is by no means uncommon for some one of his loyal retainers to act for him. It is related that when the last of the Shoguns signed the treaty with Perry, the act met with such disapproval that *hara-kiri* was suggested to him. When he refused, an old servant, unable to bear the disgrace of his master, offered himself as a substitute and performed the deed.

Sometimes *hara-kiri* is committed hastily by the party himself, but usually, especially when it has been suggested to the offender by a superior, it may become a matter of grave ceremonial, and there is a curious Japanese manuscript which gives with minute detail the

etiquette of *hara-kiri*. The ceremony should be public, the manuscript tells us, in a temple or house selected especially for the occasion, and prepared with great care in order to be spotlessly clean and well adapted to give the official spectators every opportunity for observation. Upon the floor a square of white cotton cloth should be laid and upon this two thick, red rugs sewed together, one on top of the other, in order that the blood may not soak through and soil the white cloth and the mats beneath.

When everything is in readiness, the prisoner is brought forward and caused to kneel upon the center of the red rugs, sitting back upon his heels, but still leaning forward. An attendant, bearing a tray upon which lies a dirk with the handle toward the condemned, approaches from the front and holds out the tray just beyond the reach of the kneeling man. As he leans forward and stretches out his hand to take the dirk, a second attendant, standing behind him, raises a long, sharp sword and at a single blow cuts off the head of the condemned man. Thus it is seen that actual disemboweling is not practiced, but the honor and credit of the political criminal is saved by his reaching out to take the dirk.

This is quite in keeping with the extreme punctiliousness of the Japanese. When we wonder at their rigid ceremoniousness and strict regard for etiquette, we must remember that they are absolutely sincere in their respect

for conventions and will obey behests smilingly even though death is the result.

XII. A SHORT STORY. The contributions of a large number of authors might be cited to confirm the above statement. The following story is typical:

TAJIMA SHUME

Once upon a time, a certain ronin, Tajima Shume by name, an able and well-read man, being on his travels to see the world, went up to Kyoto by the Tokaido.¹ One day he fell in with a wandering priest, with whom he entered into conversation. Finding that they were bound for the same place, they agreed to travel together, beguiling their weary way by pleasant talk on divers matters; and so by degrees, as they became more intimate, they began to speak without restraint about their private affairs; and the priest, trusting thoroughly in the honor of his companion, told him the object of his journey.

"For some time past," said he, "I have nourished a wish that has engrossed all my thoughts; for I am bent on setting up a molten image in honor of Buddha; with this object I have wandered through various provinces collecting alms and (who knows by what weary toil?) we have succeeded in amassing two hundred ounces of silver—enough, I trust, to erect a handsome bronze figure."

What says the proverb? "He who bears a jewel in his bosom bears poison." Hardly had the ronin heard these words of the priest than an evil heart arose within him, and he thought to himself, "Man's life, from the womb to the grave, is made up of good and of ill luck. Here am I, nearly forty years old, a wanderer, without a calling, or even a hope of advancement in the world. To be sure, it seems a shame; yet if I could steal the

¹The road of the Eastern Sea, the famous high-road leading from Kyoto to Yedo. The name is also used to indicate the provinces through which it runs.

money this priest is boasting about, I could live at ease for the rest of my days;" and so he began casting about how best he might compass his purpose. But the priest, far from guessing the drift of his comrade's thoughts, journeyed cheerfully on, till they reached the town of Kuana. Here there is an arm of the sea, which is crossed in ferry-boats, that start as soon as some twenty or thirty passengers are gathered together; and in one of these boats the two travelers embarked. About half-way across, the priest was taken with a sudden necessity to go to the side of the boat; and the ronin, following him, tripped him up whilst no one was looking, and flung him into the sea. When the boatmen and passengers heard the splash, and saw the priest struggling in the water, they were afraid, and made every effort to save him; but the wind was fair, and the boat running swiftly under the bellying sails, so they were soon a few hundred yards off from the drowning man, who sank before the boat could be turned to rescue him.

When he saw this, the ronin feigned the utmost grief and dismay, and said to his fellow-passengers: "This priest, whom we have just lost, was my cousin; he was going to Kyoto, to visit the shrine of his patron; and as I happened to have business there as well, we settled to travel together. Now, alas! by this misfortune, my cousin is dead, and I am left alone."

He spoke so feelingly, and wept so freely, that the passengers believed his story, and pitied and tried to comfort him. Then the ronin said to the boatmen:

"We ought, by rights, to report this matter to the authorities; but as I am pressed for time, and the business might bring trouble on yourselves as well, perhaps we had better hush it up for the present; and I will at once go on to Kyoto and tell my cousin's patron, besides writing home about it. What think you, gentlemen?" added he, turning to the other travelers.

They, of course, were only too glad to avoid any hindrance to their onward journey, and all with one voice agreed to what the ronin had proposed; and so

the matter was settled. When, at length, they reached the shore, they left the boat, and every man went his way; but the ronin, overjoyed in his heart, took the wandering priest's luggage, and, putting it with his own, pursued his journey to Kyoto.

On reaching the capital, the ronin changed his name from Shume to Tokubei, and turned merchant, and traded with the dead man's money. Fortune favoring his speculations, he began to amass great wealth, and lived at his ease, denying himself nothing; and in course of time he married a wife, who bore him a child.

Thus the days and months wore on, till one fine summer's night, some three years after the priest's death, Tokubei stepped out on to the veranda of his house to enjoy the cool air and the beauty of the moonlight. Feeling dull and lonely, he began musing over all kinds of things, when on a sudden the deed of murder and theft, done so long ago, vividly recurred to his memory, and he thought to himself, "Here am I, grown rich and fat on the money I wantonly stole. Since then, all has gone well with me; yet, had I not been poor, I had never turned assassin nor thief. Woe betide me! what a pity it was!" and as he was revolving the matter in his mind, a feeling of remorse came over him, in spite of all he could do. While his conscience thus smote him, he suddenly, to his utter amazement, beheld the faint outline of a man standing near a fir-tree in the garden: on looking more attentively, he perceived that the man's whole body was thin and worn and the eyes sunken and dim; and in the poor ghost that was before him he recognized the very priest whom he had thrown into the sea at Kuana. Chilled with horror, he looked again, and saw that the priest was smiling in scorn. He would have fled into the house, but the ghost stretched forth its withered arm, and, clutching the back of his neck, scowled at him with a vindictive glare, and a hideous ghastliness of mien, so unspeakably awful that any ordinary man would have swooned with fear. But Tokubei, tradesman though he was, had once been a soldier, and

was not easily matched for daring; so he shook off the ghost, and, leaping into the room for his dirk, laid about him boldly enough; but, strike as he would, the spirit, fading into the air, eluded his blows, and suddenly reappeared only to vanish again; and from that time forth Tokubei knew no rest, and was haunted night and day.

At length, undone by such ceaseless vexation, Tokubei fell ill, and kept muttering, "Oh, misery! misery!—the wandering priest is coming to torture me!" Hearing his moans and the disturbance he made, the people in the house fancied he was mad, and called in a physician, who prescribed for him. But neither pill nor potion could cure Tokubei, whose strange frenzy soon became the talk of the whole neighborhood.

Now it chanced that the story reached the ears of a certain wandering priest who lodged in the next street. When he heard the particulars, this priest gravely shook his head, as though he knew all about it, and sent a friend to Tokubei's house to say that a wandering priest, dwelling hard by, had heard of his illness, and, were it never so grievous, would undertake to heal it by means of his prayers; and Tokubei's wife, driven half wild by her husband's sickness, lost not a moment in sending for the priest and taking him into the sick man's room.

But no sooner did Tokubei see the priest than he yelled out, "Help! help! Here is the wandering priest come to torment me again. Forgive! forgive!" and hiding his head under the coverlet, he lay quivering all over. Then the priest turned all present out of the room, put his mouth to the affrighted man's ear, and whispered—

"Three years ago, at the Kuana ferry, you flung me into the water; and well you remember it."

But Tokubei was speechless, and could only quake with fear.

"Happily," continued the priest, "I had learned to swim and to dive as a boy; so I reached the shore, and, after wandering through many provinces, succeeded in

setting up a bronze figure to Buddha, thus fulfilling the wish of my heart. On my journey homewards, I took a lodging in the next street, and there heard of your marvelous ailment. Thinking I could divine its cause, I came to see you, and am glad to find I was not mistaken. You have done a hateful deed; but am I not a priest; and have I not forsaken the things of this world? and would it not ill become me to bear malice? Repent, therefore, and abandon your evil ways. To see you do so I should esteem the height of happiness. Be of good cheer, now, and look me in the face, and you will see that I am really a living man, and no vengeful goblin come to torment you."

Seeing he had no ghost to deal with, and overwhelmed by the priest's kindness, Tokubei burst into tears, and answered, "Indeed, indeed, I don't know what to say. In a fit of madness I was tempted to kill and rob you. Fortune befriended me ever after; but the richer I grew, the more keenly I felt how wicked I had been, and the more I foresaw that my victim's vengeance would some day overtake me. Haunted by this thought, I lost my nerve, till one night I beheld your spirit, and from that time forth fell ill. But how you managed to escape, and are still alive, is more than I can understand."

"A guilty man," said the priest, with a smile, "shudders at the rustling of the wind or the chattering of a stork's beak: a murderer's conscience preys upon his mind till he sees what is not. Poverty drives a man to crimes which he repents of in his wealth. How true is the doctrine of Mencius, that the heart of man, pure by nature, is corrupted by circumstances."

Thus he held forth; and Tokubei, who had long since repented of his crime, implored forgiveness, and gave him a large sum of money, saying, "Half of this is the amount I stole from you three years since; the other half I entreat you to accept as interest, or as a gift."

The priest at first refused the money; but Tokubei insisted on his accepting it, and did all he could to detain him, but in vain; for the priest went his way, and be-



SAMURAI WARRIOR IN ANCIENT COSTUME

**THE SAMURAI WERE THE MILITARY CLASS IN JAPAN DURING THE
FEUDAL PERIOD.**

stowed the money on the poor and needy. As for Tokubei himself, he soon shook off his disorder, and thenceforward lived at peace with all men, revered both at home and abroad, and ever intent on good and charitable deeds.

XIII. ANOTHER SHORT STORY. The trait referred to is further emphasized in the following tale:

GOMPACHI AND KOMURASAKI

About two hundred thirty years ago there lived in the service of a daimio of the province of Inaba, a young man, called Shirai Gompachi, who, when he was but sixteen years of age, had already won a name for his personal beauty and valor, and for his skill in the use of arms. Now it happened that one day a dog belonging to him fought with another dog belonging to a fellow-clansman, and the two masters, being both passionate youths, disputing as to whose dog had had the best of the fight, quarreled and came to blows, and Gompachi slew his adversary; and in consequence of this, he was obliged to flee from his country, and make his escape to Yedo.

And so Gompachi set out on his travels.

One night, weary and footsore, he entered what appeared to him to be a roadside inn, ordered some refreshment, and went to bed, little thinking of the danger that menaced him: for as luck would have it, this inn turned out to be the trysting-place of a gang of robbers, into whose clutches he had thus unwittingly fallen. To be sure, Gompachi's purse was but scantily furnished, but his sword and dirk were worth some three hundred ounces of silver, and upon these the robbers (of whom there were ten) had cast envious eyes, and had determined to kill the owner for their sake; but he, all unsuspecting, slept on in fancied security.

In the middle of the night he was startled from his deep slumbers by some one stealthily opening the sliding

door which led into his room, and rousing himself with an effort, he beheld a beautiful young girl, fifteen years of age, who, making signs to him not to stir, came up to his bedside, and said to him in a whisper :

“Sir, the master of this house is the chief of a gang of robbers, who have been plotting to murder you this night for the sake of your clothes and your sword. As for me, I am the daughter of a rich merchant in Mikawa : last year the robbers came to our house, and carried off my father’s treasure and myself. I pray you, sir, take me with you, and let us fly from this dreadful place.”

She wept as she spoke, and Gompachi was at first too much startled to answer ; but being a youth of high courage and a cunning fencer to boot, he soon recovered his presence of mind, and determined to kill the robbers, and to deliver the girl out of their hands. So he replied :

“Since you say so, I will kill these thieves, and rescue you this very night ; only do you, when I begin the fight, run outside the house, that you may be out of harm’s way, and remain in hiding until I join you.”

Upon this understanding the maiden left him, and went her way. But he lay awake, holding his breath and watching ; and when the thieves crept noiselessly into the room, where they supposed him to be fast asleep, he cut down the first man that entered, and stretched him dead at his feet. The other nine, seeing this, laid about them with their drawn swords, but Gompachi, fighting with desperation, mastered them at last, and slew them. After thus ridding himself of his enemies, he went outside the house, and called to the girl, who came running to his side, and joyfully traveled on with him to Mikawa, where her father dwelt ; and when they reached Mikawa, he took the maiden to the old man’s house, and told him how, when he had fallen among thieves, his daughter had come to him in his hour of peril, and saved him out of her great pity ; and how he, in return, rescuing her from her servitude, had brought her back to her home. When the old folks saw their daughter whom they had lost restored to them, they were

beside themselves with joy, and shed tears for very happiness; and, in their gratitude, they pressed Gompachi to remain with them, and they prepared feasts for him, and entertained him hospitably: but their daughter, who had fallen in love with him for his beauty and knightly valor, spent her days in thinking of him, and of him alone. The young man, however, in spite of the kindness of the old merchant, who wished to adopt him as his son, and tried hard to persuade him to consent to this, was fretting to go to Yedo and take service as an officer in the household of some noble lord. So he resisted the entreaties of the father and the soft speeches of the daughter, and made ready to start on his journey; and the old merchant, seeing that he would not be turned from his purpose, gave him a parting gift of silver, and sorrowfully bade him farewell.

But alas for the grief of the maiden, who sat sobbing her heart out and mourning over her lover's departure! He, all the while thinking more of ambition than of love, went to her and comforted her, and said: "Dry your eyes, sweetheart, and weep no more, for I shall soon come back to you. Do you, in the meanwhile, be faithful and true to me, and tend your parents with filial piety."

So she wiped away her tears and smiled again, when she heard him promise that he would soon return to her. And Gompachi went his way, and in due time came near to Yedo.

But his dangers were not yet over; for late one night, he fell in with six highwaymen, who attacked him, thinking to make short work of killing and robbing him. Nothing daunted, he drew his sword, and dispatched two out of the six; but, being weary and worn out with his long journey, he was sorely pressed, and the struggle was going hard with him, when a wardsman, Chobei by name, who happened to pass that way riding in a chair, seeing the affray, jumped down from his chair and drawing his dirk came to the rescue, and between them they put the robbers to flight.

When the highwaymen had disappeared, Gompachi, turning to his deliverer, said:

"I know not who you may be, sir, but I have to thank you for rescuing me from a great danger."

And as he proceeded to express his gratitude, Chobei replied:

"I am but a poor wardsman, a humble man in my way, sir; and if the robbers ran away, it was more by good luck than owing to any merit of mine. But I am filled with admiration at the way you fought; you displayed a courage and a skill that were beyond your years, sir."

"Indeed," said the young man, smiling with pleasure at hearing himself praised; "I am still young and inexperienced, and am quite ashamed of my bungling style of fencing."

"And now may I ask you, sir, whither you are bound?"

"That is almost more than I know myself, for I am a ronin, and have no fixed purpose in view."

"That is a bad job," said Chobei, who felt pity for the lad. "However, if you will excuse my boldness in making such an offer, being but a wardsman, until you shall have taken service I would fain place my poor house at your disposal."

Gompachi accepted the offer of his new but trusty friend with thanks; so Chobei led him to his house, where he lodged him and hospitably entertained him for some months. And now Gompachi, being idle and having nothing to care for, fell into bad ways, and began to lead a dissolute life, thinking of nothing but gratifying his whims and passions; he took to frequenting the Yoshiwara, the quarter of the town which is set aside for tea-houses and other haunts of wild young men, where his handsome face and figure attracted attention, and soon made him a great favorite with all the beauties of the neighborhood.

About this time men began to speak loud in praise of the charms of Komurasaki, or "Little Purple," a young girl who had recently come to the Yoshiwara, and who

in beauty and accomplishments outshone all her rivals. Gompachi, like the rest of the world, heard so much of her fame that he determined to go to the house where she dwelt, at the sign of "The Three Sea-coasts," and judge for himself whether she deserved all that men said of her. Accordingly, he set out one day, and having arrived at "The Three Sea-coasts," asked to see Komurasaki; and being shown into the room where she was sitting, advanced towards her; but when their eyes met, they both started back with a cry of astonishment, for this Komurasaki, the famous beauty of the Yoshiwara, proved to be the very girl whom several months before Gompachi had rescued from the robbers' den, and restored to her parents in Mikawa. He had left her in prosperity and affluence, the darling child of a rich father, when they had exchanged vows of love and fidelity; and now they met in a common stew in Yedo. What a change! what a contrast! How had the riches turned to rust, the vows to lies!

"What is this?" cried Gompachi, when he had recovered from his surprise. "How is it that I find you here pursuing this vile calling, in the Yoshiwara? Pray explain this to me, for there is some mystery beneath all this which I do not understand."

But Komurasaki, who, having thus unexpectedly fallen in with her lover whom she had yearned for, was divided between joy and shame, answered, weeping:

"Alas! my tale is a sad one, and would be long to tell. After you left us last year, calamity and reverses fell upon our house; and when my parents became poverty-stricken, I was at my wits' end to know how to support them. So I sold this wretched body of mine to the master of this house, and sent the money to my father and mother; but, in spite of this, troubles and misfortunes multiplied upon them, and now, at last, they have died of misery and grief. And, oh! lives there in this wide world so unhappy a wretch as I! But now that I have met you again—you who are so strong—help me who am weak. You saved me once—

do not, I implore you, desert me now!" and as she told her piteous tale the tears streamed from her eyes.

"This is, indeed, a sad story," replied Gompachi, much affected by the recital. "There must have been a wonderful run of bad luck to bring such misfortune upon your house, which but a little while ago I recollect so prosperous. However, mourn no more, for I will not forsake you. It is true that I am too poor to redeem you from your servitude, but at any rate I will contrive so that you shall be tormented no more. Love me, therefore, and put your trust in me." When she heard him speak so kindly she was comforted, and wept no more, but poured out her whole heart to him, and forgot her past sorrows in the great joy of meeting him again.

When it became time for them to separate, he embraced her tenderly and returned to Chobei's house; but he could not banish Komurasaki from his mind, and all day long he thought of her alone; and so it came about that he went daily to the Yoshiwara to see her, and if any accident detained him, she, missing the accustomed visit, would become anxious and write to him to inquire the cause of his absence. At last, pursuing this course of life, his stock of money ran short, and as, being a ronin and without any fixed employment, he had no means of renewing his supplies, he was ashamed of showing himself penniless at "The Three Sea-coasts." Then it was that a wicked spirit arose within him, and he went out and murdered a man, and having robbed him of his money carried it to the Yoshiwara.

From bad to worse is an easy step, and the tiger that has once tasted blood is dangerous. Blinded and infatuated by his excessive love, Gompachi kept on slaying and robbing, so that, while his outer man was fair to look upon, the heart within him was that of a hideous devil. At last his friend Chobei could no longer endure the sight of him, and turned him out of his house; and as, sooner or later, virtue and vice meet with their

reward, it came to pass that Gompachi's crimes became notorious, and the Government having set spies upon his track, he was caught redhanded and arrested; and his evil deeds having been fully proved against him, he was carried off to the execution ground, the "Bell Grove," and beheaded as a common malefactor.

Now when Gompachi was dead, Chobei's old affection for the young man returned, and, being a kind and pious man, he went and claimed his body and head, and buried him at Meguro, in the grounds of the Temple.

When Komurasaki heard the people at Yoshiwara gossiping about her lover's end, her grief knew no bounds, so she fled secretly from "The Three Sea-coasts," and came to Meguro and threw herself upon the newly made grave. Long she prayed and bitterly she wept over the tomb of him whom, with all his faults, she had loved so well, and then, drawing a dagger from her girdle, she plunged it in her breast and died. The priests of the temple, when they saw what had happened, wondered greatly and were astonished at the loving faithfulness of this beautiful girl, and taking compassion on her, they laid her side by side with Gompachi in one grave; and over the grave they placed a stone which remains to this day, bearing the inscription, "The Tomb of the Shiyoku." And still the people of Yedo visit the place, and still they praise the beauty of Gompachi and the filial piety and fidelity of Komurasaki.

XIV. CONCLUSION. It must be remembered that only within the last sixty years has Japanese literature been available to foreign readers, and that most of us must form our judgment of it by the expressed opinion of those who read the language and upon the comparatively few translations that are available in English. Accordingly, it is probable that opinions now expressed will be subject to revision in the future. In dealing with fiction,

however, we are struck by certain facts that may be accepted as characteristic and from which we may make some reliable deductions.

During the ninth and tenth centuries, or what may be called the classical period of Japanese literature, there was produced by the upper classes, who had newly absorbed Chinese learning and the Buddhist religion, a wealth of fiction that reflected the effeminate, pleasure-loving, immoral life its devotees led. At the same time, essays, diaries and poetry were produced largely by women. In fact, it was a woman's age, and in grace and elegance its writings were never excelled. The *Gengi Monogatari* still stands at the head of Japanese "novels."

In later epochs the position of woman in the social scale became much less prominent, and especially among the aristocracy her life was so artificial, so utterly without opportunity for independent thought or action, that not only did she cease to write, but she became an uninteresting factor in tale or novel. When her every act was prescribed and carried out under strict surveillance, when she was told by her male relatives whom to love and where to marry, she was lost to public affairs and was regarded as little more than a chattel. Then men took up the writing of fiction and, finding nothing of interest in the society of the wealthy, they sought the purlieus of the brothel, which were frequented by lively and wealthy youth, and there they discovered the

excitement, the passion, the humor and human nature that perhaps induced that ugly spirit of pornography that ran rampant through the pages of fiction for centuries. Though at intervals the government made desperate efforts to stop the flood by prohibiting publication and punishing the writers, there had been created a popular demand for such stories, and there were always writers to satisfy it. Until recent times it is difficult to find an author of fiction whose work is not infiltrated with the poison. The tendencies of our own twentieth century fiction are highly suggestive of the frightful taint that made Japanese fiction an element of degeneracy.

The fiction of Japan is liable to give us quite an erroneous idea of the moral code of the islanders. We may assume that they encourage the virtues and that they consider morality in much the same light that we do. As a matter of fact, they approve and inculcate honesty, sobriety, chastity and the family affections, but in their moral code the virtues rank differently. To them the highest virtue of all is loyalty—first to the Mikado and the government, next to their parents. To loyalty everything else must give way; honor in our sense of the term, honesty, chastity, even life itself, are all as nothing when brought in contact with this divine loyalty.

The fiction of Japan is filled with incidents in which young women sell their virtue to provide the means to care for their parents,

or to secure revenge for injuries done to them. Lord Redesdale says:

When Komurasaki [in the story told in a preceding paragraph] sold herself to supply the wants of her ruined parents, she was not, according to her lights, forfeiting her claim to virtue. On the contrary, she could perform no greater act of filial piety, and so far from incurring reproach among her people, her self-sacrifice would be worthy of all praise in their eyes. This idea has led to grave misunderstanding abroad, and indeed no phase of Japanese life has been so misrepresented as this. . . . In some respects the gulf fixed between virtue and vice in Japan is even greater than in England. The Eastern courtesan is confined to a certain quarter of the town, and distinguished by a peculiarly gaudy costume, and by a headdress which consists of a forest of light tortoise shell hair-pins, stuck round her head like a saint's glory—a glory of shame which a modest woman would sooner die than wear. Vice jostling virtue in the public places; virtue imitating the fashions set by vice—these are social phenomena which the East knows not.

Suicide is so common an incident that it is noticed scarcely more than an ordinary death, and the number of cases in which it is praiseworthy is multitudinous.

Fiction reflects the manners and customs of a people, but not always is the mirror a true one. Frequently it distorts the image so that we must always temper our judgment by facts. We may believe in the extreme politeness of the Japanese, the absurd punctilio in matters of form, and that in theory at least their virtues and their vices are largely our own; but we must not take the sensational story writer

as evidence that all girls were harlots, or all tradesmen dishonest.

Moreover, our estimate is largely based upon fiction written prior to the introduction of Western learning, since which time the Japanese are undoubtedly making rapid progress toward a higher and better life.





CHAPTER IV

THE DRAMA

ANCIENT PANTOMIMES. The genesis of the drama in Japan bears some resemblance to that of the drama in England. At any rate, it began in pantomimes and dances of a religious nature, which gradually paved the way for those of a more secular character.

The *Kagura*, as the earliest pantomimes were called, had even in the early part of the eighth century become so ancient that their origin was regarded as mythical, but even at the present day platforms are erected at Shinto festivals and the pantomimes are given to the accompaniment of native music. It is said that once in the remotest antiquity the venerable Sun Goddess, angered by the conduct of some of her family, hid her radiant form in a murky cave and darkness covered the earth.

The other gods were at their wits' ends, trying in vain to lure the Sun Goddess back to earth. They gathered in the dry bed of the beautiful River of Heaven, which is but another way of saying the Milky Way, and there joined in a serious consultation. At last, after many plans had been proposed and rejected, it was decided that one of the number should dress herself in gaudy apparel and give a mimic dance before the cavern. The goddess who was selected for the task was so graceful and charming and anon so fierce and repellent, the music of her feet upon the hollow-sounding tub on which she stood so tantalizing, that the Sun Goddess emerged from her retirement and light once more gladdened the earth.

The origin of a more nearly secular pantomime given by the guards in the Mikado's palace is accounted for as follows:

Two of the deities, brothers though they were, once quarreled bitterly, and the younger, a fisherman, obtained from his father-in-law, the God of the Sea, a wonderful talisman by means of which he caused the sea to arise and overwhelm his older brother. Though a brave hunter, this brother, when he saw death staring him in the face, begged to be saved and promised that he and his descendants would be the servants of his younger brother and his descendants till the end of time. Still, the guards of the palace, naked to the waist, with their hands and faces painted red, dance and mimic the drowning struggles of their ancestor,

the elder brother, while the descendant of the younger brother, the Mikado, looks on in approval.

II. THE NO. In the second chapter the No have been discussed at some length, but we may add a few words here. In development they follow the Kagura, and differ from them very little except in the addition of spoken dialogue. The plays were brief, not usually occupying more than an hour. There were few actors, from two to six, usually three, a few musicians and the chorus. The function of the last was not unlike the chorus of the Greek dramas, except that in the No they were given greater liberties. They chanted a narrative when necessary to explain the action, made observations upon the plays and players and often conversed with the latter. As there was no scenery in the theater, their poetic descriptions of the scenes were welcome to the audience. Mr. Chamberlain, in his *Classical Poetry of the Japanese*, has given us this interesting description of a No theater:

The stage, which has remained unaltered in every respect since the beginning of the fifteenth century, is a square, wooden room, open on all sides but one, and supported on pillars, the side of the square being about eighteen English feet. It is surmounted by a quaint roof somewhat resembling those to be seen on Buddhist temples, and is connected with the green-room by a gallery some nine feet wide. Upon this gallery part of the action occasionally takes place. Added to the back of the square stage is a narrow space where sits the orchestra, consisting of one flute-player, two performers on instru-

ments, which, in the absence of a more fitting name, may perhaps be called tambourines, and one beater of the drum; while the chorus, whose number is not fixed, squat on the ground to the right of the spectator. The back of the stage, the only side not open to the air, is painted with a pine-tree in accordance with ancient usage, while, equally in conformity with established rules, three small pine-trees are planted in the court which divides the gallery from the space occupied by the less distinguished portion of the audience. The covered place for the audience runs round three sides of the stage. Masks are worn by such of the actors as take the parts of females or of supernatural beings, and the dresses are gorgeous in the extreme. Scenery, however, is allowed no place on the lyric stage.

It was not until the fourteenth century that the No came into being. At first it was purely religious in its nature, and its theaters were located at the shrines of the principal Shinto gods. The plays soon came directly under the patronage of the Shoguns, who favored them everywhere in contradistinction to the Mikado, who favored the Tanka. Even in recent years some of these old plays have been performed before the Samurai, where only could they be understood.

The *Takasago* is the finest No, and is probably the best known. It is attributed to Moto-kiyo, and Mr. Aston, who has translated it, says: "I know of nothing in literature for which it is more impossible to give an adequate English equivalent than the intricate network of word-plays, quotations, and historical, literary and scriptural allusions of which they consist." Nevertheless, he makes

a very readable little play, of which the following is a brief account:

The characters are Tomonari, guardian of a Shinto shrine; an old man; an old woman; the God of Sumiyoshi, and the Chorus. The Chorus announces that Tomonari is about to go for the first time on a journey of many days, and he tells the audience that he is going to the capital and will take this time to visit the bay of Takasago, in Harima. On his way he meets an old man and an old woman from far distant provinces, contentedly preparing to lie down under the fir-trees "which have grown old together." Tomonari asks why the fir-trees Takasago and Suminoye can properly be said, in the preface to the Kokinshiu, to grow old together. The reply of the old woman gives the central idea of the No, the great fact that Tomonari learns on his journey to Takasago: "Though many a mile of mountain and river separate them, the way of a husband and wife whose hearts respond to one another with mutual care is not far apart."

In the course of the play the Chorus sing a lyric that is chanted at every regular Japanese wedding and is one of the best-known songs in the language. Tiny figures of the old man and his wife, bearing the brooms with which they swept away the leaves of the fir-trees, are placed on a tray at every wedding, and Japanese artists never tire of picturing the old people. Mr. Aston translates the lyric in this manner:

CHORUS. On the four seas
Still are the waves ;
The world is at peace.
Soft blow the time-winds,
Rustling not the branches.
In such an age
Blest are the very firs,
In that they meet
To grow old together.
Vain indeed
Are reverent upward looks ;
Vain even are words to tell
Our thanks that we were born
In such an age,
Rich with the bounty
Of our sovereign lord.

Tomonari returns safely to his home after the old man and woman have announced that they are really the spirits of the firs of Takasago and Suminoye, and the Chorus closes the No with very flattering tributes to the reigning sovereign.

III. THE KIOGEN. Between performances of the No there were put upon the stage brief farcical interludes, or playlets, called *kiogen*. Their language is the dialect of the people, and they seem to have been popular, as there are several hundred in existence. They had no chorus, and are of the simplest structure. The plot of one is as follows :

A nobleman sends his servant to procure a wonderful talisman by which miracles can be worked. The servant is induced to buy a mallet, which at every stroke will produce a gold piece and give the possessor everything

he wants. When the servant returns, the master suspects that he has been swindled and commands the servant to produce a horse with his magic mallet. The latter swings his mallet and repeats the proper charm, but no horse appears. Fearing punishment, he feigns to see a horse saddled and bridled before him and points him out to his master, who pretends to think his servant is the horse and rides him about the stage, beating him soundly.

IV. THE TAIHEIKI AND THE JORURI. The "History of Great Peace," the *Taiheiki*, is an ornate, literary history completed toward the end of the fourteenth century. Whether the work of one person or of a succession of priests is not altogether certain, but it pretends to give the history of the Shogunate from the end of the twelfth century to the middle of the fourteenth, from the viewpoint of the Mikados. The greater part of it is devoted to the efforts of the Mikado, Go Daigo, to throw off the tyranny of the Shoguns, and is anything but a record of great peace. It deals also with the conflicting opinions of Shintoists, Buddhists and the Chinese philosophers, and tries to reconcile them. The poetic style of the narrative and its vigorous action made it immensely influential upon the literature of the country, and especially upon the popular drama. Passages from it were often chanted in public, where its rhythmical structure led to accompanying movements—the tapping of a fan to give emphasis, gestures to illustrate

the motions of the characters. Later the reciter was accompanied by music, and thus we see all the prime elements of the great popular theatrical representations of the present day.

New stories, written expressly to be recited to an audience, began to appear, and then was written the story of Joruri and her lover Yoshitsuni. So popular was this tale that all tales of that class came to be known as Joruri, and the men who recited them were known as *Joruri-chanters*. From the Joruri the progress to popular plays with more elaborate structure and many actors seems quickly to have been made.

V. POPULAR THEATERS. It is thought that the first *kabuki shibai*, or popular theater, was established at Kyoto early in the seventeenth century. The *No Shibai*, it will be remembered, were in existence at a much earlier date, but attendance at them was restricted to the ruling classes. As nearly as can be determined, this popular theater stood near the present theatrical center of the city, but its own career was stormy and comparatively short-lived. The dancing girls and actresses proved too great an attraction, and the government was obliged to bar women from the stage. Then boys were given the parts the women had played, but that idea was abandoned also.

About the same time, at Yedo, other popular theaters, or *kabuki*, were established. In these, men carried all the parts, and there was a marked approach to the modern drama in

the absence of descriptive passages and the preponderance of natural dialogue.

After the *kabuki* in Kyoto had become embroiled with the government another form of popular entertainment appeared in the *ayasturi*, or marionette theater, which embodied an elaborate presentation of great plays where wonderful puppets acted the parts. These became immensely popular, and are still a prominent feature in Japanese theatrical entertainments. This original marionette theater, the *Takemoto Za*, is a famous institution in dramatic history, and its development is without parallel. We must not compare it with our own Punch and Judy shows, with their simple little figures, for the Japanese have made figures that are almost uncannily human, that move their features, their limbs and their fingers, and do all but talk at the will of the operator.

In the later plays the chorus is seated at the right and above the stage, whence it declaims to the spectator descriptions of scenery and the narrative that makes clear the speeches, which are recited for the marionettes by persons seated with the chorus. The recitals of the chorus are the parts of the play that correspond to the *Joruri* of an earlier date.

The performances at the Japanese popular theater must be taken seriously, for they are truly formidable affairs and frequently last an entire day. On such occasions the spectators bring their food with them and listen for

hours, enraptured by those wonderful dramas of national history or tradition, for never is the scene laid outside Japan.

A Japanese theater has a large seating capacity, both in its galleries and its pit, and the stage is a marvel of mechanical devices for the showing of remarkable scenery and the proper representation of its heroic spectacles.

VI. CHICKAMATSU. No small portion of the phenomenal success of the *Takemoto Za* must be attributed to the genius of Chickamatsu Monzayemon, a Samurai, who probably was born about 1653. For some reason not understood he became a ronin and a writer of plays and stories. In 1690 he began his connection with the marionette theater, which had been transferred to Osaka in 1661. For thirty-four years, or until the time of his death, his fertile brain was at work on the plays which the Japanese classify as either historical dramas or dramas of life and manners. Truly he was a prolific writer, for his published works contain more than fifty plays, which with the exception of a few are of the five-act structure favored by Shakespeare.

In fact, Chickamatsu is sometimes called the Japanese Shakespeare, although there is little similarity except in the obvious superior rank of each in his own country and the general method of their dramatic art. There is no parallel between the thought, the originality, the philosophy, the wisdom, the conception of human character and its development of our

Shakespeare and the extravagant, improbable, brutal and revolting conceptions presented by the renowned Chickamatsu.

Here again we must remember that the Japanese dramatists merely pandered to the public taste, which demanded excitement in stirring deeds and sanguinary tortures. None of the nobility or warrior element ever patronized the popular theater, and the common shopkeepers and mechanics with their wives and children found in the blood-curdling deeds of Chickamatsu's puppets the only thrills that came into their humdrum lives.

Coxinga, or as he is known by later Japanese writers, Kokusenya, was a noted pirate and soldier of mixed Chinese-Japanese ancestry, and his wild escapades form the basis of the *Battles of Kokusenya*, which is considered Chickamatsu's masterpiece. It is impossible to give any idea of the graces of narrative, the beauties poetic diction, or the intense dramatic interest of the scenes, which are so convincing to Japanese critics. *Kokusenya Kassen* is in five long acts, each filled with an infinitude of incidents. Some intimation of the character of these incidents may be gained from the following brief sketch of the plot:

Act One is concerned with the diplomatic troubles between the last of the Ming dynasty in China and its Tartar enemies. An endeavor to cement friendship fails because of the fact that the Tartars wish to take to their ruler the Chinese Emperor's favorite wife and prospective heir. Ri Toten, who proves to be the villain

of the piece, establishes his reputation for sincerity with the Tartar chief by the remarkable expedient of digging out his own eye with his dagger and presenting it on an ivory tablet to the astonished envoy. But this same Ri Toten leads a conspiracy against the Emperor's wife. They attempt to settle it by a battle of two hundred of the charming inmates of the Emperor's harem, who divide into equal groups, waving branches of plum tree on the one side and cherry on the other. By treachery, the Emperor's side loses, and Ri Toten would be victorious in his nefarious schemes were it not for the general, Go Sankei, the hero of the play next to the soldier Kokusunya.

These incidents are followed by a boisterous imitation of real war, the purpose of which is to destroy the unborn heir to the Ming throne. In the course of these the infant is born, and Go Sankei sacrifices his own child in order to save the royal heir. The general's wife assists in the plan and succeeds in slaying the Tartar officer, who is pursuing the infant, and sacrifices herself for the safety of the Princess.

Act Two. Kokusunya, who is in Japan at this time, finds the Princess, who has drifted across the sea, and learning who she is resolves to set out for China and restore the young Prince to the throne. In a hand-to-hand conflict he masters a wild tiger, and thereafter that animal follows his as a loyal servant. He meets Ri Toten, overcomes him, and little by little gathers an army about his standard.

Act Three is taken up with the efforts of Kokusunya to enlist the services of his brother-in-law and other loyal people, and after adventures innumerable, in which his mother and the whole family are involved, each contributing his share of blood and patriotism, a considerable force is gathered, and a revolution is under way.

Act Four is concerned with Go Sankei and the young Prince, who is now a beautiful lad of seven, in their mountainous hiding place. After superhuman deeds and marvelous escapes, which it would be impossible

for ordinary actors to produce on the stage, but which the puppets perform easily, the two are joined by Kokusenya and his force.

Act Five is the climax, in which the Tartar king is overthrown by a shrewd stratagem, the traitorous Ri Toten is killed in the most approved Japanese style, and all the other characters come to the happy time in which they receive those rewards of peace and prosperity to which their valorous deeds entitle them.

VII. EIGHTEENTH CENTURY DRAMA. While the work of Chickamatsu began in the preceding century, its best results did not appear till the eighteenth, and so it falls into the epoch which marks the height of dramatic production. Since the beginning of the nineteenth century few plays have been produced.

After Chickamatsu came a period of dramatic collaboration, and it is no uncommon thing to see the names of five or six authors upon the title page of one composition. The five acts to which Chickamatsu had limited his plays gave way to a largely increased number, sometimes as many as ten or a dozen.

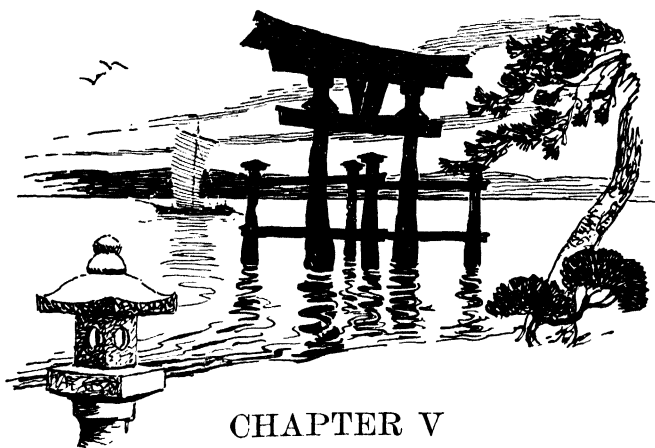
Takeda Idzumo was the most celebrated of the followers of Chickamatsu, but under his hands interest in the Takemoto began to decline, and under his successor, in spite of the introduction of startling novelties, the theater was compelled to close its doors.

VIII. MODERN DRAMA. The end of the nineteenth century saw a number of new plays which show to a marked degree the influence of the new learning upon their writers. While most of them are based upon events in the his-

tory of Japan, some few go outside the country and draw their plots from European sources. The dramas are still rather too melodramatic for Western taste, but there is a marked reduction in the number of improbable happenings, the characters are more lifelike, the language is simpler and better, dialogue is in increasing proportion, and the general workmanship is much superior.



AT THE THEATRE



CHAPTER V

ESSAYS

THE CLASSICAL PERIOD. *Belles-lettres* flourished in the classic period, when we see the unexampled spectacle of the literature of a nation almost entirely in the hands of its women. If later they lost their fair domain, we must not forget that once they occupied it almost exclusively, and while they did they produced essays, poems, stories, sketches and diaries in greatest profusion and of a character that has not since been equaled in that country and not frequently in others. Naturally, the literature was gentle, refined, domestic and rather effeminate, but it was characterized by a beauty of sentiment and expression not difficult to appreciate at this distant date.

Besides those usually brief and unified types of literature which we know by the broad term of essays, there was much of the literature of

the classic epoch, which though usually classified under other names is really but a series of essays, perhaps connected by a slender thread of narrative.

Such were the *Nikki*, or Diaries, in which the personal narrative was frequently lost in description and expository essays of real merit.

II. THE MAKURA ZOSHI. We might with some degree of propriety classify as a series of essays interlarded with narrative the famous *Makura Zoshi*, or "Pillow Sketches," of Sei Shonagon, a lady of rank who wrote during the close of the tenth century and the beginning of the eleventh. Whether the title arose from her habit of keeping her manuscript near her pillow so that she could write whenever the mood seized her, or because of some more fanciful notion, is immaterial, for the work stands unique and masterly, and even at this late date still gives us indisputable testimony of the personality of the author, which showed in all her writings. What a quaint record is the *Makura Zoshi*! The naïve writer sets down without regard to order or arrangement whatever occurs to her mind—sketches, brief essays, anecdotes, random thoughts—with a frankness that is startling. Her inconsequential style became a fashion under the name of "Following the Pen," writing everything as it came to the mind while the pen traveled over the paper. Her uncompromising frankness gives a wonderful picture of court life long before England had so skillful a writer.

The following is a description of a scene in the Mikado's palace:

On the sliding doors of the northern front of the Mikado's private apartments there are painted fearful pictures of creatures that live in the wild ocean, some with long arms, others with long legs. When the doors of the ante-chamber are open we can always see them. One day towards noon, while we were laughing and talking about them, saying what hideous things they are, and were engaged in setting great flower-pots of green porcelain by the balustrade of the veranda, and filling them with an abundance of the most delightful cherry branches five feet long, so that the blossoms overflowed to the foot of the railing, his Excellency the Dainagon (the Empress's brother) approached. He had on a cherry-colored tunic, enough worn to have lost its stiffness, and dark purple trousers. His white underclothing, showing at the neck, displayed a gay pattern of a deep crimson hue. As the Mikado was then with the Empress, he seated himself on the narrow platform before the door and made some report to him on official matters.

The waiting-women, with the cherry-colored sleeveless jackets hanging down loosely by their sides, some dressed in *wistaria* (purple), some in *kerria* (yellow) and all manner of lovely colors, showed out from the screen of the small hatch. Just then dinner was served in the Imperial apartments. We could hear the trampling of the attendants' feet, and the cry, "Less noise," from one of the chamberlains. The serene aspect of the weather was exceedingly agreeable. When the last dishes had been served, a butler came and announced dinner. The Mikado went away by the middle door, attended by his Excellency the Dainagon, who subsequently returned to his former place beside the flowers. The Empress then pushed aside the curtain and came as far as the threshold. He remarked on the beauty of the surroundings and the good deportment of the servants, and ended by quoting the line of poetry—

The days and months roll on,
But the Mount of Mimoro remains for ever.

I was deeply impressed, and wished in my heart that so it might indeed continue for a thousand years.

III. KENKO-BOSHI. One of Japan's best essayists appeared in the midst of the dark period of literary history, the early part of the fourteenth century, in the person of Kenko-Boshi, the *Honorable* or *Reverend Kenko*. From his writings and the criticisms of his countrymen we conclude that he was of good family, a Buddhist devotee, and at the same time a liberal man of the world.

His great work is the *Tsure-dzure-gusa*, a collection of essays and anecdotes upon almost all imaginable topics. Through all, his erratic personality may be traced, not always with credit to himself. In fact, though we have classed him as a Buddhist priest, we learn that he had almost an equal respect for Shintoism and was more than an interested student of Confucian doctrines and Taoism. He "followed the pen" to relieve the days of their tedium (*tsure-dzure*) and may not have intended for publication much that afterward saw light. His style is like that of the classical period and is artistic in its very simplicity. We may obtain some slight notion of his writing from the following:

What strikes men's eyes most of all in a woman is the beauty of her hair. Her quality and disposition may be gathered from the manner of her speech, even though a screen be interposed. There are occasions, too,

when her very posture when seated leads a man's heart astray. Then, until his hopes are realized, he bears patiently what is not to be borne, regardless even of his life. It is only love which can do this. Deep indeed are the roots of passion, and remote its sources. It is possible to put away from us all the other lusts of this wicked world. But this one alone it is very hard to eradicate. Old and young, wise and foolish, all are alike its slaves. Therefore it has been said that with a cord twined of a woman's hair the great elephant may be bound; with a whistle carved from a woman's shoe the deer in autumn may without fail be lured. . . .

If we take a pen in hand, it suggests writing; if we take up a musical instrument, the very act of doing so prompts us to make music; a wine-cup suggests drinking; dice make us think of gambling. Our hearts are influenced by our actions. We should therefore be careful to abstain wholly from unedifying amusements.

If we thoughtlessly glance at a verse of the Sacred Scriptures, what goes before and after presents itself to our minds without our effort, and this may lead to a sudden reformation of the errors of many years. If we had never read the Scriptures, how should we have known this? Such is the virtue of association.

If, even without any pious intentions whatever, we kneel down before the Buddha and take in our hands the sacred book and the bell, a good work goes on of itself within us. If, even with wandering minds, we take our seat on the rope-mat, unawares we become absorbed in devout contemplation.

At bottom, action and principle are one. If we are careful to avoid offenses in our outward actions, the inner principle becomes fortified. We should therefore beware of making a profession of unbelief, and treat religion with all honor and respect. . . .

When we hear a man's name we try to form to ourselves some idea of his appearance, but we invariably find, on afterwards making his acquaintance, that we have been quite wrong.

I wonder if it is only I who have sometimes the feeling that speeches which I have heard or sights that I have seen were already seen or heard by me at some past time—when, I cannot tell. . . .

It is not only when we look at the moon or flowers with our eyes that they give us pleasure. On a spring day, though we do not leave our house; on a moonlight night, though we remain in our chamber, the mere thought of them is exceedingly cheering and delightful.

IV. KAMO CHOMEI. Perhaps in the chapter on Essays should be considered the remarkable work of Kamo Chomei, whose *Hojoki*, or record of his personal experiences, is considered a model of excellent style. It was written in 1212, after he had become resentful over the loss of a governmental position and after shaving his head had become a hermit, resident a few miles from Kyoto. There is that in parts of his description of the little hut and its surroundings that reminds us of our own Thoreau and his hut at Walden Pond. The very title suggests the diminutive size of his hut, as freely translated, it means "Notes of the Ten-foot-Square." Compared with the voluminous writings of some of the Japanese, the *Hojoki* is its tiny self only a ten-foot-square.

The following quotations from the translation by Mr. Aston will give a very satisfactory idea of the work:

The current of a running stream flows on unceasingly, but the water is not the same: the foam floating on the pool where it lingers, now vanishes and now forms again, but is never lasting. Such are mankind and their habita-

tions. In a splendid capital where the dwellings of the exalted and of the lowly join their roof-trees and with their tiles jostle one another, they may appear to go on without an interval from generation to generation. But we shall find, if we make inquiry, that there are in reality but few which are ancient. Some were destroyed last year, to be rebuilt this year; others, which were great houses, have been ruined, and replaced by smaller ones.

The same is true of their inmates. If we have lived long in a place where we have numbers of acquaintances, we find that but one or two are left of twenty or thirty whom we knew formerly. In the morning some die, in the evening some are born. Such is life. It may be compared to foam upon the water. Whether they are born or whether they die, we know not whence they come nor whither they go. Nor in this temporary sojourning-place do we know who will benefit by the trouble we put ourselves to, or wherewithal to give pleasure to the eyes. Of a house and its master I know not which is the more subject to change. Both are like the dew on the convolvulus. The dew may fall, leaving the flower behind; but even so, the flower fades with the morning sun. Again, the flower may wither, while the dew remains; but even so, it cannot last until evening.

After a vivid description of a destructive conflagration in Kyoto, a terrible hurricane, the miseries of the removal of the capital, and an awful famine, an overwhelming earthquake at Kyoto, all of which had fallen under his own observation and were described as leading to his retirement from such a world and his thirty years of seclusion in the hermitage, only to find it not sufficiently retired, the remainder of the book, with slight omissions, is as follows:

Five springs and autumns came and went to me making my bed among the clouds of Mount Ohara. And

now at sixty, when the dew does not easily evaporate, I again built myself a last leaf of a dwelling, something like the shelter which a traveler might erect for one night's lodging, or the cocoon spun for itself by an aged silkworm. It is not a hundredth part so commodious as the habitation of my middle-time. As my age declined with every year, at each remove my dwelling became smaller. This last one is no ordinary house. It is barely ten feet square, and only seven feet high. As it was not meant for a fixed abode, the ground about it was trodden hard and left uncultivated. The walls are of mud, and it is thatched with rushes. The joints are fastened with rings and staples, for the greater convenience of removal elsewhere if any subject of dissatisfaction should arise. How little trouble it would take to rebuild it in another place! It would barely make two cart-loads, and there would be no expense whatever beyond the cartage.

Since I concealed my traces in the recesses of Mount Hino, I have put up a projecting roof of some three feet or more in width on the eastern side, as a place for breaking and burning brushwood. On the south I have set out a temporary shade and laid down a bamboo grating. On the west there is a domestic shrine. . . . Close to the eastern wall I have spread a quantity of fern, which serves me as a bed. On the southwest there is provided a hanging shelf of bamboo, on which are three or four black leather cases containing Japanese poetry, music, a Buddhist pious book and such-like manuscripts. Besides, there are a harp and a lute.

Such is my temporary dwelling. Now to describe its surroundings. On the south there is a water-pipe which leads to a reservoir, constructed by piling large stones one on another. A wood close by affords plenty of sticks for firewood. The Masaki creeper hides all that is beyond. The valley is thickly wooded, but is clear towards the west, which is not unfavorable to meditation.

Here in spring there may be seen the rippling blos-

soms of the wistaria, shedding a fragrance towards the west. In summer the cuckoo is heard, who by his reiterated cry invites to a tryst with him on that rugged path which leads to Hades. In autumn the song of the cicada fills the ears, sounding like a wail over the vanities of this earthly existence. In winter the snow excites in me a sympathetic emotion. As it grows deeper and deeper, and then by degrees melts away again, it is an apt symbol of the obstruction of sin.

When I am too sad for prayer, or cannot fix my mind on the pages of holy writ, there is no one to prevent me from resting and being as indolent as I please, nor is there any friend in whose presence I might feel ashamed. Though I have not specially adopted silence as my rule, living alone as I do, the faculty of speech has naturally been suspended. With no definite resolve to observe the commandments, my circumstances are such that there is no temptation to break them. . . . When more cheerful than usual I extol the music of the autumn wind to the accompaniment of its song among the firs, or to the sound of water join my praises of the music of the running stream. I do not pretend to anything great in music, and I sing or play all by myself, only for the comfort of my own heart, and not for the entertainment of others.

At the foot of the mountain there is another cabin, built of brushwood, where a forester lives. He has a son who sometimes comes to see me. When I am dull I take him for a walk, and although there is a great difference in our ages, he being sixteen and I sixty, we both enjoy the same pleasures. We pluck the great rush flowers or gather cranberries. We fill our baskets with wild potatoes or collect parsley. Sometimes we go down to the rice-fields in the belt of ground at the bottom of the mountain and glean the fallen ears. In serene weather we climb to the summit and view from afar the sky over my native place. . . .

On our way home we break off the cherry branches, or gather the red autumn foliage; we pluck the young

shoots of the bracken, or pick up nuts, according to the season. Some of these are offered to Buddha, and some are taken as presents.

When on a calm night the moon shines in at my window, I think with yearning of the men of old, and at the cry of the monkeys my sleeve is wetted with tears. The fire-flies in the clumps of herbage represent to me the fishermen's cressets on the isle of Magi no Shima; the rain at daybreak sounds to me like the leaves when fluttered by a stormy gust of wind. When I hear the copper pheasant with his cry of "*horo, horo,*" I wonder whether it is my father or my mother. When the stag from the mountain top approaches without shyness, I realize how far I am separated from the world. . . .

When I first took up my abode in this place, I thought it was only for a little while. But five years have passed, and my temporary hut has become old. Under the eaves there is a deep bed of withered leaves, and moss has gathered on the earthen floor. When by chance I receive news of the capital, I hear of the deaths of many men of high rank, while of those of men of low degree it is impossible to reckon the number. I hear too of many houses being destroyed by frequent conflagrations. But this temporary cabin of mine has remained secure and undisturbed. It is small, but at night I have a bed to lie upon, in the daytime a mat on which I sit. It has all that is needed for the lodging of one person. . . .

Buddha has taught mankind not to allow their hearts to become enslaved by outward things. Even my love for this thatched cabin is to be reckoned a transgression; even my lying down to quiet rest must be a hindrance to piety. How can any one waste precious time in a continuous indulgence in useless pleasure? One calm morning I thought long over the reasons of this, and asked of my own heart the question: "The object of leaving the world and making companions of the hills and woods is to give peace to the mind and to enable us to carry out the practices of religion. But though your outward appearance is that of a holy man, your heart is steeped

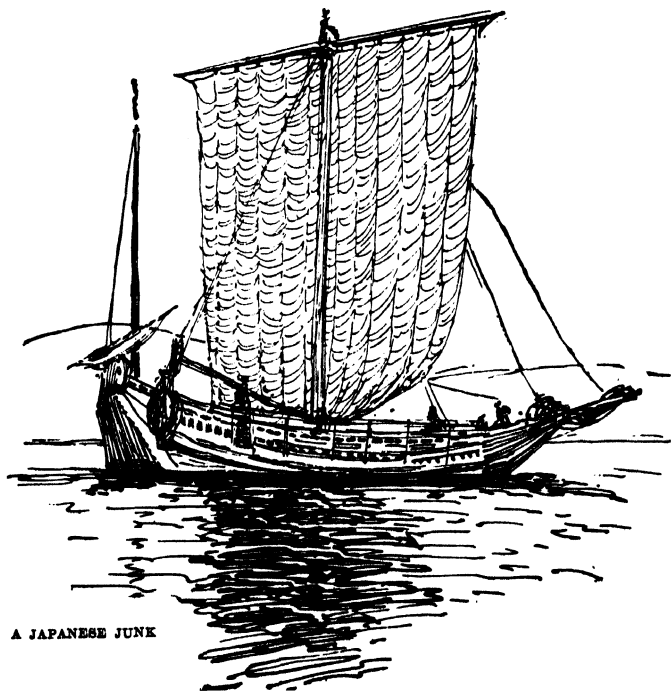
in impurity. . . . Is this a natural affliction, inseparable from a mean condition, or is it due to the disorderly passions of an impure heart?" To this my heart made no answer. A few unbidden invocations of the name of Buddha rose to my lips, and then—silence.

To some editions the following Tanka is added:

The moon is gone—
A cruel mountain-spur
Where late she shone:
Oh! that my soul had sight
Of the unfailing light.

V. RECENT WORK. The essayist has been much in evidence in these later years during which Japan is being again revolutionized, this time by the introduction of Western knowledge. It is possible that the literary essay, the delicate creation that is to prose what the lyric is to poetry, has not been frequently written, but the new information, the new theories, the new customs are being introduced and spread abroad by a multitude of practical writers of utilitarian essays. These never may rank as literature, but they are the crude material from which real literature will be made when the new learning shall have been thoroughly assimilated. Why, think of it! The first newspaper in this land of the wonderful and unique literature was published not fifty years ago, nor at that time was there a single magazine of importance. Now the number of newspapers and magazines, even under the rigid censorship which the government

has established, must run well into thousands. New and important treatises on politics, government, philosophy and religion are constantly appearing and many of them doubtless will some time take rank among the great essays of the language. As has been said, Japan is in a transitional state, and how far her development may extend no one can see.



A JAPANESE JUNK



CHAPTER VI

HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT

INTRODUCTORY. Histories form a very large part of the literature of the Japanese. Not only are they numerous, but many are extremely long. In many of them mythology, legends, superhuman and impossible events are so intermingled with what appear to be statements of mere fact that it is next to impossible to separate the true from the false. Moreover, the authors frequently have indulged in such flights of eloquence, have placed such highly imaginary conversations in the mouths of public characters, have related such intimate anecdotes of people dead for centuries, that the reader is tempted to regard the whole as fiction rather than fact. A large number of the "histories" were written in Chinese characters, or in a conglomerate of Chinese and Japanese characters, so that anything like a smooth style was

impossible ; and it always seems that the writer must have been so handicapped that he could not write the plain truth if he wished.

When reference is made to Chinese characters as a medium for writing Japanese, the great difference in the nature of the languages must be remembered ; in the former the words are monosyllabic, and there is a character for every word ; in the latter the words are more like ours, and sounds, not syllables, must be represented by characters. To use Chinese syllable-symbols to represent Japanese sounds meant to make possible many complicated characters for every sound and often to leave the author in doubt as to what symbol he should use. And yet prior to the ninth century all Japanese books were written in Chinese characters, and long after that period the scholarly persisted in their use.

II. THE OLDEST BOOK. Japan's oldest book is the *Kojiki*, which dates from the beginning of the eighth century. This "Record of Things Ancient" begins with an account of the earliest myths of prehistoric times, the bases of Shintoism, and brings history down to the beginning of the seventh century. The story is presumed to be written by one Yasumaro, who takes the words from the lips of one of the Kataribe, or men appointed to recite to the Mikado the deeds of his ancestors. Laboring under the difficulties mentioned, it is surprising that the writer of the ancient volumes could do as well as he did, not that his

work does not rank high as literature. Little reliance can be placed upon it as a record of facts, though every claim be made for its veracity.

The following paraphrase of one of the myths related in the *Kojiki* should not be regarded as a translation:

When the god Haya-Susa no wo descended to earth after his banishment from heaven he alighted upon the bank of a strange river and at once spied a chopstick floating down the stream. Seeing in this a sign of human beings living up the stream, the banished god proceeded upward looking everywhere for the owners of the implement. After a time he found an old couple weeping, and between them, seated on the ground, a beautiful girl.

"Who are you, and why do you weep so distressingly?" asked His Augustness.

"We are two deities of the earth. I am Ashinadzuchi, son of the Great God of the mountain; this is Tenadzuchi, my wife, and this is my daughter. I have had eight children, all gods, and all have been eaten by the eight-tongued serpent of Koshi, and now it is time for him to pay his ninth annual visit, and this is our youngest and only living child. Have we not reason for our sadness?"

"What is this great dragon like?" inquired Haya-Susa no wo.

"Its immense body, covered with moss pines and cedars, stretches over eight valleys and eight hills. Attached to this huge trunk are eight hideous heads and eight lashing tails. Its eyes flash terribly and are red as the winter cherry, and the belly of the serpent is always bloody and hideous to look upon."

"If this beauteous maiden in truth be your daughter will you give her to me as my wife?" asked the god Haya-Susa no wo.

"With all due reverence to you, yet is your honorable name unknown to me," replied Ashinadzuchi.

"I am Haya-Susa no wo, elder brother to the Sun Goddess, and am but now come down from heaven," explained the August One.

"Then with deep reverence do we give her to you," exclaimed the two earth deities.

Immediately Haya-Susa no wo took the fair daughter and changed her into a comb which he thrust into his hair, at the same time calling to the old man and the old woman.

"Quick! Build a great fence round about and in that fence let there be eight gates and before each gate set a tub of sake brewed fresh and of eight-fold strength. Then retire and await the coming of the savage dragon."

When the fence had been built, the sake brewed and put in the eight tubs, a tub before each of the eight gates, they retired in accordance with his honorable directions. Anon the great serpent came and thrust one of his eight heads into each of the eight gates where each head saw its great tub of sake; and immediately each head began to drink and would not cease till all the sake was consumed. Soon the fiery sake began to take effect and each of the eight great heads closed its fiery, cherry-colored eyes and fell over in a dead sleep.

As soon as Haya-Susa no wo saw that all were safely asleep he drew his trusty ten-span sword and one by one cut off the eight heads of the dragon, and the blood ran down in torrents and turned the water in the river to crimson.

When he smote the body his favorite sword was broken so that in anger he cut open the huge body and within found shining and clear a wonderful thing, a great new sword of surpassing length and keenness. When he reported his discovery to his sister, the Sun Goddess, she exclaimed, "You have found the famous sword Kusanagi, the Herb-Controller."

III. THE "NIHONGI." The official histories of Japan were written in Chinese, and of them the *Nihongi* is the first of many. It purports

to give the history of Japan from the very earliest times to the end of the seventh century, but with its many successors and the works on law, theology and ethics may be excluded from an account of Japanese literature, because all are Chinese.

IV. THE "YFIGWA MONOGATARI." This colossal "history," consisting of forty books that carry forward the records of the Japanese from near the end of the ninth to near the end of the eleventh century, enjoys a unique position in literature in that it appeared in the classical period and is the first history to be written in the Japanese language. It has a distinct literary flavor, and the author has made it anything but a dry record of facts. Romantic anecdotes, lively conversations, Tanka innumerable, enliven its pages, and its chapter headings are as sensational as those of a modern novel.

V. THE "GREAT MIRROR." In Japanese the word "mirror" is frequently the equivalent of "history," and in the *O-Kagami* it appears as part of the title of another history written in the classical period. The "Great Mirror," which reflects important events from 851 to 1036, is much like its predecessor in character, but is of less importance as a storehouse of facts and of inferior quality as literature.

VI. THE "GEMPEI SEISUIKI." This mammoth history, in forty-eight books, gives an account of the struggles between the Gen and the Hei, which convulsed Japan during the

twelfth century as at a later date the War of the Roses convulsed England. It is distinctly literary and crowds its pages with a wealth of fictitious and imaginary detail that destroys its value as history. The following is an account, with many details omitted, of one of the decisive battles of Japanese history:

The capture of Yashima shut out the House of Hei from Kiushiu. Unable to find a port of refuge, they drifted on to Hikushima. Here they remained afloat upon the waves, passing the time on board their ships. The Gen fleet arrived at the bay of Katsura, in the province of Awa. They had been victorious in the conflicts in various places, and had taken the palace of Yashima. They now followed the movements of the Hei ships, pursuing them by land, as the hawk urges the pheasants when the moors are burnt and no cover is left. The Gen fleet reached a place called Oitsuheitsu, about two miles from where the adherents of the Hei House were stationed.

On the 24th day of the third month of the same year (1185), Yoshitsune, the Gen general, and his army, in seven hundred ships or more, attacked the enemy at dawn. The House of Hei were not unprepared. With five hundred war-ships or more, they advanced to meet him, and the exchange of arrows took place. The Gen and Hei troops numbered together over 100,000 men, and the sound of the battle-cry raised on both sides, with the song of the turnip-headed arrows as they crossed each other's course, was startling to hear—audible, one would think, as far as the azure sky above, and echoing downwards to the depths of the sea.

Noriyori had arrived at Kiushiu with 30,000 cavalry, and had cut off the retreat in that direction. The Hei were like a caged bird that cannot escape, or a fish in a trap from which there is no exit. On the sea there were ships floating; by land were bridle-bits in ranged lines.

East and west, south and north were closed, and on no side was evasion possible.

Tomomori (a Hei general) stood forward on the bow of his ship and spoke as follows:

"Let us think this day our last, and let us all banish the thought of retreat. In ancient and modern times there have been examples of even famous generals and brave soldiers, when their armies were beaten and their good fortune exhausted, being captured by a traveler or taken prisoner by a wayfarer. All these arose from the endeavor to avoid a death which was inevitable. Let us each one at this time abandon our lives to destruction, and think of nothing else but to leave a name to after ages. Let us show no weakness before these fellows from the east country. What have we done that we should be grudging even of our lives? Let us unite in the resolve to seize Yoshitsune and fling him into the sea. This should be the chief object of to-day's battle."

Yoshitsune, observing that his troops showed signs of yielding, rinsed his mouth in the salt tide, and with closed eyes and folded palms prayed to Hachiman Daibosatsu to grant him his protection. Hereupon a pair of white doves flew thither and alit on Yoshitsune's flag. While Gen and Hei were saying, "Look there, look there," a mass of black clouds came floating from the east and hung over the scene of battle. From amidst this cloud a white flag descended, while Yoshitsune's flag, its top waving to and fro, passed away along with the clouds. The Gen joined their hands together in prayer, while the Hei's hair stood on end, and their hearts felt small within them.

The Gen soldiers, encouraged by such favorable omens, shouted aloud in their ardor. Some embarked in boats and rowed on and on, fighting as they went. Others, marching along the dry land, and fitting arrows to their bows one after another in quick succession, engaged in a battle of archery.

The Gen were many, and encouraged by success,

pressed forward to the attack; the Hei were fewer, but acquitted themselves as if that day were their last. Can the battle of Indra with the Asuras have been more terrible than this?

The Hei ships were drawn up two or three deep. The ship of Chinese build was furnished with troops in a manner which showed that the general was on board. On the fighting-ships the Daigin and other fit officers of lower rank were embarked. It was the plan of the Hei, whilst the Gen were attacking the Chinese ship, that their fighting-ships should fetch a circuit round the enemy's vessels, and enclosing them, smite the Gen to a man.

Thereupon Shigeyoshi, hitherto so faithful to the Hei cause, suddenly changed his heart, and with three hundred ships or more, manned with troops from Shikoku, rowed away, and remained a passive spectator of the battle, prepared, if the Hei proved the stronger, to shoot his arrows at the Gen; if the Gen seemed likely to gain the victory, to aim them at the Hei. How true is it that heaven may be reckoned upon, earth may be reckoned upon; the only thing which we cannot reckon on is the heart of man.

The defection of Shigeyoshi was fatal to the Hei cause, and Yoshitsune was completely victorious.

VII. THE "HEIKE MONOGATARI." Although the date and authorship of this historical work are unknown, it is much better known than the *Gempei Seisuiiki*, which covers the same epoch. It is still nearer fiction and depends much upon its imagery and poetic measures for its interest and popularity.

After the battle of which we quoted a description in the preceding section, the royal nurse, seeing there was no hope for them,

seized the eight-year-old Mikado and leaping into the sea was drowned with her august charge. The following account of the incident in the *Heike Monogatari* is adapted from Aston's translation:

Niidono, the royal nurse, had long foreseen such a contingency as the defeat of the Hei and had determined on her course of action. Throwing over her head her double garment of somber hue, and tucking up her silken, straw-colored trousers, she took under her arm the Sacred Seal and girt about her the Sacred Sword. Then, clasping her august sovereign in her strong arms, she cried, "I am only a woman, but no enemy shall lay his vile hands upon me. My emperor and myself will go together. Whosoever of you has any regard for him make ready to follow him."

Speaking thus, she stepped to the side of the ship and calmly placed her foot upon the edge. From her arms the august face of the little sovereign who looked much older than his years, shed a royal luster round about, and his long black locks hung profusely down his back.

"Where are you taking me, Niidono?" asked the amazed sovereign.

The nurse turned her tear-stained face toward her child-lord and exclaimed, "Do you not know that though by virtue of having kept the commandments in a previous incarnation, you have been born into the rulership of Japan, yet an evil destiny has befallen you and your good fortune is ended? Turn then to the East and bid adieu to the shrine of the Great God Ise. Turn then to the West, call upon the name of Buddha and give yourself into the keeping of the messengers from the Western Land. This is a world of sorrow, a spot in the universe small as a grain of wheat. But beneath the waves lies the beautiful city of Perfect Happiness. To that am I taking you."

Thus she soothed him while the august child tied the knot of his hair to his beautiful robe colored like the mountain dove, and while the tears streamed from his eyes he joined in prayer his lovely little hands. First, as directed, he turned his face to the East and bade farewell to the shrine of Ise and the shrine of Hachiman; next he turned to the West and called upon the sacred name of Buddha.

When he had finished Niidono took him again in her arms, and having spoken soothingly to him the words, "There is a fair city below the waves," she leaped overboard and sank a thousand fathoms deep.

Oh, the pity of it!—the changeful winds of spring swiftly scattered the flowery form of the august lord. Oh, the pain of it—the rude billows cut off the royal person and buried his jewel body. His palace was named Chosei, to denote that it was long to be his home; the gate was inscribed Furo, that is, the portal through which age enters not. But ere ten years had passed his little body had become drift of the ocean depths.

VIII. CHIKAFUSA. Kitabatake Chikafusa was a soldier and statesman who performed important services in the wars of the first half of the fourteenth century, and was given the highest honors possible. After the wars were over he composed the *Jinkoshotoki*, a monumental work in which, beginning at the very beginning of things Japanese, he endeavored to substantiate the claims to the throne of the Mikado, whose minister he then was. While as a history it is disappointing, yet it is the first attempt to give in a simple, matter-of-fact manner an account of the race and to elaborate a philosophy of government, and he succeeded in the latter respect to such an extent at least that his ideal of loyalty to the legal sovereign,

transmitted through many years, was quite influential in finally bringing the Mikado back into power at the expense of the Shoguns.

The following brief passage will give some intimation of his simple, logical style:

Great Yamato is a divine country. It is only our land whose foundations were first laid by the divine ancestor. It alone has been transmitted by the Sun Goddess to a long line of her descendants. There is nothing of this kind in foreign countries. Therefore it is called the divine land.

It is only our country which, from the time that heaven and earth were first unfolded until this very day, has preserved the succession to the throne intact in one single family. Even when, as sometimes naturally happened, it descended to a lateral branch, it was held in accordance with just principles. This shows that the august oath of the gods (to preserve the succession) is ever renewed in a way which distinguishes Japan from all other countries.

Of the *Taheiki*, which was composed about this time, we have already spoken in our account of dramatic literature.

IX. ARAI HAKUSEKI. The famous scholar Hakuseki contributed to the histories of Japan his great work, the *Hankampu*, which is a history of the Japanese nobility for the eighty years beginning with the seventeenth century. It was begun in 1701, and though it fills thirty volumes, Arai was but a few months in completing it, incredible as it seems. Extremely precocious as a child, Hakuseki possessed a mighty determination and an unlimited power for work. He has told us himself something of

the way he worked when he was but nine years old. It seems that the noble under whose patronage Hakuseki was being educated set for the urchin the task of writing three thousand Chinese characters every evening and one thousand every night. This is how he accomplished it:

When winter came on and the days became shorter, it frequently happened that the sun approached his setting before my task was finished. I would then take my desk out to a bamboo veranda which faced the west, and finish it there. Moreover, as I sometimes got intolerably sleepy over my nightly task, I arranged with the man who was told off to serve me to put two buckets of water on the aforesaid veranda. When I became very drowsy I took off my coat and poured one of the buckets of water over me. I then resumed my clothing and went on writing. The cold produced in this way for a while answered the purpose of keeping me awake. But after a time I became warm again, and the drowsiness came back, when I poured water over myself as before. With two applications of this kind I was able to get through most of my work.

The *Hankampu* is a remarkable production, and although it shows the effect of its hasty composition, it is a mine of wealth for future historians, and by the Japanese its style is considered a model of vigor and purity.

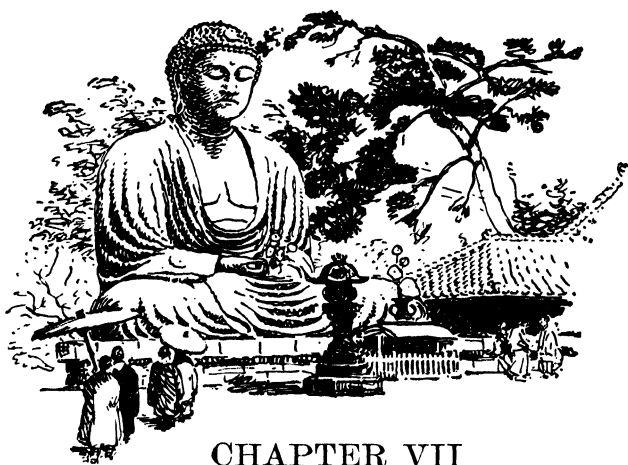
In 1709 Hakuseki's patron became Shogun, and from that time the great writer became the greater statesman and especially the authority on financial questions.

At the request of the Shogun he began and completed another historical work, the *Tokushi Yoron*, a general view of twenty centuries of

Japanese history. So philosophical a work had not at that time been attempted, and it is still considered a masterly tracing of national development, with a just appreciation of cause and effect.

His *Seiyo Kibun* is a history of his connection with Father Sidotti, an Italian priest who went to Japan as a missionary in 1708. The work is also of interest as it contains the first Japanese writings on European countries. To Hakuseki was given the task of examining the devoted priest, from whom the Japanese scholar and statesman extracted much information, but was wholly unconvinced of the superiority of the Christian's God. Father Sidotti died in prison without having accomplished more than the awakening in some Japanese minds of a passing interest in the Occident.

X. MODERN TENDENCIES. History and government are now of great interest to the more enlightened of the Japanese, and in the universities chairs are endowed for the teaching of these subjects. The professors are men of learning, and their methods of study are coming in harmony with those of our best institutions. Under such training Japan should soon produce historians who can delve into the great mass of material on hand and give to the country a clear-cut narrative on philosophical lines, discarding forever the intermixed fable, fiction and superstition that makes the reader of Japanese history certain of its inaccuracy.



CHAPTER VII

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

CHINA AND INDIA. While it may be said that Japan developed her own civilization, that she stands unique in her position, yet she has been subject to outside influences that have vitally affected her progress. Greatest among these is that of China, whose shaping hand is seen everywhere, especially in literature, philosophy and religion. But not to China alone was Japan indebted, for from India came Buddhism to modify the literature of the island Empire for all time. Sometimes one of these influences preponderated and sometimes another, but whenever the change was made Japanese literature changed with it. To these two factors must now be added the third, in the shape of Christianity and Western learning. The Japanese national

character was strong enough to assimilate the Chinese and the Indian philosophy, and now bids fair to take to itself all that the Occident has to offer. Beneath it all there still lies, especially in the minds of the lower classes, the untouched faith in the principles of Shintoism, which, however, as an active religion is now practically extinct, with most of its shrines closed and abandoned.

The learning of China was introduced at the beginning of the fifth century of our era, and Buddhism came about the middle of the sixth century, though neither can be said to have influenced Japanese literature to a marked extent in the new country until about the beginning of the eighth century. Prior to that time whatever there was of literature was embodied in songs, of which mention has been made, and in the Shinto rituals, which in prose contained the primitive philosophy of the race.

II. SHINTO RITUALS. The *Norito*, or prayers recited before the Mikado by the hereditary priests of that cult, were put into writing at an early date, but evidently originated in a still more distant past. Some seventy-five in number, they consist of prayers to the different deities, of special prayers for deliverance from fire and pestilence, for an abundant harvest, for blessings on the palace and its rulers and a variety of similar petitions. Mr. Aston has translated the General Purification Service, which he considers the finest of the rituals. It opens with a call to attention for the princes,

ministers and high functionaries; then follows a recital of the appointment of the "August Grandchild" (the Mikado) to rule over the earth, of the destruction of savage deities and the preparation of the land; then it classifies the offenses (among which let it be noticed is no mention of the sins of the decalogue) which must needs come from this favored race; and then continues as follows:

Whensoever these offenses are committed, for committed they will be, let the great Nakatomi clip heavenly twigs at the top and clip them at the bottom, making thereof a complete array of one thousand stands for offerings. Having trimmed rushes of heaven at the top and trimmed them at the bottom, let them split them into a manifold brush. Then let them recite this great liturgy.

When they do so, the gods of heaven, thrusting open the adamantine doors of heaven and cleaving the many-piled clouds of heaven with an awful way-cleaving, will approach and lend ear. The gods of earth, ascending to the tops of the high mountains and the tops of the low mountains, sweeping aside the mists of the high mountains and the mists of the low mountains, will approach and lend ear.

Then shall no offenses remain unpurged, from the court of the august child of the gods even to the remotest ends of the realm. As the many-piled clouds of heaven are scattered at the breath of the Wind Gods; as the morning breezes and the evening breezes disperse the morning vapors and the evening vapors; as a huge ship moored in a great harbor, casting off its stern moorings, casting off its bow moorings, drives forth into the vast ocean; as yonder thick brushwood is smitten and cleared away by the sharp sickle forged in the fire—so shall all offenses be swept utterly away. To purge and purify them, let the goddess Seoritsu-hime, who dwells in the

rapids of the swift stream whose cataracts tumble headlong from the high mountains and from the low mountains, bear them out into the great sea plain. There let the goddess Haya-akitsu-hime, who dwells in the myriad ways of the tides of the raging sea, and in the myriad meeting-places of the tides of the myriad sea paths, swallow them up, and let the god Ibukido Nushi, who dwells in Ibukido, spurt them out away to the nether region, dissolve and destroy them.

They are now destroyed, and all, from the servants of the Imperial court down to the people in the four quarters of the realm, are from this day forth void of offense.

Attend, all of you, with ears pricked up to the plain of high heaven, to this great purification by which, on this interlune of the sixth month as the sun goes down, your offenses are purged and purified.

III. THE SHINTO IDEA OF THE CREATION. From the many gods of whom remain only the names and a few characteristics, appear Izanagi, the male, and Izanami, the female deity, from whose creative powers was made Japan. Under the direction of the other deities, their ancestors, this pair mounted the Floating Bridge of Heaven and with the great Jewel Spear stirred the chaotic world material that seethed below. From the flashing tip of the spear dripped a bitter brine that curdled and became an island upon which the divine pair descended and from which they built the other islands of the Empire. In time they produced the Mountain Gods, the Goddess of Food, the Gods of the Wind, the Sea, the Rivers and the Plains, and many another. In giving birth to the Fire God, Izanami died and went to the

land of Nomi, which corresponds to the Hades of classical mythology. Thither the grieving Izanagi followed her, but in spite of a myriad of clever devices was driven back by the Gods of Thunder and the Ugly Female deity of the land of Nomi. Having returned to earth Izanagi felt himself so polluted by what he had seen and experienced that he bathed in the sea to wash away his uncleanness and in so doing bred from his left eye the radiant Sun Goddess, to whom was given dominion over Heaven; from the right eye, the Moon God, who was born to rule the Night; and from his nose the deity Susa no wo, into whose charge was given the rule of the Sea.

The last was a rough-and-ready, rowdy deity who by his pranks so disgusted his sister that she retired from sight and was only placated by the invention of the dances from which sprang the classic drama, as we have seen. For his wickedness Susa no wo was banished to this world, where he slew the dragon, as we have seen in our study of history, and found for himself a wife. Ultimately a grandson of the Sun Goddess became the first ruler of Japan and from him in turn was descended Jimmu Tenno, the progenitor of the long line of Mikados, which reaches to the present day.

IV. BUDDHISM. After the civil rule of the Mikados was taken from them and Japan was ruled by the warlike Shoguns, learning, which was then Chinese, languished, and Buddhism came to its own. The monks who lived in the

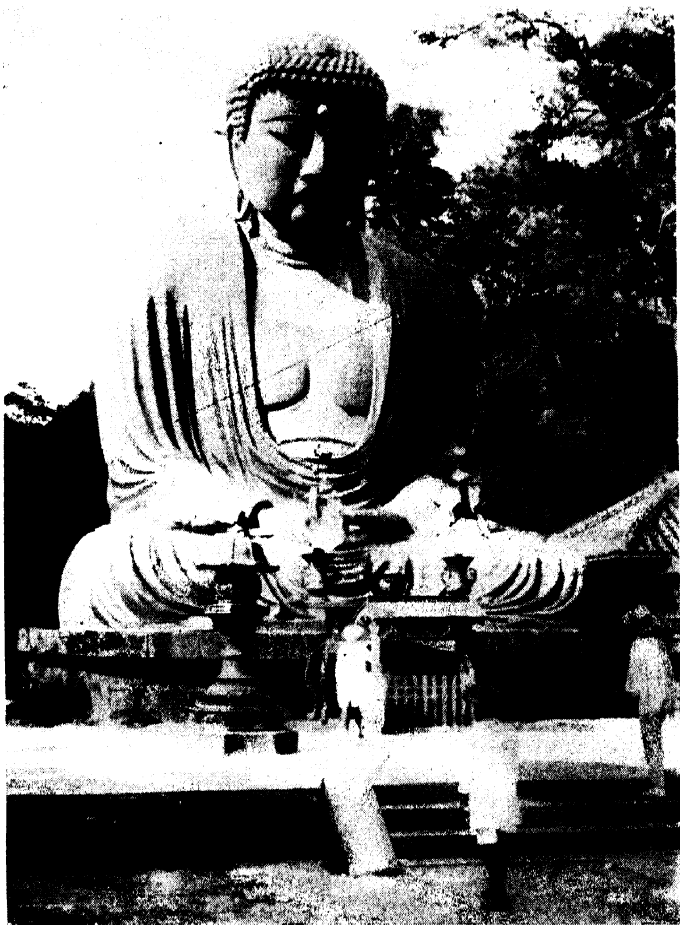
three thousand monasteries of this epoch not only preserved learning, but their warlike spirit protected their property and made them a constant menace to the government. The literature of this period, from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries, is full of the Buddhistic doctrines of the vanity of wealth and power and the uncertainty of life. In the *Hojoki*, written in 1212, we have seen this spirit exemplified.

As we approach the seventeenth century we note the decline of the faith in Buddha, which, as it were, yielded to the Chinese philosophy of the militant Shoguns and hid in retirement with the docile Mikados.

Most of the Buddhistic literature of Japan is written in the Chinese language and consists largely of pious tracts and stories, written solely for the populace, the ignorant classes.

V. IYEFASU. In 1603 the Shogun Tokugawa Iyeyasu established his capital at Yedo and founded the dynasty which ruled Japan until, in 1867, the then Mikado was restored to civil power. This Iyeyasu, who by his masterly military tactics overthrew the power of the nobles and reduced the Mikado of his day to a mere puppet retaining only a formal religious sway, was perhaps the greatest statesman that Japan has ever produced.

The growth of the new capital was rapid, and Yedo soon distanced Kyoto as a literary center and drew to itself nearly all the learning and talent of the Empire. Moreover,



**THE GREAT BUDDHA (DAIBUTSU)
KAMAKURA, JAPAN**

**A GREAT BRONZE FIGURE, OVER 50 FT. IN HEIGHT, CAST IN 1252
A. D. THE MOST IMPRESSIVE, AWE-INSPIRING MONUMENT IN ALL
JAPAN.**

Japan grew rapidly in wealth; printing from movable plates was introduced, literature became popular, schools were established, and by the use of Chinese words the language expanded to fit emergencies. All of this awakening and growth should be attributed in a large degree to the enlightened policy of the Shogun Iyeyasu.

VI. THE KANGAKUSHA. The scholars who enjoyed the patronage of Iyeyasu and devoted themselves so avidly to Chinese learning are known by the Japanese as Kangakusha. It was a long series of teachers and students who in turn carried the light farther and farther till it reached the most remote corners of the Empire. As a class these scholars had a contempt for the dreamy, spiritual philosophy of the Buddhists and inculcated the sterner idea of duty. Instead of retiring from the world to meditate, the Kangakusha believed in taking up the burden of life, carrying it manfully and in never evading the obligations placed upon them by position.

The Kangakusha reached the height of their influence in the eighteenth century, but thereafter their philosophy began to be questioned and their influence to decay. Even before that time they had met with a vigorous opposition, which now was fanned into fire by the extreme length to which the adherents of Chinese ideas seemed prone to go. Moreover, they themselves broke into warring sects, which had little in common except their strong

antipathy to everything that pertained to Buddhism. So far was this factional dispute carried that one of the Shoguns prohibited all philosophical teaching except that of Chu-Hi. As a result of the preference of these scholars for the Chinese language, the native literature consisted almost entirely of fiction and those light, carelessly-written productions for which the Kangakusha felt little respect.

However, their activities extended far into the nineteenth century and, as we would expect, we find one of them most violently opposed to the opening of Japan to foreign trade. This man, Ohashi Junzo, wrote the *Heki-ja-sho-ron*, which is an ignorant and vindictive attack upon everything European, its philosophy, its religion, its charity, benevolence and righteousness.

Of some of the earlier Kangakusha we must speak at greater length.

VII. FUJIWARA SEIKWA. The most eminent of the Chinese scholars was born in 1560 and educated as a Buddhist priest. Recognizing, as he thought, the futility of the religion, he resolved to become familiar with the doctrines of the Chinese. Here at once he was met by the lack of scholarship in his instructors, and he determined to go to China, where he could work under favorable conditions. Before he had left Japan, however, by merest accident he discovered Chu-Hi's commentary on the Confucian philosophy and, giving up his contemplated tour, he devoted himself to his new-

found treasure. This led the way to other discoveries, by which he was enabled to make himself the leading Chinese scholar in Japan and perhaps her greatest teacher.

As literature his writings are of little value, but it was through such works as the *Kana*, the *Serei* and the teachings of himself and his disciples that the Chinese religion became such a tremendous power in Japan.

VIII. THE SUNG PHILOSOPHY. This scheme of ethics, philosophy and government which resulted from the commentaries of the famous Chinese scholars Cheng-Hao, Cheng I and Chu-Hi, who in the eleventh and twelfth centuries wrote and expounded the doctrines of Confucius and Mencius, did not enter and possess Japan without itself being transformed in many respects. It is difficult, if not impossible, to give an adequate idea of it in limited space.

A final, ultimate "Absolute" is the beginning and the cause of all things. By the activity of this "Absolute" was produced the positive, dynamic, procreative male principle of all nature; and the "Absolute" in a state of rest generated the negative, passive, receptive female principle. By the interaction of these two principles were the heaven and the earth created from chaos, the female principle settling as the impure earth, while the lighter male principle arose and formed the pure heaven. From the same two principles came fire, water, earth, metal and wood, the five

elements upon which we depend for all natural phenomena, which continue eternally. There is no creation, only development. The energy that accomplishes all things is life or "breath," and in its activities it follows fixed and unalterable laws. To the Chinese, heaven is of little importance, but in the Japanese adaptation it becomes vital. There is no such thing as a personal deity in the Japanese Confucianism, but Heaven is the nearest approach to it. Heaven is revered, is loved and is assumed to know, to feel anger, to command, to hate, to reward and to punish, but it is not worshiped, nor are there any temples erected to it.

By the Sung doctrines a subject is bound to be faithful to his sovereign, dutiful to his parents and respectful to his elder brother. Husband and wife must love each other, and friend must be trustworthy in all dealings with friend. Man's heart is naturally good, and he should practice Propriety, Good Faith, Enlightenment, Goodness and Righteousness, the five cardinal virtues.

In return for the loyalty of his subjects the sovereign must naturally practice all the same high virtues, and in so doing will insure good government, without which the nation cannot prosper and be happy. Nevertheless, the ruler must reward and punish justly and secure good government by active, rather than by passive, conduct.

The effect of this doctrine on the character of the Japanese has already been discussed.

IX. KAIBARA YEKKEN. Among the many famous Kangakusha, none is more deserving of remembrance than Yekken, who was born in 1630. His many works, of which there are more than a hundred titles, were written solely to benefit his countrymen, and in a popular style that any of them could understand. Besides numerous books on natural history and travel, and treatises on philology and other sciences, he wrote voluminously and effectively on education and morals, exerting an uplifting influence that was felt in all parts of the Empire. At the age of eighty he wrote the *Dojikun*, a treatise on education, from which the following ideas are taken:

1. From the very first the wealthy should place about their children only the very best of persons, and the poor should be as particular as possible with the associates of their children.

2. Children should not have too much to eat, nor be too warmly clad. Ghost stories and other frightful tales should not be told.

3. Lying and deceit should be severely punished, for truth is of first importance. If parents deceive their children the latter are taught to deceive.

4. Better for a child to lose a year's study than to spend a day with a base comrade.

5. At the age of ten a boy should be sent away to school. If he stay longer at home his parents are likely to spoil him.

6. Before beginning his studies a boy should wash his hands, place a guard over his thoughts

and compose his features. He should dust his desk, arrange his books in an orderly manner and study in a kneeling position. When reading to his teacher he should rest his book upon a low stand and not upon the floor. Books should be kept clean and when not in use should be covered and put back in place. They should never be thrown about, walked over, or used as pillows. The corners of the leaves should not be turned down, nor should saliva be used in turning the leaves. Waste paper, containing the names of wise men, or passages from their works, should not be used for common purposes, nor should paper containing the names of one's parents or his lord be defiled.

The *Onna Daigaku*, or "The Greater Learning for Women," was perhaps the most popular of Yekken's works, and for nearly two centuries found its place in the hands of nearly every bride of the whole country. The position of woman has been changing, and now the book is comparatively unknown, but the influence of its teachings persists. In fact, the shyness, the delicacy and refinement, the devotion to husband and parents, the loyalty, tenderness, gentleness and sweetness which still characterize the Japanese wife and mother may still, in a large measure, be attributed to the silent influence of the teaching of Yekken.

From the *Onna Daigaku* the following passages are translated:

More precious in a woman is a virtuous heart than a face of beauty. The vicious woman's heart is ever

excited; she glares wildly around her, she vents her anger on others, her words are harsh and her accent vulgar. When she speaks, it is to set herself above others, to upbraid others, to envy others, to be puffed up with individual pride, to jeer at others, to outdo others—all things at variance with the way in which a woman should talk. The only qualities that befit a woman are gentle obedience, chastity, mercy and quietness.

It is the chief duty of a girl living in the parental house to practice filial piety towards her father and mother. But after marriage her duty is to honor her father-in-law and mother-in-law, to honor them beyond her father and mother, to love and reverence them with all ardor, and to tend them with practice of every filial piety. While thou honorest thine own parents, think not lightly of thy father-in-law! Never should a woman fail, night and morning, to pay her respects to her father-in-law and mother-in-law. Never should she be remiss in performing any tasks they may require of her. With all reverence must she carry out, and never rebel against, her father-in-law's commands. On every point must she inquire of her father-in-law and mother-in-law, and abandon herself to their direction. Even if thy father-in-law and mother-in-law be pleased to hate and vilify thee, be not angry with them, and murmur not. If thou carry piety towards them to its utmost limits, and minister to them in all sincerity, it cannot be but that they will end by becoming friendly to thee.

A woman must be ever on the alert, and keep a strict watch over her own conduct. In the morning she must rise early, and at night go late to rest. Instead of sleeping in the middle of the day, she must be intent on the duties of her household, and must not weary of weaving, sewing and spinning. Of tea and wine she must not drink overmuch, nor must she feed her eyes and ears with theatrical performances, ditties, and ballads. To temples (whether Shinto or Buddhist) and

other like places where there is a great concourse of people, she should go but sparingly till she has reached the age of forty.

While young, she must avoid the intimacy and familiarity of her husband's kinsmen, comrades, and retainers, ever strictly adhering to the rule of separation between the sexes; and on no account whatever should she enter into correspondence with a young man. Her personal adornments and the color and pattern of her garments should be unobtrusive. It suffices for her to be neat and cleanly in her person and in her wearing apparel. It is wrong in her, by an excess of care, to obtrude herself on other people's notice. Only that which is suitable should be practiced.

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The five worst infirmities that afflict the female are indocility, discontent, slander, jealousy, and silliness. Without any doubt, these five infirmities are found in seven or eight out of every ten women, and it is from these that arises the inferiority of women to men. A woman should cure them by self-inspection and self-reproach. The worst of them all and the parent of the other four is silliness. Woman's nature is passive. This passiveness being of the nature of night is dark. Hence, as viewed from the standard of man's nature, the foolishness of woman fails to understand the duties that lie before her very eyes, perceives not the actions that will bring down blame upon her own head, and comprehends not even the things that will bring down calamities on the head of her husband and children. Neither when she blames and accuses and curses innocent persons, nor when, in her jealousy of others, she thinks to set up herself alone, does she see that she is her own enemy, estranging others and incurring their hatred. Lamentable errors! Again, in the education of her children, her blind affection induces an erroneous system. Such is the stupidity of her character that it is incumbent on

her, in every particular, to distrust herself and to obey her husband.

We are told that it was the custom of the ancients, on the birth of a female child, to let it lie on the floor for the space of three days. Even in this may be seen the likening of the man to heaven and of the woman to earth; and the custom should teach a woman how necessary it is for her in everything to yield to her husband the first, and to be herself content with the second place; to avoid pride, even if there be in her actions aught deserving praise; and, on the other hand, if she transgress in aught and incur blame, to wend her way through the difficulty and amend her fault, and so conduct herself as not again to lay herself open to censure; to endure without anger and indignation the jeers of others, suffering such things with patience and humility. If a woman acts thus, her conjugal relation cannot but be harmonious and enduring, and her household a scene of peace and concord.

In a work on the philosophy of pleasure, he writes:

If we make inward pleasures our chief aim, and use the ears and eyes simply as the means of procuring such delights from without, we shall not be molested by the lusts of these senses. If we open our hearts to the beauty of heaven, earth, and the ten thousand created things, they will yield us pleasure without limit, pleasure always before our eyes, night and morning, full and overflowing. The man who takes delight in such things becomes the owner of the mountains and streams, of the moon and flowers, and needs not to pay his court to others in order to enjoy them. They are not bought with treasure. Without the expenditure of a single cash he may use them to his heart's content, and yet never exhaust them. And although he enjoys possession of them as his own, no man will wrangle with him in order

to deprive him of them. The reason is that the beauty of mountain and river, moon and flowers, has from the beginning no fixed owner.

He who knows the boundless sources of delight which are thus contained in the universe, and who finds his enjoyment therein, envies not the luxurious pleasures of the rich and great; for such enjoyments are beyond those of wealth and honors. He who is unconscious of them cannot enjoy the delectable things in the greatest abundance which are every day before his eyes.

Vulgar pleasures, even before they pass, become a torment to the body. If, for example, carried away by desire, we eat and drink our fill of dainty things, it is pleasant at first, but disease and suffering soon follow. In general, vulgar pleasures corrupt the heart, injure the constitution, and end in misery. The pleasures of the man of worth, on the other hand, nourish the heart and do not entice us astray. To speak in terms of outward things, the pleasures which we derive from the love of the moon or of flowers, from gazing on the hills and streams, from humming to the wind or following the flight of birds with envy, are of a mild nature. We may take delight in them all day long and do ourselves no harm. Man will not blame us, nor God remonstrate with us for indulgence in it. It is easy to be attained, even by the poor and needy, and has no ill consequences. The rich and great, absorbed in luxury and indolence, know not these pleasures; but the poor man, little affected by such hindrances, may readily procure them if he only chooses to do so.

From the same source is taken this passage on spring, the following one on autumn, and the concluding summary:

The spring has come with the first day of the new year. Perhaps it is but my fancy that the sun is warmer, the atmosphere calmer to-day, in the new year, than it was yesterday, in the old. Every house, even that of the poorest, is beautifully decorated. In every house-

hold children, rising early, offer honorable *sake* to their parents, congratulating them on the coming of the new year, and wishing they may enjoy long life. Then they themselves, in celebration, drink *sake*. Unlike other days, people call at each other's houses, giving and receiving hospitality. Everywhere prevail happiness and peace.

About the hour of four the sky gradually grows light, and the softly coming east wind starts the thaw. Mist rises from the distant valleys, spreading like a sheet of white cloth. Here and there, under fences and hedges, snow can still be seen, a reminder of the year which has just past. The plum blossoms which have kept us waiting for so long, are now out—first of all spring flowers—their sweet fragrance filling the air. Warblers have come out from the deep ravines, and are filling the earth with their melody. They are both the harbingers of spring and the first gifts of the season. The happy thought has struck me that, following these we shall receive many precious gifts from the prosperous and beneficent spring. The pine trees which have lived thousands of years seem younger and more loving to-day, though we have been good friends all the year.

The sky of early spring is clear and bright, and the mountain tops in the early morning are hidden in mist. As an ancient poet has said, "Spring is at its best at dawn," the morning is most attractive at this time of the year.

The light of the sun is impartial, and even the most humble patch of ground without a fence is not neglected by it. Every description of plant is growing, and each seems confidently to await its time to blossom forth.

As the days grow longer, men seem to have more leisure. Children are flying kites, which may be seen high up above the clouds; both grown-up men and children are absent-mindedly looking at them. The sight is amusing.

The surface of the sea is calm, and the mountains seem very far away. One can see gossamer threads

rising like faint mists in the fields; they are called *Ito-yu* (smoke of the sun) or *Yaba* (field-horse).

The flowers that come after the plum blossoms are Chinese peaches; the red peach blossoms resemble the evening glow, while the white *Sumomo* flowers are like snow. Following these come cherry blossoms—they are the flowers that move men's hearts; among the many flowers we have in our land, not one is so sweet or beautiful, and as they begin to smile all other flowers appear very insignificant. Unfortunately, wind and rain come too frequently at this time of the year, and keep us in dread lest one night the blossoms of our garden may be scattered. It is sad that flowers so beautiful live only for a few days. An ancient poet left us the following verse, the sentiment of which we re-echo:

Lo! Then, I shall not see thy downfall,
O Mountain Cherry;
But say farewell while thou art yet fair.

As the spring advances, the sun waxing warmer and the winds softer, hundreds of flowers bloom, while fragrant herbs compete with them in beauty. Red flowers are seen among the fresh green leaves of willows.

Winter has come, and the charcoal fire is now our companion. By reason of the dews and frost the color of the maple leaves has deepened. After a shower of drizzling rain, the weather turns warmer, and one feels the spring in the air. These warm days in the tenth month are termed *koharu*, or "little spring." This *koharu* weather is soon broken by the wintry blasts, which mercilessly sweep down upon the trees. The mountains and hills at once appear deserted, the pine trees scattered here and there lonely. At this moment one feels as if all the beauty of the world had gone. But then the snow begins to fall, and one awakens the next morning to find the village and the mountains transformed into silver, while the once bare trees seem alive again with flowers. Before evening the snow

ceases, and the rising moon sheds its silvery rays upon a silver world. The sight is beautiful and tranquil, though—alas! not appreciated by many.

On these wintry days some people sit vacantly and stiffly by the fire, while others enjoy the reading of books. Those who in youth have not wasted their time can now pass the winter evenings pleasantly in the society of their books, while those who have neglected their studies find the time hanging heavily on their hands. It is well to study before it is too late.

To summarize the four seasons: Spring is the time when the active spirit commences to rise, giving birth to animals and plants; therefore the scenery of spring is gay and bright, the hearts of men merry and joyful.

In summer the spirit of activity prevails between Heaven and Earth, and everything, therefore, grows freely.

But in the autumn the active spirit gives place to a calm and restful spirit; consequently autumn scenery is pure and serene and heart-moving.

In the winter the passive spirit prevails, and everything remains hidden.

The antithesis of spring is autumn: of summer, winter. Thus while to all things spring gives birth, summer growth, and autumn maturity, winter alone seems inactive and meaningless. Yet this (seemingly meaningless) winter has its meaning, for during its months not only is the great work of a year in process of being finished, but also is the great work of the next spring being prepared. Not only is it the end, but also is it the beginning. It resembles the night's sleep, which restores our strength and energy. Without the winter's rest the spring activity would be impossible, as without a night's rest the activity of the morrow would be impossible. It is well for us to follow the example of Nature, and during the winter quietly to train our minds.

The course of the sun and moon is constant. Every year, without failure, the four seasons come to give life

to all. The faithfulness of Heaven and Earth is very precious, and to be revered. Happy are they who meditate on, feel, and enjoy, the truthfulness of Heaven, for to them is given the key of all knowledge.

X. HAKUSEKI AGAIN. We have already spoken of the precocious Hakuseki and his work, but as he was one of the important Kangakusha he should be mentioned in this connection. In reporting to his government on the examination of Father Sidotti, he praises the priest's personal devotion, but among other things has much to say of the Christian religion, and in so doing voices about the opinion still held by the educated Japanese:

When this man (Father Sidotti) begins to speak of religion his talk is shallow and scarce a word is intelligible. All of a sudden folly takes the place of wisdom.

The foreign word "Deus," which the Western man used in his discourse, is equivalent to "Creator," and means simply a Being who first made heaven and earth and the ten thousand things. He argued that the universe did not come into existence of itself. "It must," he said, "have had a maker." But if this were so, then who made Deus? How could he be born while there was yet no heaven or earth? And if Deus could come into existence of himself, why should not heaven and earth do so likewise?

Again there is a doctrine, that before the world existed, there was a heavenly paradise made for good men. I cannot understand how men could have any knowledge of good and evil while there was yet no heaven and earth. It is unnecessary to discuss all his notions about the beginning of the world and of mankind, of paradise and of hell, as they are all derived from Buddhism.

What will be thought of the idea that Deus, pitying the heinous criminals who had broken the heavenly commands, and who of themselves could not give satisfaction, was three thousand years after, for their sakes, born as Jesus, and in their stead redeemed their guilt? This sounds very childish. At the present time, the judge who is charged with the infliction of punishment may yet take a merciful view of the circumstances and grant pardon or mitigation. And in the case even of the heavenly commands, what was there to prevent Deus from pardoning an offense against them, or mitigating the punishment, more especially as he himself was the author of the prohibition which was broken?

XI. KIUSO. In 1658 Muro Kiuso was born near Yedo, and his precociousness soon attracted the attention of a wealthy nobleman, who gave him the opportunity of education. At the age of fifty-three he was made professor of Chinese at Yedo and lived the remainder of his life at Surugadai, an eminence overlooking Yedo. His most noted work is his "Talk on Surugadai," written when he was seventy and which is in reality a summary of his lectures to the students who had come to learn of him. It is primarily an exposition of the Sung philosophy, with discussions on many another topic thrown in. Wise and revered as he was, he contributed nothing original to the philosophy of his country, but the old sage certainly stood for all that was best in the theories of Chu-Hi and advocated it incessantly. To him, no doubt, are to be attributed many of the prevailing traits that still characterize the cultured Japanese.

XII. THE WAGAKUSHA. A reaction from the extravagances of the students of Chinese was inevitable, and in the middle of the seventeenth century the movement to negative the work of the Kangakusha began to take definite form. Chief of the early leaders was Keichiu, a Buddhist priest of great learning who, besides turning public attention again to the study of Buddhism by his own conversation and lectures, wrote scholarly treatises that are still considered authoritative by students of that cult. Following Keichiu came other students of Japanese antiquities and old classical literature, which still further checked the tide of Chinese thought. Kada, who followed Keichiu, and his pupil Mabuchi, who died in 1769, were of the guardians of Shinto shrines and were no less ardent in their devotion to Japanese purism than were the Buddhist devotees. Thanks to the Wagakusha, the real Japanese learning has been cleared of Chinese interpolations and restored to its original strength and forcefulness. Under Mabuchi and his more famous pupil Motoori, the Wagakusha saw their principles and doctrines spread and become as popular and influential as had been the Kangakusha in the height of their influence.

XIII. MOTOORI NORINAGA. The greatest of the Wagakusha was born in 1730, and showed the same precocity and thirst for knowledge that characterized so many of Japan's great scholars and literary men. He was educated

in medicine and practiced it, besides carrying on his indefatigable researches into the history of his country and teaching the scores upon scores of students that were attracted by his fame. Motoori's was an extraordinarily busy life, and it seems incredible that he should have accomplished all that is credited to him. Of books alone he brought out nearly two hundred volumes, many of which required an infinitude of study.

Motoori's mind was typically Japanese, fired with a profound loyalty to his country that made him extremely intolerant of anything foreign, and especially Chinese. As shown by his writings, he did not find in the Sung philosophy nor in the mystic contemplations of Buddhism anything to satisfy his inherent craving for a personal, interested deity. It is pathetic to think of his strenuous studies driving him to discard the two religions that then controlled, and yet to furnish no better substitute than the worn-out Shintoism of his ancient forefathers. And how he strove to restore it! Writing, talking, teaching with pleadings and invective that carried his hearers with him, but yet were not strong enough to hold them and restore the old gods.

Kojiki-den, his most scholarly work, is a commentary upon the *Kojiki*, the Shinto scriptures, of which we have already spoken. Motoori labored upon this monumental treatise of forty-four volumes for more than thirty years, and his deep learning enabled him to

make clear the difficult text upon which he commented, while at the same time he built his defensive arguments upon it. Although in the sense of restoring Shintoism to its old position the *Kojiki-den* was a failure, yet by its bitter attacks upon everything Chinese it was more than any other one work instrumental in the overthrow of the influence of the Kangakusha. His patriotic spirit survived, and his ardent teachings bore fruit, but in a manner that seems the very irony of fate. An adherent of the Shoguns himself and a devout Shintoist, if he could have lived till the middle of the nineteenth century he would have seen that the logical outcome of his own principles and teaching was the restoration of the Mikado and the opening of Japan to the world of commerce and the influence of Christianity.

XIV. HIRATA ATSUTANE. The most famous of the pupils of Motoori was Hirata, who was born in 1776 and lived to 1843, a date less than fifteen years prior to the deposition of the Shoguns. That Hirata was another of those keenly intelligent Japanese who seem possessed of unlimited power of application is abundantly proved by the amount of work he accomplished.

He did not have the literary talent of his great master, nor was he so intolerant of all that was of Chinese origin, yet he followed closely the teachings of Motoori, showing always the theologian's type of mind and train of thought. Moreover, although a profound

student of Shintoism and a professed advocate of it in its purest form, he added the idea of immortality of the soul and many moral principles. "If the dead do not live," he says in effect, "what reason can there be for our worship of our ancestors, and how shall we explain what we know to be a fact, that dead men can send curses to make mischief for those who have injured them?"

He believes in good deities and bad deities, but none is wholly good and none wholly bad, for a good deity may do evil and an evil deity may do good. Besides, many of the activities of the deities are neutral, and may be good or bad according to the object upon which they fall. Thus the sun which enlivens the locust may blast the worm.

He recommends that followers of Shinto should worship at the shrines of Buddha, and even places Confucius and Buddha as subordinate deities in the Shinto gallery of gods.

Again he argues that the source of all virtue is loyalty to ancestors. No one who preserves this devotion can be disrespectful to one's parents or to the gods; he cannot be otherwise than loyal to his prince, faithful to his friend and gentle to his family.

It is a curious fact that this earnest and profound theologian should have written in the colloquial Japanese a number of coarse and vulgar diatribes which, however, must have been considered very entertaining by the students who heard them as lectures.

XV. THE SHINGAKU MOVEMENT. During the first half of the nineteenth century certain preachers and would-be philosophers, the "Heart Leaguers," started a movement which proved abortive, but whose professed purpose was to unite the three religions and combine with them in their worship and as rules of conduct all good principles, wherever found. In reality, the basic notions of their sermons were taken from Confucius and Mencius, but they were so modified in the presentation that few of the hearers recognized them. Moreover, the sermons, which were in the everyday language of the common people, appealed principally to women and children and never reached the cultured classes.

Three collections of the sermons, the *Kin-o Do-wa*, the *Shingaku Do-wa* and the *Teshima Do-wa*, contain the best of the sermons which literally translated would certainly astonish, shock or amuse any reader, according to the sensitiveness or squeamishness of his mind. That such anecdotes as enliven some of the "sermons" were seriously addressed to mixed audiences of men, women and children is incredible, but it is evidently "a principle with the Japanese preacher that it is not necessary to bore his audience into virtue."

In *Tales of Old Japan* are quoted the three sermons which constitute the first volume of the *Kin-o Do-wa*. The following is a slightly condensed translation of the first of those famous sermons:

Mencius says, "Benevolence is the heart of man; righteousness is the path of man. How lamentable a thing is it to leave the path and go astray, to cast away the heart and not know where to seek for it!"

Now this quality, which we call benevolence, has been the subject of commentaries by many teachers; but as these commentaries have been difficult of comprehension, they are too hard to enter the ears of women and children. It is of this benevolence that, using examples and illustrations, I propose to treat.

A long time ago, there lived at Kyoto a great physician, called Imaoji—I forget his other name: he was a very famous man. Once upon a time, a man advertised for sale a medicine which he had compounded against the cholera, and got Imaoji to write a puff for him. Imaoji, instead of calling the medicine in the puff a specific against the cholera, misspelt the word "cholera," so as to make it simpler. When the man who had employed him went and taxed him with this, and asked him why he had done so, he answered, with a smile—

"The passers-by are but poor peasants and woodmen from the hills: if I had written 'cholera' at length, they would have been puzzled by it; so I wrote it in a simple way, that should pass current with every one. Truth itself loses its value if people don't understand it. What does it signify how I spelt the word 'cholera,' so long as the efficacy of the medicine is unimpaired?"

Now, was not that delightful? In the same way the doctrines of the sages are mere gibberish to women and children who cannot understand them. Now, my sermons are not written for the learned: I address myself to farmers and tradesmen, who, hard pressed by their daily business, have no time for study, with the wish to make known to them the teachings of the sages; and, carrying out the ideas of my teacher, I will make my meaning pretty plain, by bringing forward examples and quaint stories. Now, positively, you must not laugh if I introduce a light story now and then. Levity is not my object: I only want to put things plainly.

For example, take this fan: any one who sees it knows it to be a fan; and, knowing it to be a fan, no one would think of using it to blow his nose in. The special use of a fan is for visits of ceremony; or else it is opened in order to raise a cooling breeze: it serves no other purpose. In the same way, this reading-desk will not do as a substitute for a shelf; again, it will not do instead of a pillow: so you see that a reading-desk also has its special functions, for which you must use it.

Listen! You who answer your parents rudely, and cause them to weep; you who bring grief and trouble on your masters; you who cause your husbands to fly into passions; you who cause your wives to mourn; you who hate your younger brothers, and treat your elder brothers with contempt; you who sow sorrow broadcast over the world;—what are you doing but blowing your noses in fans, and using reading-desks as pillows? I don't mean to say that there are any such persons here; still there are plenty of them to be found—say in the back streets in India, for instance. Be so good as to mind what I have said.

Consider, carefully, if a man is born with a naturally bad disposition, what a dreadful thing that is! Happily, you and I were born with perfect hearts, which we would not change for a thousand—no, not for ten thousand pieces of gold: is not this something to be thankful for?

This perfect heart is called in my discourses, “the original heart of man.” It is true that benevolence is also called the original heart of man; still there is a slight difference between the two. However, as the inquiry into this difference would be tedious, it is sufficient for you to look upon this original heart of man as a perfect thing, and you will fall into no error. It is true that I have not the honor of the personal acquaintance of every one of you who are present: still I know that your hearts are perfect. The proof of this, that if you say that which you ought not to say, or do that which you ought not to do, your hearts within you are, in some mysterious way, immediately conscious of wrong. When

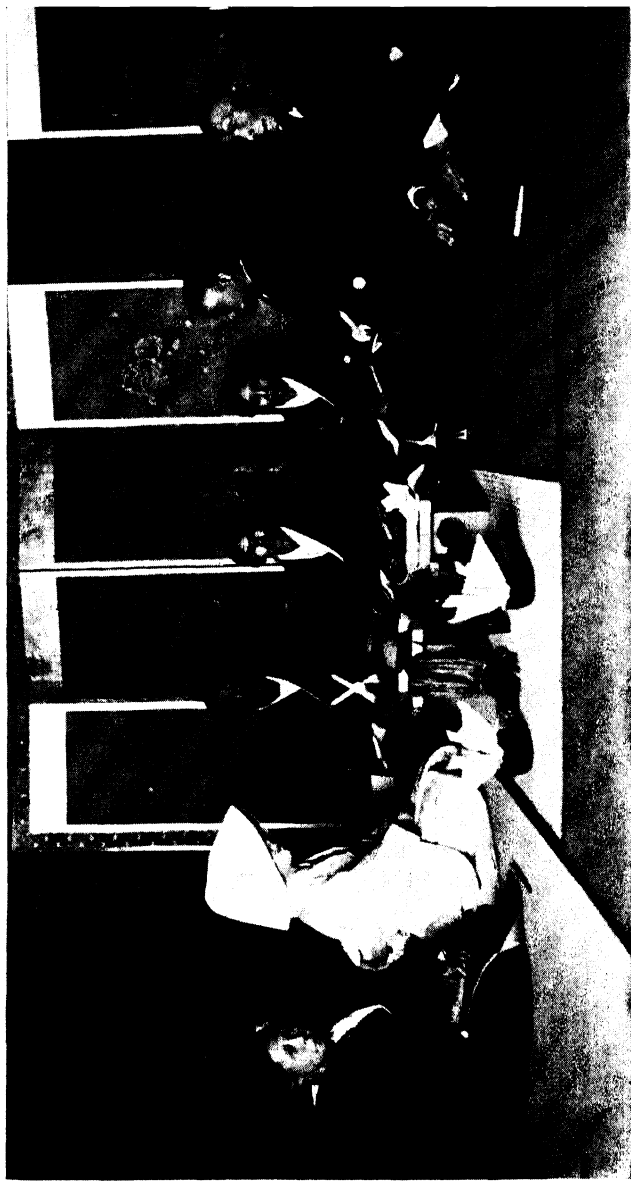


Photo: Ewing Gallows

**A JAPANESE WEDDING
THE FORMAL CEREMONY.**

the man that has a perfect heart does that which is imperfect, it is because his heart has become warped and turned to evil. This law holds good for all mankind. What says the old song?—"When the roaring waterfall is shivered by the night-storm, the moonlight is reflected in each scattered drop." Although there is but one moon, she suffices to illuminate each little scattered drop. Wonderful are the laws of Heaven! Therefore I pray you to follow the impulses of your natural heart; place it before you as a teacher, and study its precepts. Your heart is a convenient teacher to employ, too: for there is no question of paying fees; and no need to go out in the heat of summer, or the cold of winter, to pay visits of ceremony to your master to inquire after his health.

Righteousness, then, is the true path, and righteousness is the avoidance of all that is imperfect. If a man avoids that which is imperfect, there is no need to point out how clearly he will be beloved by all his fellows. Hence it is that the ancients have defined righteousness as that which ought to be—that which is fitting. If a man be a retainer, it is good that he should perform his service to his lord with all his might. If a woman be married, it is good that she should treat her parents-in-law with filial piety, and her husband with reverence. For the rest, whatever is good that is righteousness and the true path of man.

It happened that, once, the learned Nakazawa went to preach at Ikeda, and lodged with a rich family of the lower class. The master of the house, who was particularly fond of sermons, entertained the preacher hospitably, and summoned his daughter, a girl some fourteen or fifteen years old, to wait upon him at dinner. This young lady was not only extremely pretty, but also had charming manners; so she arranged bouquets of flowers, and made tea, and played upon the harp, and laid herself out to please the learned man by singing songs. The preacher thanked her parents for all this, and said:

"Really it must be a very difficult thing to educate a young lady up to such a pitch as this."

The parents, carried away by their feelings, replied :

“Yes; when she is married, she will hardly bring shame upon her husband’s family. Besides what she did just now, she can weave garlands of flowers round torches, and we had her taught to paint a little;” and as they began to show a little conceit, the preacher said—

“I am sure this is something quite out of the common run. Of course she knows how to rub the shoulders and loins, and has learnt the art of shampooing?”

The master of the house bristled up at this and answered :

“I may be very poor, but I’ve not fallen so low as to let my daughter learn shampooing.”

The learned man, smiling, replied, “I think you are making a mistake when you put yourself in a rage. No matter whether her family be rich or poor, when a woman is performing her duties in her husband’s house, she must look upon her husband’s parents as her own. If her honored father-in-law or mother-in-law fall ill, her being able to plait flowers and paint pictures and make tea will be of no use in the sick-room. To shampoo her parents-in-law, and nurse them affectionately, without employing either shampooer or servant-maid, is the right path of a daughter-in-law. Do you mean to say that your daughter has not yet learnt shampooing, an art which is essential to her following the right path of a wife? That is what I meant to ask just now. So useful a study is very important.”

At this the master of the house was ashamed, and blushing made many apologies, as I have heard. Certainly, the harp and guitar are very good things in their way; but to attend to nursing their parents is the right road of children. Lay this story to heart, and consider attentively where the right road lies. People who live near haunts of pleasure become at last so fond of pleasure, that they teach their daughters nothing but how to play on the harp and guitar, and train them up in the manners and ways of singing-girls, but teach them next to nothing of their duties as daughters; and

then very often they escape from their parents' watchfulness, and elope. Nor is this the fault of the girls themselves, but the fault of the education which they have received from their parents. I do not mean to say that the harp and guitar, and songs and dramas, are useless things. If you consider them attentively, all our songs incite to virtue and condemn vice. In the song called "The Four Sleeves," for instance, there is the passage, "If people knew beforehand all the misery that it brings, there would be less going out with young ladies, to look at the flowers at night." Please give your attention to this piece of poetry. This is the meaning of it: When a young man and a young lady set up a flirtation without the consent of their parents, they think that it will all be very delightful, and find themselves very much deceived. If they knew what a sad and cruel world this is, they would not act as they do. The quotation is from a song of remorse. This sort of thing but too often happens in the world.

When a man marries a wife, he thinks how happy he will be, and how pleasant it will be keeping house on his own account; but, before the bottom of the family kettle has been scorched black, he will be like a man learning to swim in a field, with his ideas all turned topsy-turvy, and, contrary to all his expectations, he will find the pleasures of housekeeping to be all a delusion. Look at that woman there. Haunted by her cares, she takes no heed of her hair, nor of her personal appearance. With her head all untidy, her apron tied round her as a girdle, with a baby twisted into the bosom of her dress, she carries some wretched bean sauce which she has been out to buy. What sort of creature is this? This all comes of not listening to the warnings of parents, and of not waiting for the proper time, but rushing suddenly into housekeeping. And who is to blame in the matter? Passion, which does not pause to reflect.

Once upon a time, a frog, who lived at Kyoto, had long been desirous of going to see Osaka. One spring, having made up his mind, he started off to see Osaka and all

its famous places. By a series of hops on all-fours, he arrived at Yamazaki, and began to ascend the mountain called Tenozan. Now it so happened that a frog from Osaka had determined to visit Kyoto, and had also ascended Tenozan; and on the summit the two frogs met, made acquaintance, and told one another their intentions. So they began to complain about all the trouble they had gone through, and had only arrived half-way after all: if they went on to Osaka and Kyoto, their legs and loins would certainly not hold out. Here was the famous mountain of Tenozan, from the top of which the whole of Kyoto and Osaka could be seen: if they stood on tiptoe and stretched their backs, and looked at the view, they would save themselves from stiff legs. Having come to this conclusion, they both stood up on tiptoe, when the Kyoto frog said:

“Really, looking at the famous places of Osaka, which I have heard so much about, they don’t seem to me to differ a bit from Kyoto. Instead of giving myself any further trouble to go on, I shall just return home.”

The Osaka frog, blinking with his eyes, said, with a contemptuous smile, “Well, I have heard a great deal of talk about this Kyoto being as beautiful as the flowers, but it is just Osaka over again. We had better go home.”

And so the two frogs, politely bowing to one another, hopped off home with an important swagger.

Now, although this is a very funny little story, you will not understand the drift of it at once. The frogs thought that they were looking in front of them; but as, when they stood up, their eyes were in the back of their heads, each was looking at his native place, all the while that he believed himself to be looking at the place he wished to go to. The frogs stared to any amount, it is true; but then they did not take care that the object looked at was the right object, and so it was that they fell into error. Please, listen attentively. A certain poet says:

“Wonderful are the frogs! Though they go on all-fours in an attitude of humility, their eyes are always turned ambitiously upwards.”

A delightful poem! Men, although they say with their mouths, "Yes, yes, your wishes shall be obeyed—certainly, certainly, you are perfectly right," are like frogs with their eyes turned upwards. Vain fools! meddlers ready to undertake any job, however much above their powers! This is what is called in the text, "casting away your heart, and not knowing where to seek for it."

With regard to the danger of too great reliance, I have a little tale to tell you. Be so good as to wake up from your drowsiness, and listen attentively.

There is a certain powerful shell-fish with a very strong operculum. Now this creature, if it hears that there is any danger astir, shuts up its shell from within, with a loud noise, and thinks itself perfectly safe. One day a Tai and another fish, lost in envy at this, said:

"What a strong castle this is of yours, Mr. Shell-fish! When you shut up your lid from within, nobody can so much as point a finger at you. A capital figure you make, sir."

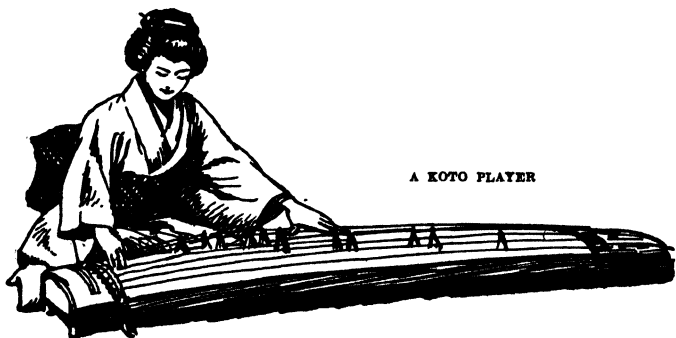
When he heard this, the Sazaye, stroking his beard, replied:

"Well, gentlemen, although you are so good as to say so, it's nothing to boast of in the way of safety; yet I must admit that, when I shut myself up thus, I do not feel much anxiety."

And as he was speaking thus, with the pride that apes humility, there came the noise of a great splash; and the shell-fish, shutting up his lid as quickly as possible, kept quite still, and thought to himself, what in the world the noise could be. Could it be a net? Could it be a fish-hook? What a bore it was, always having to keep such a sharp look-out! Were the Tai and the other fish caught, he wondered; and he felt quite anxious about them: however, at any rate, he was safe. And so the time passed; and when he thought all was safe, he stealthily opened his shell, and slipped out his head and looked all around him, and there seemed to be something wrong—something with which he was not

familiar. As he looked a little more carefully, lo and behold! there he was in a fishmonger's shop, and with a card marked "sixteen cash" on his back.

Isn't that a funny story? And so, at one fell swoop, all your boasted wealth of houses and warehouses, and cleverness and talent, and rank and power, are taken away. Poor shell-fish! I think there are some people not unlike them to be found in China and India. How little self is to be depended upon! There is a moral poem which says, "It is easier to ascend to the cloudy heaven without a ladder than to depend entirely on oneself." This is what is meant by the text, "If a man casts his heart from him, he knows not where to seek for it." Think twice upon everything that you do. To take no care for the examination of that which relates to yourself, but to look only at that which concerns others, is to cast your heart from you. Casting your heart from you does not mean that your heart actually leaves you: what is meant is, that you do not examine your own conscience. Nor must you think that what I have said upon this point of self-confidence applies only to wealth and riches. To rely on your talents, to rely on the services you have rendered, to rely on your cleverness, to rely on your judgment, to rely on your strength, to rely on your rank, and to think yourself secure in the possession of these, is to place yourselves in the same category with the shell-fish in the story.



A KOTO PLAYER



CHAPTER VIII

CHRONOLOGY

IN the following outlines the names of leading authors, some of their principal works and a few facts of general interest are arranged in chronological order :

660 B. C.—Japanese Monarchy said to have been founded by Jimmu Tenno.

700 A. D. (Prior to)—Period of Antiquity.

Sixth and Seventh Centuries—*Kojiki*; *Nihongi*; Shinto Rituals.

621—Buddhism established.

700—Beginning of Poetic Period.

701—Nara made the capital of the Mikados.

712—*Kojiki*, "History of Old Affairs," completed.

720—*Nihongi*, history in Chinese, completed.

750—End of epoch of *Manyoshu*, "Anthology of a Thousand Leaves."

800—Beginning of Classical Period.

- 901-923—*Norito* committed to writing.
925—*Kokinshiu*, Anthology, completed. Preface by KINO TSURAYUKI.
1004—*Gengi Monogatari*, by MURASAKI-NO SHIKIBU, completed.
1040—*Makura Zoshi*, "Pillow Sketches," by SEI SHONAGON.
1186—Beginning of Period of Decline.
1212—*Hojoki*, by KAMO CHOMEI.
1340—*Jinkoshotoki*, by KITABATAKE CHIKAFUSA.
1340—*Tsure-dsure-gusa*, by KENKO-BOSHI.
1450—*Takasago*, by MOTOKIYO.
1603—Beginning of Period of Revival.
1560-1619—FUJIWARA SEIKWA.
1630-1714—KAIBARA YEKKEN.
1640-1701—Keichiu.
1641-1693—Ibara Saikoku.
1643-1694—Matsura Basho.
1653-1724—CHICKAMATSU MONZAYEMON.
1657-1725—ARAI HAKUSEKI.
1658-1734—MURO KIUSO.
1670-1740 (about)—Jisho and Kiseki.
1697-1769—Mabuchi.
1730-1801—MOTOORI NORINAGA.
1750 (about)—Takedo Idzumo.
1761-1816—SANTO KIODEN.
1767-1848—KIOKUTEI BAKIN.
1775-1822—Shikitei Samba.
1776-1843—Hirata Atsutane.
1783-1842—Riutei Tanehiko.
1830 (about)—Tamenaga Shunsui.
1831—Jippensha Ikku, died.

1867—Beginning of Modern Period, with such writers as Fukuzawa and Nakamura (translators), Yazo, Nansui, Yeneho, Koyosan and Nariyuki (novelists); Take-taro (philologist); Masakazu (poet).



JAPANESE MOTHERHOOD

CHINA



CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

LOCATION AND EXTENT. The Chinese Republic, until 1912 the Chinese Empire, is a vast territory lying in the form of an irregular square in the central-eastern part of Asia. On the south it extends to within about twenty-one degrees of the equator and on the north to about fifty-two degrees north latitude. On the east it has a coast line of more than twenty-five hundred miles, while its land boundaries on the other sides would stretch out to several times that distance. Of its area no certain

figures can be given, but it is estimated to be considerably over four and a third million square miles.

We are concerned only with China proper, the Middle Kingdom, the "Flowery Kingdom," which occupies the east-central part of the Republic, and has an area variously estimated at from one and a half to two million square miles. The area of the United States, including Alaska and Hawaii, is about three and a half million square miles. Another basis of comparison is indicated when we remember that China and the United States are in about the same latitude and are each diversified by great mountain ranges, magnificent river systems and lakes of impressive size.

II. THE PEOPLE. The inhabitants of China proper are practically one people and use one language, with only the dialectic peculiarities that so broad a territory is bound to induce. If China seems large in territorial extent, what shall we say of its population? No exact figures are procurable, but conservative estimates place it in the neighborhood of four hundred million, or practically four times that of the entire United States, including Alaska and Hawaii. When to the population of China proper is added that of the remainder of the Republic, it will be seen that China rules nearly one-fourth the people of the globe.

As a race the Chinese are not warlike, but are sober, industrious and profoundly commercial. By nature they are passive, content

with things as they are, and fond of reading and study. Yet they have no fear of death, endure torture with quiet fortitude and commit suicide whenever they find themselves in disgrace or in difficulties that appear insurmountable.

A well-known observer has said, "A Chinaman has wonderful control of his features; he generally looks most pleased when he has least reason to be so, and maintains an expression of imperturbable politeness and amiability when he is secretly regretting devoutly that he cannot bastinado you to death."

Always are they the slaves of custom, and nearly every act of life is regulated by rule; in communication one with another they are extremely ceremonious, and the etiquette of conversation is tedious to a Westerner.

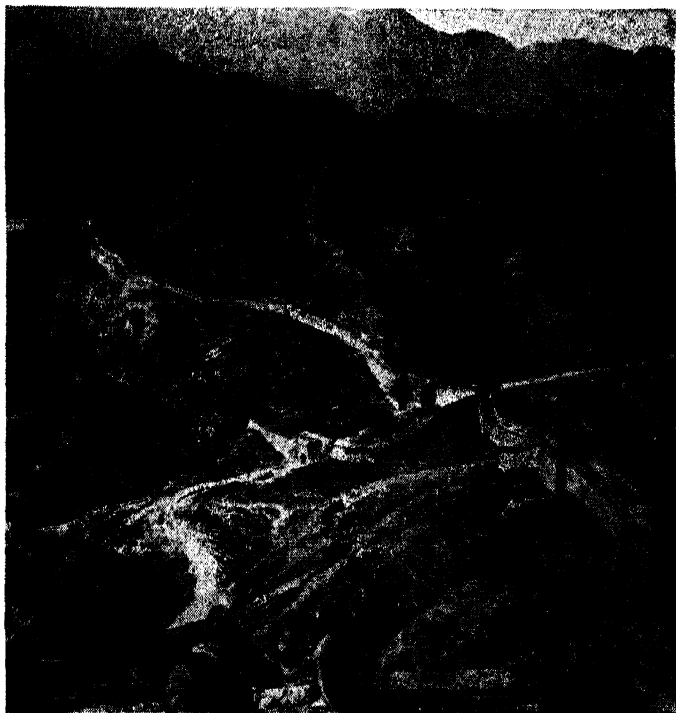
Women are held in subjection and are allowed few liberties. Marriage is arranged by parents or by professional matchmakers, and monogamy is the practice, though if a first wife prove barren, a second is permissible.

The first day of the year is the grand festival of the year; it is the time of payment of debts, of special honors to parents and teachers, and the day from which every Chinaman reckons his age. The festival of the dragon boat on the fifth day of the fifth month and the festival of the lanterns on the day of the first full moon of the year are two others of the numerous festivals with which the Chinese calendar abounds.

III. HISTORY. The early history of old nations reaches back to a period of mythical heroes and supernatural beings from whom the present race is descended. China is no exception to this rule, but it has a historical literature that gives almost uninterrupted records for more than four thousand years. That some of these are unhistorical and others are filled with legendary lore is certain, but from 1100 B. C. to the present time the history seems quite authentic, and from the sixth century B. C. is as reliable as that of any other nation.

Confucius, their greatest sage, was born in 551 B. C.; in 247 B. C. the largely independent states were united into one empire by the King of Ts'in, and from his dynastic name was the word *China* derived. To protect themselves from the Turks they began the Great Wall, which still stretches its formidable length over more than twelve hundred miles of the northern boundary. Wherever it is in good repair it is about twenty feet high and fifteen feet wide at the top. At intervals of about a hundred yards towers about thirty feet square surmount the wall to the height of from fifteen to thirty feet. More than two-thirds of the wall is now in ruins.

The Mongols, or Western Tartars, were invited in to protect the Chinese seventy years later, but near the end of the thirteenth century after Christ they became, under Kublai Khan, the masters of their hosts and ruled over the



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

THE MOST STUPENDOUS STRUCTURE EVER BUILT BY MAN. COMPLETED IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY AS A LINE OF DEFENSE AGAINST HOSTILE NEIGHBORS. ALTHOUGH PARTLY IN RUINS, IT NOW RUNS FOR OVER A THOUSAND MILES ALONG THE NORTHERN BOUNDARY OF CHINA.

entire country till 1368, when they were driven out and the Ming dynasty came to the throne. After two hundred fifty years the Ming dynasty lost its power, and in 1647 the Manchus, at the instigation of one of the Ming generals, established themselves in Peking and gradually secured the rulership of the Empire.

When European nations first made their way East they found the Chinese willing to trade with them, but the conduct of these foreigners, especially that of the Spanish and Portuguese, raised opposition, and from 1570 there was continued friction which resulted in closing China to foreign influences.

In her relations with European nations, particularly with Great Britain, China has not been fortunate, and to an unprejudiced observer she appears to have been so unfairly treated that Great Britain, in particular, has no reason to be proud of her record on the opium question or in regard to China's territorial limits. Moreover, the relations of China and Japan have always been uncertain, and since the war which began in 1894 Japan has held most decidedly the upper hand. China's foreign relations were so chaotic that it was inevitable that the power of the imperial house should decline and that among the people should be developed a strong desire for self-rule. This continued to grow rapidly, and in 1912 a republican form of government was established, the child emperor was compelled to abdicate, and a provisional President was

elected. It seems, however, that the new government was prematurely established, and by 1915 dissatisfaction had reached such a point that an election showed an overwhelming majority for the return of the monarchy. It was considered by the European powers that a change during the progress of the great war was inadvisable, and the Chinese finally decided to continue the Republic indefinitely.

During the World War, China arrayed herself with the Allies, though confusion within her own boundaries prevented her taking an active part in the conflict, and in the settlement of affairs at the close of the war her relations with Japan became strained over the transfer of the Germanized province of Shantung. In China, then, at present, appear some of the most serious problems which confront the world, and it is too early to hazard any guess as to the final outcome. A clearer and more comprehensive idea of China and her history will be obtained from a perusal of literature as discussed in the following pages.

IV. RELIGION. The Chinese, like other people, passed through the early state of reliance upon myths and traditions and developed the idea of a supreme God, certain primitive rituals and a moral code. In process of time this grew corrupt, until, in 604 B. C., Lao-tse founded the religion of Tao, similar to the mysticism of India. In 551 B. C. Confucius was born, and his moral reforms are the basis of the modern religion of the greater part of

the Chinese. Mencius, a philosopher with ideas resembling those of Socrates, followed near the close of the fourth century B. C., and about A. D. 70 Buddhism was introduced from India under the name of the religion of Fo. Though Buddhism in China has fallen to abject idolatry, it has more temples than any other cult and is professed by court and nobles generally. Of more recent years Christianity has made some headway, but its chief influence is as a component part of a religion mixed with Confucianism. However, as the literature of this country is inseparable from its philosophy and religion, we may well defer the further discussion of this topic.

V. THE LANGUAGE. The Chinese language is undoubtedly the most ancient now spoken, and as a written language it is one of the oldest. The fact that in the long centuries of its use it has undergone so little change or development has undoubtedly had much to do with the marked individuality of the people.

The language is monosyllabic; that is, no word has more than one syllable, and every word stands for a single idea. Words end in a vowel, a nasal consonant, or a diphthong; in the last mentioned case the two vowels are pronounced separately, but the word in fact consists of a single syllable. There are four hundred fifty root words, but by different musical tones they are given different meanings, so that 1,203 distinct words are formed.

There can be no variation in form in the

words of the language, so parts of speech and inflection are unknown—everything is determined by the position in the sentence. For instance, the word which represents the adjective “great” in one place will mean “greatness” in another, “to make great” in a third, or “greatly” in a fourth. Gender, number and case are shown by added words. “Son” is “man child”; “daughter” is “woman child”; “the best of men” is “a hundred men good.”

The system of writing originally must have been pictorial, but in time the pictographs were conventionalized until now the characters bear little resemblance to them. These written characters do not represent the sounds of the words, but the ideas signified by the words; therefore there must be as many ideographs as there are ideas to express. In common writing there are but 2,425 of these, though the dictionary gives 40,000, of which, however, only one-fourth are required in general literature. They are grouped under 214 keys or classifiers, which furnish a definite order of arrangement. In writing, these characters are always written from right to left in vertical columns.

Early in the second century B. C. a Chinese general is said to have invented and brought into use for writing the flexible camel's hair brush. Wood, bone, bamboo and stylus were the only implements prior to that time; subsequently, when brush and ink permitted the use

of silk and paper, rapid strides were made in the production of books. The Chinese have a profound respect amounting almost to veneration for the written character, and printed scraps of paper are religiously collected and burned to prevent them from profanation.

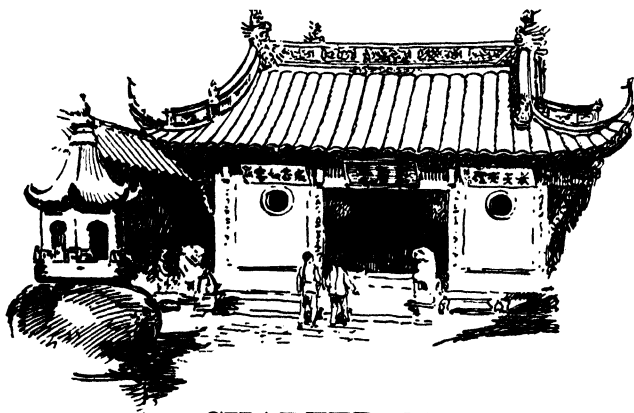
VI. LITERATURE. The literature of China is one of the most voluminous in existence and the most important in Asia in ethnography, geography and history. The catalogue alone of one of the imperial libraries consists of one hundred twenty-two volumes, and one collection of classics is said to contain 180,000 volumes. Before such an array of books, the foreign student stands appalled. In the third century B. C. the First Emperor, acting under the advice of one of his ministers, decided to burn all the books in existence excepting those treating of agriculture, medicine and divination. So severe were the penalties for concealment that literature suffered an irretrievable loss, although devoted scholars managed to save the classic writings of Confucius. At the death in 207 B. C. of the Second Emperor, the feeble-minded son of the First Emperor of the Ts'in dynasty came into power, and at once a determined effort was begun to restore and rewrite the books that had been destroyed.

VII. PRINTING. By the close of the sixth century after Christ the Chinese were printing from engraved wooden blocks, and in the eleventh century, nearly four hundred years before the art of printing from movable type

had been invented in Europe, a Chinese blacksmith had given the invention to his own people. From that time on the multiplication of books was practically unlimited.

VIII. EDUCATION. There are self-supporting schools everywhere throughout China, and partly because the offices of the country are attained by scholarship these day schools are well attended. In fact, there are few indeed of the Chinese who cannot read. The government supports institutions of higher learning and helps in the publication of literary works which go to libraries and colleges.

The government has been until very recent times strictly patriarchal; all China was one great family, with the Emperor at its head. All the children being equal, with no class distinctions, no nobility of birth, the mandarins, or administrative officers, were chosen on account of their capacity—after a most rigid examination. From the mandarins the members of the various Boards and Councils were chosen. The superintendence of education, examinations for appointment of officials, the granting of subsidies for the publication of great histories and scientific works and similar affairs were under the control of a court of history and literature.



CHAPTER II

CONFUCIUS AND THE FIVE CLASSICS

BIOGRAPHICAL. It is generally conceded that Confucius was born in the year 551 B. C., that he lived to be seventy-two years old and thus died about eleven years before the birth of Socrates, the great Greek philosopher. His Chinese name was K'ung, to which his disciples added the words signifying "Reverend Master." By the Jesuit missionaries this name, K'ung-fu-tse, was Latinized in the form Confucius.

It is said that his mother, Yen-shi, called him "K'u," or "Little Hill," because of a marked protuberance on the top of his head, and that she brought him up with great care after the death of his father, which occurred when the little K'ung was but three. His love of learning and veneration for the ancient customs of his country, his honesty, gravity

and common sense were noticed from the first, and at seventeen he was given a public appointment in which he distinguished himself by his probity and good management.

There is such a mist of tradition surrounding his career, and his ardent disciples have been so ready to attribute to him superhuman characteristics and impossible accomplishments that it is not possible at this date to write a biography in all respects satisfactory. But we know that he married at nineteen and divorced his wife about four years later that he might devote himself more exclusively to study; that he honored his mother after her death by giving her a solemn and splendid burial and by resigning all his offices and shutting himself up in his house for three years of mourning, all as prescribed in the venerated customs of his forefathers.

From that time on his life was in harmony with his precepts and given up to study, writing and teaching. He wandered about from state to state, sometimes honored and respected, at other times reduced to the direst straits. Finally, despairing of reforming his people by his teaching, he returned to his native state and spent the last years of his life restoring to the public those ancient beliefs and customs which without his devotion would have been irretrievably lost.

He left a family whose descendants to-day constitute the only hereditary aristocracy, receiving, more than seventy generations after

his death, certain honors and privileges in the same province where he was born. Every city of any importance in China has a temple dedicated to the memory of Confucius, and the eighteenth day of the second moon of every year is kept as the anniversary of his death.

II. THE "FIVE CLASSICS." The sacred books, the "Classics" of Confucius, are not intrinsically important in our Western ideas, nor can they be deemed of literary value except as we consider the marvelous influence they have had for so many centuries over such countless millions of human beings. These sacred books, universally known as the "Five Classics," are (1) the *Book of History*; (2) the *Book of Changes* or *Transformations*; (3) the *Book of Rites*; (4) the *Spring and Autumn Annals*; and (5) the *Book of Odes*.

1. *The "Book of History."* This was compiled by Confucius from, it is said, a hundred documents which cover a period of sixteen hundred years prior to the eighth century. To the devout and loyal Chinese this contains in its conversations between kings and ministers the gist of their history, the foundation of their political system, an epitome of their religious rites and the basis of their sciences.

In the portion devoted to the Great Yu, who was the founder of the Hsia dynasty, in 2205 B. C., is given an account of a great flood which some antiquarians have been quick to identify as the Biblical flood in the time of Noah. From Legge's translation we take the description:

The inundating waters seemed to assail the heavens, and in their vast extent embraced the mountains and overtopped the hills, so that people were bewildered and overwhelmed. I mounted my four conveyances (carts, boats, sledges and spiked shoes), and all along the hills hewed down the woods, at the same time, along with Yi, showing the multitudes how to get flesh to eat. I opened passages for the streams throughout the nine provinces, and conducted them to the sea. I deepened the channels and canals, and conducted them to the streams, at the same time, along with Chi, sowing grain, and showing the multitudes how to procure the food of toil in addition to flesh meat. I urged them further to exchange what they had for what they had not, and to dispose of their accumulated stores. In this way all the people got grain to eat, and all the states began to come under good rule.

One of the canonized saints of Chinese history is Wen Wang, who in 1144 B. C. was treacherously seized in the small state where he was ruler and thrown into a dungeon, on the ground that he was plotting against the throne. In the *Book of Transformations* we shall see how he spent the two years of his incarceration. After he regained his freedom he became a noted warrior and a still more noted preacher against the corruption of the age.

His son Wu Wang overthrew the Shang dynasty which had imprisoned his father, and himself became the first of the Chou dynasty. From Legge's translation we take the following speech which Wu Wang made to some of the nobility who were becoming discontented with the corruptions and barbarities of the Shang rulers:

Heaven and Earth are the parents of all creatures; and of all creatures man is the most highly endowed. The sincere, intelligent and perspicacious among men becomes the great sovereign, and the great sovereign is the parent of the people. But now, Shou, the king of Shang, does not reverence Heaven above, and inflicts calamities on the people below. He has been abandoned to drunkenness, and reckless in lust. He has dared to exercise cruel oppression. Along with criminals he has punished all their relatives. He has put men into office on the hereditary principles. He has made it his pursuit to have palaces, towers, pavilions, embankments, ponds and all other extravagances, to the most painful injury of you, the myriad people. He has burned and roasted the loyal and good. He has ripped up pregnant women. Great Heaven was moved with indignation, and charged my deceased father, Wen, reverently to display its majesty; but he dies before the work was accomplished.

On this account I, who am a powerless child, have by means of you, the hereditary rulers of my friendly states, contemplated the government of Shang; but Shou has no repentant heart. He abides squatting on his heels, not serving God or the spirits of Heaven and Earth, neglecting also the temple of his ancestors, and not sacrificing in it. The victims and the vessels of millet all become the prey of wicked robbers; and still he says, "The people are mine: the decree is mine," never trying to correct his contemptuous mind. Now Heaven, to protect the inferior people, made for them rulers, and made for them instructors, that they might be able to be aiding to God, and secure the tranquility of the four quarters of the empire. In regard to who are criminals and who are not, how dare I give any allowance to my own wishes?

"Where the strength is the same, measure the virtue of the parties; where the virtue is the same, measure their righteousness." Shou has hundreds of thousands of thousands and myriads of ministers, but they have hundred of thousands and myriads of minds; I have three

thousand ministers, but they have one mind. The iniquity of Shang is full. Heaven gives command to destroy it. If I did not comply with Heaven, my iniquity would be as great.

I, who am a little child, early and late am filled with apprehensions. I have received charge from my deceased father, Wen; I have offered special sacrifice to God; I have performed the due services to the great Earth; and I lead the multitude of you to execute the punishment appointed by Heaven. Heaven compassionates the people. What the people desire, Heaven will be found to give effect to. Do you aid me, the one man, to cleanse for ever all within the four seas? Now is the time!—it may not be lost.

Wen Wang was an ardent advocate of temperance and said that nearly all the causes that contribute to the downfall of a nation may be attributed to wine, a sentiment that finds an echo in more than one place in the *Book of History*.

2. *The "Book of Transformations."* Sixty-four short essays on a variety of themes compose the *Book of Transformations*. They are mysteriously expressed by the aid of eight diagrams, or symbols, which consist of continuous straight lines or similar lines broken in the middle. The "Ten Wings" are commentaries attributed to Confucius, who is said to have been a devout student of the main text, which undoubtedly is of much earlier origin and is generally ascribed to the Wen Wang mentioned above. The real meaning of these cabalistic signs and their "interpretations" seems to be as unknown to the Chinese them-

selves as to us. Nevertheless, they have an abiding faith in the *Book of Transformations* as the source of valuable lessons if once they could be mastered.

The psychology of such a belief is natural enough. The mysterious and inexplicable has a wonderful hold on the human mind, as any thoughtful man realizes. We see it demonstrated on every hand even to-day in this enlightened land, where a shrewd person has only to claim a divine revelation and clothe it in unintelligible or vague phraseology to found a cult, secure a following, heal the sick and save souls. Why should we begrudge the Chinese their *Book of Transformations*, gibberish though it seems to us?

The eight diagrams said to have been invented more than two thousand years before Christ by an emperor, Fu Hsi, who saw them inscribed on the back of a tortoise, were subsequently increased to sixty-four, each representing an active or passive force in nature, as earth, fire, water, thunder, etc. To give an idea of what this wonderful book is like we subjoin the following extract from Dr. Legge's translation:

Commentary

This suggests the idea of one treading on the tail of a tiger which does not bite him. There will be progress and success.

1. The first line, undivided, shows its subject treading his accustomed path. If he go forward, there will be no error.

2. The second line, undivided, shows its subject treading the path that is level and easy;—a quiet and solitary man, to whom, if he be firm and correct, there will be good fortune.

3. The third line, divided, shows a one-eyed man who thinks he can see; a lame man who thinks he can walk well; one who treads on the tail of a tiger and is bitten. All this indicates ill-fortune. We have a mere bravo acting the part of a great ruler.

4. The fourth line, undivided, shows its subject treading on the tail of a tiger. He becomes full of apprehensive caution, and in the end there will be good fortune.

5. The fifth line, undivided, shows the resolute tread of its subject. Though he be firm and correct, there will be peril.

6. The sixth line, undivided, tells us to look at the whole course that is trodden, and examine the presage which that gives. If it be complete and without failure, there will be great good fortune.

Wing.—In this hexagram we have the symbol of weakness treading on that of strength.

The lower trigram indicates pleasure and satisfaction and responds to the upper, indicating strength. Hence it is said, "He treads on the tail of a tiger; which does not bite him; there will be progress and success."

The fifth line is strong, in the center, and in its correct place. Its subject occupies the God-given position, and falls into no distress or failure;—his action will be brilliant.

3. *The "Book of Rites."* In China all the actions and activities of every-day life are

governed by ceremonial, not only in the relations of the individual to his family, his neighbor, his government, but also to his religion and even the exercise of those right principles from which good morals spring. The rules for this complex ceremonial are found in the *Book of Rites*, which has left an indelible impress upon the entire populace.

That this is a compilation dating from the second century B. C. and that it did not reach its present form till the second century after Christ, seems to be the accepted opinion of Chinese critics who attribute to Confucius in this instance merely the stamp of an official approval and comment.

This extract is from Legge's translation, and is a comment by Confucius:

Formerly, along with Lao Tan, I was assisting at a burial in the village of Hsiang, and when we had got to the path the sun was eclipsed. Lao Tan said to me, "Chiu, let the bier be stopped on the left of the road; and then let us wail and wait till the eclipse pass away. When it is light again we will proceed." He said that this was the rule. When we had returned and completed the burial, I said to him, "In the progress of a bier there should be no returning. When there is an eclipse of the sun, we do not know whether it will pass away quickly or not; would it not have been better to go on?" Lao Tan said, "When the prince of a state is going to the court of the Son of Heaven, he travels while he can see the sun. At sundown he halts and presents his offerings (to the spirit of the way). When a great officer is on a mission, he travels while he can see the sun, and at sundown he halts. Now a bier does not set forth in the early morning, nor does it rest anywhere at night; but

those who travel by starlight are only criminals and those who are hastening to the funeral rites of a parent.”

From a discussion in the *Book of Rites* concerning death and burial we gather the following ideas: A child was seen weeping for its dead parents and a bystander praised such an expression of natural feeling. He was reproved with the remark that to give vent to natural feelings is the way of barbarians, not the Chinese way. The natural emotions should be regulated by set ceremonials. When a man dies his body becomes an object of loathing and is shunned. Therefore ceremonials have been devised to destroy that loathing. A shroud is prepared, the body is covered and surrounded with other trappings and housings. Wine and meat are sacrificed at the death, as the funeral train moves, and again after the burial. These have been customs from time immemorial, and the dead are no longer shunned. Blemishes seen in those who perform the ceremony are not to be considered defects in the ceremony.

Again: When once a famous man died, his wife and secretary decided that his brother must go down into the grave with him because the deceased had demanded company on his dark journey. The brother demurred, saying it was not according to established rites; that he was willing that no one should be interred with the dead; but that if it became necessary, no one was as suitable as the wife and secretary. Thereafter the custom languished.

Once more: Confucius once came upon a woman weeping and wailing over a new-made grave. In response to his inquiries she explained that her father-in-law, her husband and lastly her son had each in turn fallen a prey to a man-eating tiger. "Why do you not leave the country?" asked Confucius. "The government is not bad," replied the woman. "There!" cried the sage: "Remember, a bad government is worse than a tiger."

4. *The "Spring and Autumn Annals."* The bare catalogue of historical events that occurred in the province of Lu between approximately the eighth and the fifth centuries before Christ, is known to the Chinese as the *Spring and Autumn Annals*. As it confined itself to Lu, the native province of Confucius, it is assumed to be his work. It records natural phenomena, raids, battles, murders, treaties, etc., in this manner:

In the seventh year of Duke Chuang, in summer, in the fourth moon at midnight, there was a shower of stars like rain.

Such entries would be of little value to any one and the whole book might be neglected but for the commentaries that have been added to it. That these entries were mystical reminders, that they carried with them praise, reproof, admonition, and contained deep though hidden truths, has been the idea of the Chinese scholars who have again and again in the lapse of centuries tried to explain them.

One set of commentaries, the *Tso Chuan*, written by Tso, a disciple of Confucius, is considered one of the most perfect pieces of prose in the Chinese language. Little can be learned of the eloquent Tso, but his commentary bound with the *Annals* relieves the latter from the charge of uselessness. One example suffices:

Text. "In the spring of the twelfth year of Duke Hsuan, the ruler of the Ch'u state besieged the capital of the Chin state."

Commentary. (One paragraph only from a long and circumstantial account of the siege.) "In the rout which followed, a war-chariot of the Chin state stuck in a deep rut and could not get on. Thereupon a man of the Ch'u state advised the charioteer to take out the stand for arms. This eased it a little, but again the horses turned round. The man then advised that the flagstaff should be taken out and used as a lever, and at last the chariot was extricated. 'Ah,' said the charioteer to the man of Ch'u, 'we do not know so much about running away as the people of your worthy state.' "

There are two other commentaries on the *Annals*, but they are not considered equal to Tso's, with which they are frequently altogether at variance. The following from Legge's translation will enable a person to trace the similarity of the two commentaries and at the same time learn something of the absurd lengths to which both will go:

Text. "In spring in the king's first month, the first day of the moon, there fell stones in Sung—five of them. In the same month six fish-hawks flew backwards, past the capital of Sung."

Ku-liang says: "Why does the text first say 'there fell' and then 'stones'? There was the falling and then

the stones. In 'six fish-hawks flying backwards' the number is put first, indicating that the birds were collected together. The language has respect to the using of the eyes. The Master said, 'Stones are things without any intelligence, and fish-hawks creatures that have a little intelligence.' The stones, having no intelligence, are mentioned along with the day when they fell, and the fish-hawks, having a little intelligence, are mentioned along with the month when they appeared. The superior man (Confucius) even in regard to such things and creatures records nothing rashly. His expressions about stones and fish-hawks being thus exact, how much more will they be so about men!"

Kung-yang says: "How is it that the text first says, 'there fell,' and then 'stones'?"

" 'There fell stones' is a record of what was heard. There was heard a noise of something falling. On looking at what had fallen, it was seen to be stones. On examination it was found there were five of them.

" 'Why does the text say 'six' and then 'fish-hawks'?"

" 'Six fish-hawks backwards flew' is a record of what was seen. When they looked at the objects, there were six. When they examined them, they were fish-hawks. When they examined them leisurely, they were flying backwards."

Apropos of the text, "In the summer, in the fifth month, the Sung state made peace with the Ch'u state," *Kung-yang* tells the following story, which does not resemble the one told by Tso:

While King Chuang was besieging the capital he found that he had provisions for but seven days, and resolved that when they were consumed he would withdraw if he could not first take the city. He sent his general to examine the defenses and as the latter approached the ramparts he saw an officer of the Sung army upon the walls. "How are things within?" the general asked. "Badly," replied the officer. "We are

obliged to exchange our children for food and their bones are broken up for fuel." "But," said the general, "I have heard that while you are feeding your horses with their bits in their mouths, you still keep some fat ones to show to strangers. How great is your spirit!" "I have heard," returned the officer, "that the superior man pities another's misfortune, while an inferior man rejoices at it. Considering you one who would sympathize, I have told our story." Not to be outdone in courtesy, the general added, "Do not despond. We have provisions for only seven days, and shall withdraw if we cannot capture your city in that time." When the general reported this conversation to the king, Chuang was greatly enraged, but the general said, "If in a small state like Sung the officers speak the truth, shall not our officers do as much?" Moreover, when the king proposed to remain beyond the time, the general threatened to leave him and thus was instrumental in bringing about peace.

5. *The "Book of Odes."* National airs, chants and sacrificial odes make up the fifth classic. Although some are sublime in thought, they are as poetry crude and lacking in harmony. The light they throw upon the feelings and customs of the ancient Chinese is valuable, and their influence upon the nation has been immeasurably great.

The three hundred odes which it is said Confucius selected from more than three thousand are classified as follows:

First, Ballads composed and sung in various states and sent to the Emperor as evidence of progress in the state;

Second, Odes sung at the sovereign's entertainments;

Third, Odes sung on grand occasions before the assembled feudal nobles;

Fourth, Sacrificial odes and panegyrics.

In these early poems there is a varying meter, though usually there are four words to the lines, which rhyme in various ways.

If we may judge from the *Book of Odes*, the position of women then was freer but generally not much different from what it is at present. One of the odes describes the various rooms of a palace built for an ancient prince and, when the bedchamber is reached, the chief diviner interprets a dream of bears and serpents which had come to the prince:

Sons shall be born to him:

They will be put to sleep on couches;

They will be clothed in robes;

They will have scepters to play with;

Their cry will be loud;

They will be resplendent with red knee-covers,

The future princes of the land.

Daughters shall be born to him:

They will be put to sleep on the ground;

They will be clothed with wrappers;

They will have tiles to play with.

It will be theirs neither to do wrong nor to do good.

Only about the spirits and the food will they have to think,

And to cause no sorrow to their parents.

Not content with accepting the poems for the excellent things they are, the interpreters have worked over them so sedulously that there is scarcely one to which no occult meaning is given. It is this rage for explanation and interpretation that affects most unpleasantly the

Western mind. In fact, modern science has completely rejected these artificial interpretations and regards these poems simply as love-songs. The following renderings are by Cranmer-Byng:

SADNESS

The sun is ever full and bright,
The pale moon waneth night by night.
Why should this be?

My heart that once was full of light
Is but a dying moon to-night.

But when I dream of thee apart,
I would the dawn might lift my heart,
O sun, to thee.

TRYSTING TIME

I

A pretty girl at time o' gloaming
Hath whispered me to go and meet her
Without the city gate.
I love her, but she tarries coming.
Shall I return, or stay and greet her?
I burn, and wait.

II

Truly she charmeth all beholders,
'Tis she hath given me this jewel,
The jade of my delight;
But this red jewel-jade that smoulders,
To my desire doth add more fuel,
New charms to-night.

III

She has gathered with her lily fingers
A lily fair and rare to see.
Oh! sweeter still the fragrance lingers
From the warm hand that gave it me.

THE SOLDIER

I climbed the barren mountain,
And my gaze swept far and wide
For the red-lit eaves of my father's home,
And I fancied that he sighed:
My son has gone for a soldier,
For a soldier night and day;
But my son is wise, and may yet return,
When the drums have died away.

I climbed the grass-clad mountain,
And my gaze swept far and wide
For the rosy lights of a little room,
Where I thought my mother sighed:
My boy has gone for a soldier,
He sleeps not day and night;
But my boy is wise, and may yet return,
Though the dead lie far from sight.

I climbed the topmost summit,
And my gaze swept far and wide
For the garden roof where my brother stood,
And I fancied that he sighed:
My brother serves as a soldier
With his comrades night and day;
But my brother is wise, and may yet return
Though the dead lie far away.

III. CONCLUSION. If the general impression conveyed by the "Five Classics" is that they are not of paramount value to us, we should be almost ready to agree, were it not for the devotion they have so long inspired in that peculiar nation. If we are asked why in a discussion of Chinese literature we give to the "Five Classics" so much space, we make the plea, "These books are not only the foundation of Chinese literature; they are China herself."



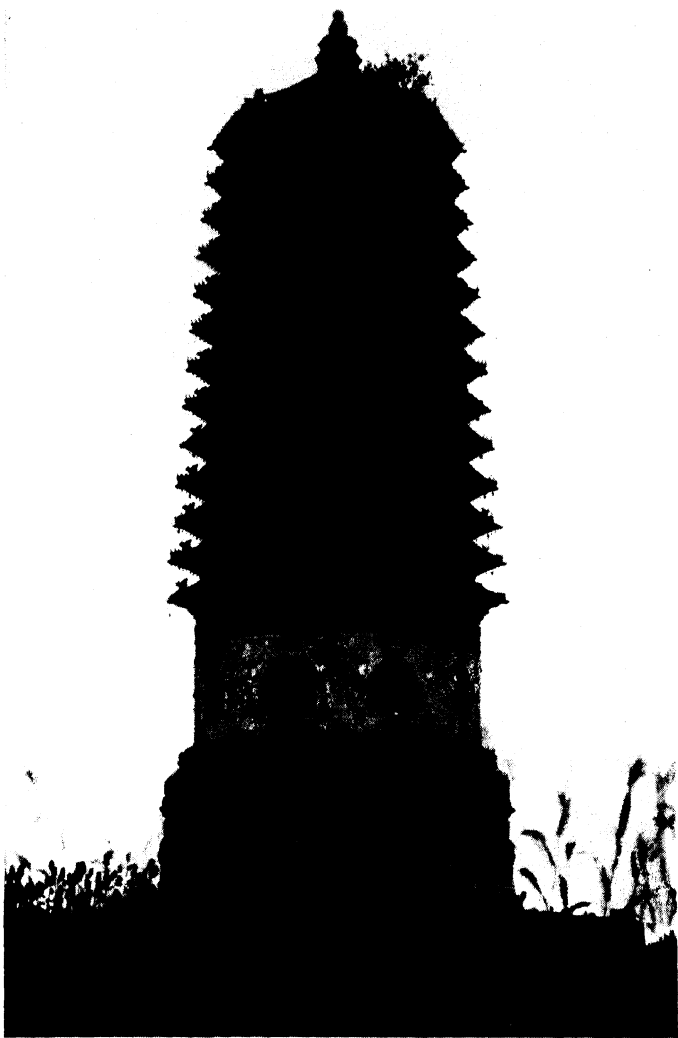
CHAPTER III

MENCIUS AND THE FOUR BOOKS

BIOGRAPHICAL. Mong-tse, “the teacher Mong,” as he is known to the Chinese, or Mencius, to which Latinized form the Jesuits changed his name, was born in the beginning of the fourth century before Christ. While he was very young his father died, but his mother took charge of his education and upbringing in so masterly a manner that to this day it is in China impossible to pay a teacher a greater compliment than to call her the “mother of Mong.”

He is universally regarded as the most eminent of the disciples of Confucius, and it is largely owing to him that we know as much as we do of China’s greatest teacher.

Mencius traveled about from one to another of the states that then acknowledged the sovereignty of the Emperor, striving to engage the interest of the rulers and nobility in his



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FAMOUS BALI-CHWANG PAGODA
NEAR PEKING

IN CHINA, THE PAGODA IS OFTEN A MEMORIAL TOWER, NOT OFTEN
CONNECTED WITH TEMPLE OR MONASTERY.

doctrines and belief. Usually, however, his ideas did not find ready acceptance from those whom he visited, but some of his disciples who traveled with him took down his conversations, which are to-day embodied in one of the most influential books ever published. Mencius was neither a theologian nor the founder of a religion—he was merely a great teacher who disseminated the ideas of a greater, and at the same time added to them by his own clear vision. It was a doctrine of justice, high-living, virtue, that these men preached, and in Mencius especially do we see a strong likeness to Socrates and his teachings. Bolder and more eloquent than Confucius, he struck at the vices of the petty sovereigns with a heavy hand, placed the will of the people above the will of rulers and ranked moral goodness as superior to social position.

II. THE "FOUR BOOKS." Besides the "Five Classics," the Chinese regard with almost equal reverence the "Four Books," which are learned by heart by all scholars before they begin the mastery of the greater classics. Sometimes these four, with the five classics described in the preceding chapter, are known as the "Nine Classics," though not usually so by the Chinese themselves. In their natural order the "Four Books" are the *Analects*, *Mong-tse*, the *Great Learning*, and the *Chung Yung*, a title that seems difficult to translate, but which means in substance, "The Doctrine of the Unvarying Mean."

1. *The "Analects."* The *Analects* is a volume of about twenty short chapters which were probably collected within a century after the death of Confucius and which give as nearly as possible in his own words the doctrines of man's duty to man.

The great Confucian Golden Rule is stated in negative form, but it is none the less positively a rule of action: "What you would not others should do unto you, do not unto them." His great rule for personal government is, "Love one another." On the other hand, in his philosophy he does not recommend returning good for evil: "For good return good; for evil return justice." Truth is the foundation of all intercourse: "Let loyalty and truth be paramount with you;" "I know not how a man can live without truthfulness." Riches are not to be despised, but they must be enjoyed in right and justice. Man is born altogether pure; his depravity comes from his own acts.

With such high teachings in the *Analects*, it would surprise us, if we had not already become accustomed to the unexpected and the inharmonious in Chinese character, to see included such accounts of the petty habits and acts of Confucius as the following:

Confucius, in his village, looked simple and sincere, and as if he were not able to speak. When he was in the prince's ancestral temple or in the court, he spoke minutely on every point, but cautiously.

When he entered the palace gate, he seemed to bend his body, as if it were not sufficient to admit him.

He ascended the dais, holding up his robe with both his hands and his body bent; holding in his breath also, as if he dared not breathe.

When he was carrying the scepter of his prince, he seemed to bend his body as if he were not able to bear its weight.

He did not use a deep purple or a puce color in the ornaments of his dress. Even in his undress he did not wear anything of a red or reddish color.

He required his sleeping dress to be half as long again as his body.

He did not eat rice which had been injured by heat or damp and turned sour, nor fish or flesh which was gone. He did not eat what was discolored, or what was of a bad flavor, nor anything which was not in season. He did not eat meat which was not cut properly, nor what was served without its proper sauce.

He was never without ginger when he ate. He did not eat much.

When eating, he did not converse. When in bed, he did not speak.

Although his food might be coarse rice and vegetable soup, he would offer a little of it in sacrifice with a grave, respectful air.

If his mat was not straight, he did not sit on it.

The stable being burned down when he was at court, on his return he said, "Has any man been hurt?" He did not ask about the horses.

When a friend sent him a present, though it might be a carriage and horses, he did not bow. The only present for which he bowed was that of the flesh of sacrifice.

In bed, he did not lie like a corpse. At home, he did not put on any formal deportment.

When he saw any one in a mourning dress, though it might be an acquaintance, he would change countenance; when he saw any one wearing the cap of full dress, or a blind person, though he might be in his undress, he would salute them in a ceremonious manner.

When he was at an entertainment where there was an abundance of provisions set before him, he would change countenance and rise up. On a sudden clap of thunder or a violent wind, he would change countenance.

The following are extracts from the *Analects*:

Only he who has the spirit of goodness within him is really able either to love or to hate.

The princely man never for a single instant quits the path of virtue; in times of storm and stress he remains in it as fast as ever.

The age of one's parents should always be kept in mind—on the one hand, as a subject for rejoicing; on the other, as a cause for alarm.

The wise man will be slow to speak, but quick to act.

The Master said: "When the solid outweighs the ornamental, we have boorishness; when the ornamental outweighs the solid, we have superficial smartness. Only from a proper blending of the two will the higher type of man emerge."

The higher type of man is calm and serene; the inferior man is constantly agitated and worried.

The princely man is one who knows neither grief nor fear.—Absence of grief and fear! Is this the mark of a princely man?—The Master said: "If on searching his heart he finds no guilt, why should he grieve? of what should he be afraid?"

A man of inward virtue will have virtuous words on his lips, but a man of virtuous words is not always a virtuous man. The man of perfect goodness is sure to possess courage, but the courageous man is not necessarily good.

The Master said: "The higher type of man makes a sense of duty the groundwork of his character, blends with it in action a sense of harmonious proportion, manifests it in a spirit of unselfishness, and perfects it by the addition of sincerity and truth. Then indeed is he a noble character."

The nobler sort of man pays special attention to nine points. He is anxious to see clearly, to hear distinctly, to be kindly in his looks, respectful in his demeanor, conscientious in his speech, earnest in his affairs; when in doubt, he is careful to inquire; when in anger, he thinks of the consequences; when offered an opportunity for gain, he thinks only of his duty.

2. "*Mong-tse.*" The seven chapters which compose the book called simply *Mong-tse* are given over to the sayings of that remarkable man. While they follow the "Way of Confucius," and he himself is known as the "Second Prophet" or the "Second Holy One," yet the reader feels that Mencius is more concerned with the welfare of man in a physical sense than in the ethical sense that Confucius advocated.

One day, it is related, a sophist engaged Mencius in conversation and tried to confuse him in his thought. "Is it a rule of social etiquette that when men and women pass things from one to another they shall not allow their hands to touch?" inquired the sophist. "That is the rule," answered Mencius. "Now suppose," said his interrogator, "that a man's sister-in-law were drowning, ought he to take hold of her hand to save her?" "Any one who would not do it," replied Mencius, "would have a wolfish heart. It is a general rule that in passing things from one to another men and women should not allow their hands to touch. Your instance is altogether exceptional."

Mencius regards the people as of first importance, the gods as second, the rulers third.

He says: "Chieh and Chou lost the Empire because they lost the people, which means that they lost the confidence of the people. The way to gain the people is to gain their confidence, and the way to do that is to provide them with what they like and not with what they loathe."

3. *The "Great Learning" and the "Chung Yung."* The last two of the "Four Books" are in reality two chapters from the classic *Book of Rites*. The authorship of the former is not known, but the latter is attributed to a grandson of Confucius. The former is a short treatise on ethics in politics, and the latter merely a commentary upon the Confucian principles concerning the nature of man and right living. The writer of the latter treatise has this to say of his illustrious grandsire:

Therefore his fame overflows the Middle Kingdom, and reaches the barbarians of north and south. Wherever ships and wagons can go, or the strength of man penetrate; wherever there is heaven above and earth below; wherever the sun and moon shed their light, or frosts and dews fall,—all who have blood and breath honor and love him. Wherefore it may be said that he is the peer of God.

The following passages are taken from the *Chung Yung*:

It is only the man with the most perfect divine moral nature who is able to combine in himself quickness of apprehension, intelligence, insight, and understanding: qualities necessary for the exercise of command; magnanimity, generosity, benignity and gentleness: qualities necessary for the exercise of patience; originality, energy, strength of character and determination: quali-

ties necessary for the exercise of endurance; dignity, noble seriousness, order and regularity: qualities necessary for the exercise of self-respect; grace, method, delicacy and lucidity: qualities necessary for the exercise of critical judgment.

There are four things in the moral life of a man, not one of which I have been able to carry out in my life. To serve my father as I would expect my son to serve me: that I have not been able to do. To serve my sovereign as I would expect a minister under me to serve me: that I have not been able to do. To act towards my elder brother as I would expect my younger brother to act towards me: that I have not been able to do. To be the first to behave towards friends as I would expect them to behave towards me: that I have not been able to do.

The life of the moral man is plain, and yet not unattractive; it is simple, and yet full of grace; it is easy, and yet methodical. He knows that accomplishment of great things consists in doing little things well. He knows that great effects are produced by small causes. He knows the evidence and reality of what cannot be perceived by the senses. Thus he is enabled to enter into the world of ideas and morals.

Truth is the law of God. Acquired truth is the law of man.

He who intuitively apprehends truth is one who, without effort, hits what is right, and without thinking understands what he wants to know; whose life is easily and naturally in harmony with the moral law. Such a one is what we call a saint or a man of divine nature. He who acquires truth is one who finds out what is good and holds fast to it.

In order to acquire truth, it is necessary to obtain a wide and extensive knowledge of what has been said and done in the world; critically to inquire into it; carefully to ponder over it; clearly to sift it; and earnestly to carry it out.

It matters not what you learn, but when you once learn a thing you must never give it up until you have

mastered it. It matters not what you inquire into, but when you inquire into a thing you must never give it up until you have thoroughly understood it. It matters not what you try to think out, but when you once try to think out a thing you must never give it up until you have got what you want. It matters not what you try to sift out, but when you once try to sift out a thing, you must never give it up until you have sifted it out clearly and distinctly. It matters not what you try to carry out, but when you once try to carry out a thing you must never give it up until you have done it thoroughly and well. If another man succeed by one effort, you will use a hundred efforts. If another man succeed by ten efforts, you will use a thousand efforts.

Let a man really proceed in this manner, and, though dull, he will surely become intelligent; though weak, he will surely become strong.

III. AN HISTORIAN'S TRIBUTE. Sse-ma Ch'ien, the Chinese Father of History, who was born about 145 B. C., writes thus of Confucius:

The Odes have it thus:—"We may gaze up to the mountain's brow; we may travel along the great road;" signifying that although we cannot hope to reach the goal, still we may push on thitherwards in spirit.

While reading the works of Confucius, I have always fancied I could see the man as he was in life; and when I went to Shantung I actually beheld his carriage, his robes, and the material parts of his ceremonial usages. There were his descendants practicing the old rites in their ancestral home and I lingered on, unable to tear myself away. Many are the princes and prophets that the world has seen in its time, glorious in life, forgotten in death. But Confucius, though only a humble member of the plain-clothed masses, remains among us after many generations. He is the model for such as would be wise. By all, from the Son of Heaven down to the meanest student, the supremacy of his principles is fully

and freely admitted. He may indeed be pronounced the divinest of men.

IV. THE "BOOK OF FILIAL DUTY." This famous book, though not ranking with the nine we have described, is considered by the Chinese as one of their best treatises and is often bound together with another, *Teaching for the Young*, and used as a text-book. We give here a few selections from the *Book of Filial Duty* and follow them with two of the famous twenty-four examples of filial duty. The whole of these examples is learned by every child.

From the Book of Filial Duty the following extracts are taken:

ON THE MEANING OF FILIAL DUTY.

Once upon a time Confucius was sitting in his study, having his disciple Tseng Ts'an to attend upon him. He asked Tseng Ts'an: "Do you know by what virtue and power the good Emperors of old made the world peaceful, the people to live in harmony with one another, and the inferior contented under the control of their superiors?" To this Tseng Ts'an, rising from his seat, replied: "I do not know this, for I am not clever." Then said Confucius: "The duty of children to their parents is the fountain whence all other virtues spring, and also the starting-point from which we ought to begin our education. Now take your seat, and I will explain this. Our body and hair and skin are all derived from our parents, and therefore we have no right to injure any of them in the least. This is the first duty of a child.

"To live an upright life and to spread the great doctrines of humanity must win good reputation after death, and reflect great honor upon our parents. This is the last duty of a son.

“Hence the first duty of a son is to pay a careful attention to every want of his parents. The next is to serve his government loyally; and the last to establish a good name for himself.”

ON THE FILIAL DUTY OF A SON.

Confucius said: “A filial son has five duties to perform to his parents: (1) He must venerate them in daily life. (2) He must try to make them happy in every possible way, especially when the meal is served. (3) He must take extra care of them when they are sick. (4) He ought to show great sorrow for them when they are dead. (5) He must offer sacrifices to his deceased parents with the utmost solemnity. If he fulfils these duties, then he can be considered as having done what ought to be done by a son.”

A son ought not to feel proud of the high position he occupies, ought not to show dissatisfaction with his inferior position to that of others, and ought not to act against the natural feeling of the public. If he is proud and haughty when he is a high official, he will soon bring ruin upon himself and his family; if he feels dissatisfied with his lower position, he may be led to do illegal acts; and if he does anything contrary to the public feeling, he will probably be the object of attacks. Having thus wronged himself, he cannot be considered as a filial son, although he treats his parents every day to luxurious meals.

ON MOURNING FOR ONE'S PARENTS.

Confucius said: “When a filial son loses his parent, he, of course, cannot help crying piteously. He cannot feel happy when he hears music. He will have no appetite for food, however tempting a savory. He will greet no visitor, have no regard for elegance of speech, and will put on a mourning-dress instead of a beautiful one. All these tell us the extent of his sorrow for his lost parent.”

What is meant by the saying that he must try to eat something after three days from the death of his parent,

though he has no appetite for it? It teaches us that although we have to show great sorrow for the dead, yet we must not sacrifice ourselves on their account, and that we must not carry self-mortification so far as to destroy our life. This is the doctrine laid down by good men of old. That mourning only extends to the period of three years shows that there is a limit for our sorrow.

For the corpse we make a coffin and some clothes. We set forth the sacrificial vessels, and at the sight of them grief breaks forth afresh. The women beat their breasts, the men stamp their feet, and with weeping and wailing escort the coffin to its resting-place. For its burial we buy a well-drained ground. In memory of our deceased parent we build a shrine. For the purpose of showing our remembrance we offer sacrifices every spring and autumn.

When our parents are alive, we should treat them with love and respect. When they are dead, we should have sorrow for them. By doing so we shall have performed the duty of mankind, and have done what ought to be done by a filial son, and by the living to the dead.

From the twenty-four examples of filial duty; this is Example XIII:

FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE HE WOULD BURY HIS CHILD.

In the days of the Han dynasty lived Kuo Chu, who was very poor. He had one child three years old; and such was his poverty that his mother usually divided her portion of food with this little one. Kuo says to his wife: "We are so poor that our mother cannot be supported, for the child divides with her the portion of food that belongs to her. Why not bury this child? Another child may be born to us, but a mother, once gone, will never return." His wife did not venture to object to the proposal, and Kuo immediately digs a hole about three cubits deep, when suddenly he lights upon a pot of gold, and on the metal reads the following

inscription: "Heaven bestows this treasure upon Kuo Chu, the dutiful son; the magistrate may not seize it, nor shall the neighbors take it from him."

What a foolish action, that the sage Kuo should be willing to bury his own child! Fearing lest his mother should not have enough to eat, he is willing to resign his child to death; but when it is dead, what relief will there be for the grief of its affectionate grandmother? When a number of cares come at some future time, who then will be able to disperse them if the child is dead? But at this time the reflection that his mother would be in want filled his breast with grief, and he had no time to think of the future when he would be childless. Heaven having given him a dutiful mind, caused him to take a light hoe for digging the earth. Together Kuo and his wife went, sorrowing and distressed, by the way, until they came to a very hilly place, where they stopped. Having dug into the ground, suddenly a gleam of light shot forth, and the pot of yellow gold which Heaven had deposited there was seen. Taking it up, they clasped their child with ecstasy in their arms and returned home; for now they had sufficient to support their whole family in plenty.

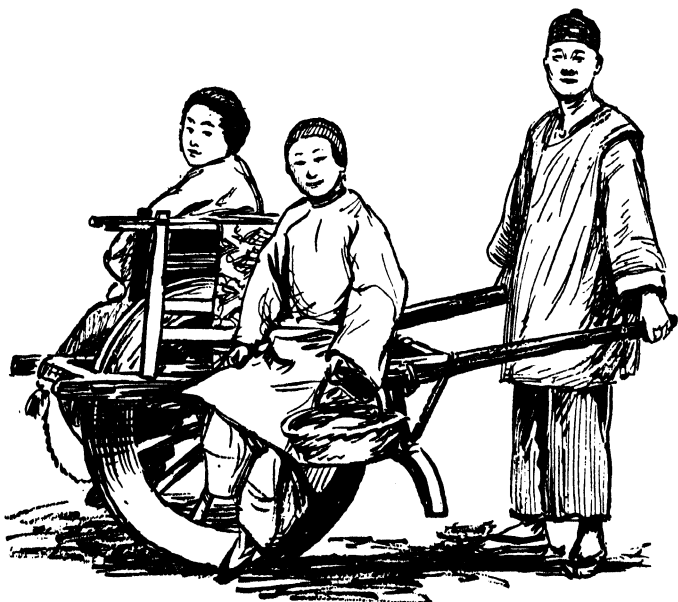
This is Example xx:

WU MENG FED THE MOSQUITOES.

Wu Meng, a lad eight years of age, who lived in the Chin dynasty, was very dutiful to his parents. They were so poor that they could not afford to furnish their beds with mosquito-curtains; and every summer night myriads of mosquitoes attacked them without restraint, feasting upon their flesh and blood. Although there were so many, yet Wu would not drive them away from himself, lest they should go to his parents and annoy them. Such was his filial affection!

The buzzing of the mosquitoes sounds like *ying, ying*, and their united hum is almost equal to thunder. His tired parents are reclining on their bed, their counte-

nances already sunk in slumber. Legions of mosquitoes fiercely attack them, alternately retreating and advancing. The insects disturb the dreaming sleepers, and with annoyance they toss from side to side. Wu sees them sucking his parents' blood, which causes his heart to grieve; his flesh, he thinks, can be easily pierced, but that of his parents is hard to penetrate. Lying on the bed, he threw off his clothes, and soon feeling the pain of their attacks, he cried: "I have no dread of you, nor have you any reason to fear me; although I have a fan, I will not use it, nor will I strike you with my hand. I will lie very quietly, and let you gorge to the full."



ONE MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION



CHAPTER IV

TAOISM AND CHUANG-TSE

LAO-TSE. Of the philosopher who bears the name of Lao-tse, there is but a scant amount of reliable information existing, though tomes almost without number have been written concerning him. Even the best of Chinese scholars feel that most of the traditionary information is false, but they recognize the vast influence in China, second only to that of Confucius, which the philosophy attributed to him has exerted. Without attempting to separate the true from the false or even the supernatural from the real, the following brief account will give the substance of popular belief.

He was born in 604 B. C., fifty-four years before Confucius. His father was seventy and his mother forty at the time they were married, and their god-like son, the incarnation of a shooting star, was eighty years in his mother's

womb. His family name was *Li*, which means *plum*, and his child-name of *Ehr*, meaning *ear*, alluded to the remarkable size of his ears. Having attained the age of one hundred nineteen years, he departed from China toward the west on the back of a black buffalo and was seen no more.

He early attained fame as a wise and holy man, and his teachings attracted Confucius, who went to visit him only to be sharply reproved for his ostentation and piously recommended to search for truth. His writing is confined to the *Tao Te Ching*, or "Book of the Way and Virtue," a philosophical treatise which contains many pithy sayings and sound principles interspersed with vague and unintelligible passages, devoutly praised, but upon whose meaning even the learned Chinese doctors disagree.

The reader can extract the supernatural element from the above account. The Chinese critics doubt the authenticity of the *Tao Te Ching*, and Confucius nowhere mentions a visit to Lao-tse, nor even mentions his name. What is left may be accepted as reasonably veracious!

The following extracts are from the supposed writings of Lao-tse:

The World has a First Cause, which may be regarded as the Mother of the World. When one has the Mother, one can know the Child. He who knows the Child and still keeps the Mother, though his body perish, shall run no risk of harm.

It is the Way of Heaven not to strive, and yet it knows how to overcome; not to speak, and yet it knows how to obtain a response; it calls not, and things come of themselves; it is slow to move, but excellent in its designs.

Heaven's net is vast; though its meshes are wide, it lets nothing slip through.

The Way of Heaven is like the drawing of a bow: it brings down what is high and raises what is low.

It is the Way of Heaven to take from those who have too much, and give to those who have too little. But the way of man is not so. He takes away from those who have too little, to add to his own superabundance. What man is there that can take of his own superabundance and give it to mankind? Only he who possesses Tao.

The Tao of Heaven has no favorites. It gives to all good men without distinction.

On lowliness and humility:

All things in Nature work silently. They come into being and possess nothing. They fulfill their functions and make no claim.

When merit has been achieved, do not take it to yourself; for if you do not take it to yourself, it shall never be taken from you.

Follow diligently the Way in your own heart, but make no display of it to the world.

Keep behind, and you shall be put in front; keep out, and you shall be kept in.

Goodness strives not, and therefore it is not rebuked.

He that humbles himself shall be preserved entire. He that bends shall be made straight. He that is empty shall be filled. He that is worn out shall be renewed. He who has little shall succeed. He who has much shall go astray.

On war:

The good man wins a victory and then stops; he will not go on to acts of violence. Winning, he boasteth not;

he will not triumph; he shows no arrogance. He wins because he cannot choose; after his victory he will not be overbearing.

Weapons, however beautiful, are instruments of ill omen, hateful to all creatures. Therefore he who has Tao will have nothing to do with them.

A few antitheses:

Those who are wise have no wide range of learning; those who range most widely are not wise.

Among mankind, the recognition of beauty as such implies the idea of ugliness, and the recognition of good implies the idea of evil.

He who acts, destroys; he who grasps, loses.

Extreme straightness is as bad as crookedness. Extreme cleverness is as bad as folly. Extreme fluency is as bad as stammering.

Those who know do not speak; those who speak do not know.

A variety of colors makes man's eye blind; a diversity of sounds makes man's ear deaf; a mixture of flavors makes man's palate dull.

If you would contract, you must first expand. If you would weaken, you must first strengthen. If you would overthrow, you must first raise up. If you would take, you must first give.

Clay is molded into a vessel; the utility of the vessel depends on its hollow interior. Doors and windows are cut out in order to make a house; the utility of the house depends on the empty spaces.

II. TAO. Tao is the "Way." Those who know what it is do not tell: those who tell do not know. The way upon which you can walk is not the "Way." The "Way" is everywhere, without beginning, without end. It cannot be heard, nor seen, nor spoken. The "Way" is not too small for the greatest, nor too great for

the least. Everything is enclosed within it; its capacity boundless, its depth unfathomable. Not by deep thought can Tao be known. By resting absolute, Tao may be approached; by never following nor pursuing Tao may be attained.

Such in substance are the words of Lao-tse and his disciples, and from such statements it appears that Tao is the great primary intelligence or animating principle of the spiritual and material world, which may be attained only by quiescence and perfect adaptation to environment.

Among the short poems of the Great Po Ch'u-i are the following, which were inspired by the philosophy of Lao-tse. These stanzas are taken from a poem which has as its text the words of Chuang-tse: "Tao gives me this toil in manhood, this repose in old age, this rest in death:"

Swiftly and soon the golden sun goes down,
The blue sky wells afar into the night;
Tao is the changeful world's environment,
Happy are they that in its laws delight.

Tao gives me toil—youth's passion to achieve,
And leisure in life's autumn and decay:
I follow Tao,—the seasons are my friends;
Opposing it, misfortune comes my way.

Within my breast no sorrows can abide,
I feel the great world's spirit through me thrill;
And as a cloud I drift before the wind,
Or with the random swallow take my will.

As underneath the mulberry tree I dream,
The water-clock drips on, and dawn appears :
A new day shines o'er wrinkles and white hair,
The symbols of the fullness of my years.

If I depart, I cast no look behind ;
If still alive, I still am free from care.
Since life and death in cycles come and go,
Of little moment are the days to spare.

Thus strong in faith I wait and long to be
One with the pulsings of Eternity.

III. TAOISM. The object of Lao-tse's philosophy or religion is to lead a soul to immortality through perfect tranquility, the contemplation of God and the control of the passions. The progress of the soul is slow and through countless transmigrations and different incarnations. As this meant the renunciation of wishes, honors and family ties, it could not be popular with the wealthy and powerful. The original moral code was high, including the great principles of charity, benevolence and virtue, but at the same time recognizing the free will and responsibility of man.

The more ardent devotees formed sects of mystics, like those which thrived in Egypt, and the later mystics have debased the system and added many superstitious practices. They pretend to divine ; they study alchemy, invoke the spirits, defend themselves from death, and are received bodily into heaven. Gods and goddesses without number were added to the worship, which in time was joined with Bud-

dhistic rites till the two became inseparable. Monasteries and nunneries were founded and maintained by bringing infants and small children from needy parents and educating them into the faith while they were kept from the world by force. The natural result of such practices was to make the sect inconceivably corrupt. Pure Buddhism was lost by this alliance, and while the religion still exists in China it is so deformed in its amalgamation with Taoism that it is inadvisable to consider it here.

IV. LIEH-TSE. We know very little of this great student, philosopher and follower of Lao-tse except from his writings and the frequent mention of him by Chuang-tse. Some Chinese have considered him as a wholly imaginary personage, but others contend that he was living about 400 B. C. and that the writings from which we make a few selections were veritably his own:

Between his birth and his latter end, man passes through four chief stages of development: infancy, adolescence, old age and death. In infancy, the vital force is concentrated, the will is simple, and the general harmony of the system is perfect. External objects produce no injurious impression, and to the moral nature nothing can be added. In adolescence, the animal passions are wildly exuberant, the heart is filled with rising desires and preoccupations. The man is open to attack by the objects of sense, and thus his moral nature becomes enfeebled. In old age, his desires and preoccupations have lost their keenness, and the bodily frame seeks for repose. External objects no longer hold the first place

in his regard. In this state, though not attaining to the perfection of infancy, he is already different from what he was in adolescence. In death, he comes to his rest, and returns to the Absolute.

Mr. Kuo of the Ch'i State was very rich, while Mr. Hsiang of the Sung State was very poor. The latter traveled from Sung to Ch'i and asked the other for the secret of his prosperity. Mr. Kuo told him: "It is because I am a good thief," he said. "The first year I began to be a thief, I had just enough. The second year, I had ample. The third year, I reaped a great harvest. And, in course of time, I found myself the owner of whole villages and districts." Mr. Hsiang was overjoyed; he understood the word "thief" in its literal sense, but he did not understand the true way of becoming a thief. Accordingly, he climbed over walls and broke into houses, grabbing everything he could see or lay hands upon. But before very long his thefts brought him into trouble, and he was stripped even of what he had previously possessed. Thinking that Mr. Kuo had basely deceived him, Hsiang went to him with a bitter complaint. "Tell me," said Mr. Kuo, "how did you set about being a thief?" On learning from Mr. Hsiang what had happened, he cried out: "Alas and alack! You have been brought to this pass because you went the wrong way to work. Now let me put you on the right track. We all know that Heaven has its seasons, and that earth has its riches. Well, the things that I steal are the riches of Heaven and Earth, each in their season—the fertilizing rain-water from the clouds, and the natural products of mountain and meadow-land. Thus I grow my grain and ripen my crops, build my walls and construct my tenements. From the dry land I steal winged and four-footed game, from the rivers I steal fish and turtles. There is nothing that I do not steal. For corn and grain, clay and wood, birds and beasts, fishes and turtles are all products of Nature. How can I claim them as mine?"

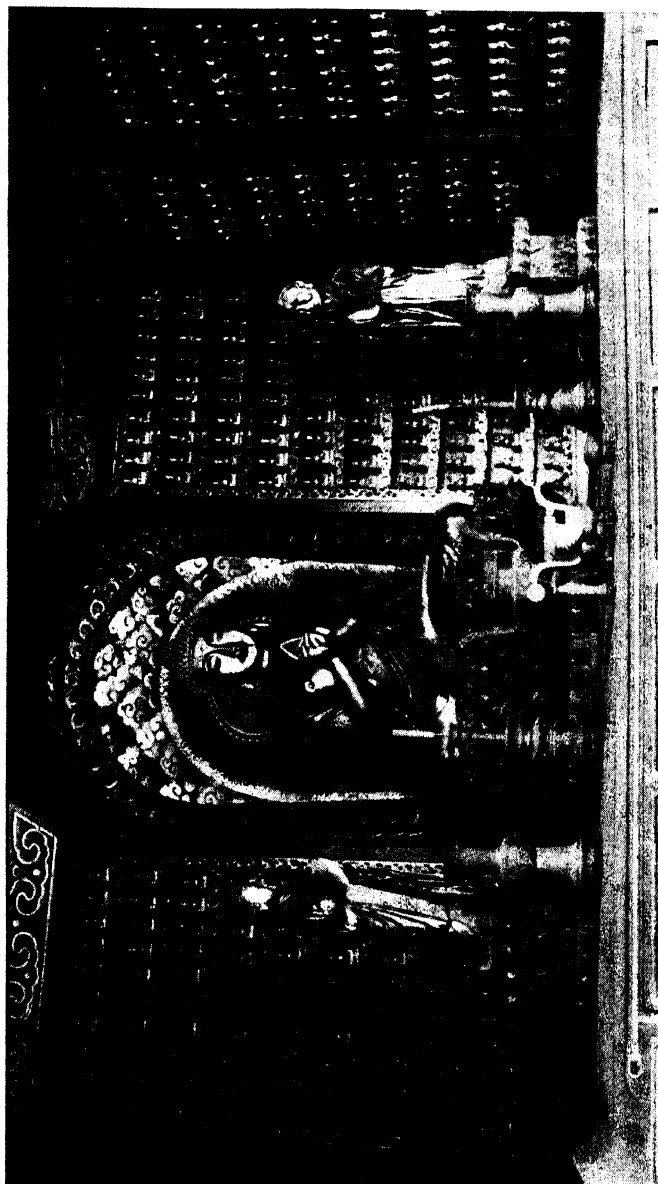
The following shows the belief the Taoists had concerning the influence of the human mind over animate creation :

There was once a man, a sailor by profession, who was very fond of sea-gulls. Every morning he went into the sea and swam about in their midst, at which times a hundred gulls and more would constantly flock about him.

One day his father said to him: "I am told that sea-gulls swim about with you in the water. I wish you would catch one or two for me to make pets of." On the following day, the sailor went down to the sea as usual, but lo! the gulls only wheeled about in the air and would not alight.

This extract shows vividly the belief in the virtue of repose :

Yang-li Hua-tse, of the Sung State, was afflicted in middle age by the disease of amnesia. Anything he received in the morning he had forgotten by the evening; anything he gave away in the evening he had forgotten the next morning. Out-of-doors, he forgot to walk; indoors, he forgot to sit down. At any given moment, he had no recollection of what had just taken place; and a little later on, he could not even recollect what had happened then. All his family were perfectly disgusted with him. Fortune-tellers were summoned, but their divinations proved unsuccessful; wizards were sought out, but their exorcisms were ineffectual; physicians were called in, but their remedies were of no avail. At last, a learned professor from the Lu State volunteered his services, declaring that he could effect a cure. Hua-tse's wife and family immediately offered him half their landed property if only he would tell them how to set to work. The professor replied: "This is a case which cannot be dealt with by means of auspices and diagrams; the evil cannot be removed by prayers and incantations,



INTERIOR OF BUDDHIST TEMPLE, NEAR PEKING

nor successfully combated by drugs and potions. What I shall try to do is to influence his mind and turn the current of his thoughts; in that way a cure is likely to be brought about."

Accordingly, the experiment was begun. The professor exposed his patient to cold, so that he was forced to beg for clothes; subjected him to hunger, so that he was fain to ask for food; left him in darkness, so that he was obliged to search for light. Soon, he was able to report progress to the sons of the house, saying gleefully: "The disease can be checked. But the methods I shall employ have been handed down as a secret in my family, and cannot be made known to the public. All attendants must, therefore, be dismissed, and I must be shut up alone with my patient." The professor was allowed to have his way, and for the space of seven days no one knew what was going on in the sick man's chamber. Then, one fine morning, the treatment came to an end, and, wonderful to relate, the disease of so many years' standing had entirely disappeared!

No sooner had Hua-tse regained his senses, however, than he flew into a great rage, drove his wife out of doors, beat his sons, and, snatching up a spear, hotly pursued the professor through the town. On being arrested and asked to explain his conduct, this is what he said: "Lately, when I was steeped in forgetfulness, my senses were so benumbed that I was quite unconscious of the existence of the outer world. But now I have been brought suddenly to a perception of the events of half a lifetime. Preservation and destruction, gain and loss, sorrow and joy, love and hate have begun to throw out their myriad tentacles to invade my peace; and these emotions will, I fear, continue to keep my mind in the state of turmoil that I now experience. Oh! if I could but recapture a short moment of that blessed oblivion that so lately was my lot!"

Patience and thoughtfulness are exemplified in this passage:

Lieh-tse learned archery and, when he was able to hit the target, he asked the opinion of Kuan Yin-tse on his shooting. "Do you know *why* you hit the target?" said Kuan Yin-tse. "No, I do not," was the reply. "Then you are not good enough yet," rejoined Kuan Yin-tse. Lieh-tse withdrew and practiced for three years, after which he again presented himself. Kuan Yin-tse asked, as before: "Do you know *why* you hit the target?" "Yes," said Lieh-tse, "I do." "In that case, all is well. Hold that knowledge fast, and do not let it slip."

And kindness toward animals is inculcated by this story:

The good people of Han-tan were in the habit, every New Year's day, of presenting their Governor, Chien-tse with a number of live pigeons. This pleased the Governor very much, and he liberally rewarded the donors. To a stranger who asked the meaning of the custom, Chien-tse explained that the release of living creatures on New Year's day was the sign of a benevolent disposition. "But," rejoined the stranger, "the people being aware of your Excellency's whim, no doubt exert themselves to catch as many pigeons as possible, and large numbers must get killed in the process. If you really wish to let the birds live, the best way would be to prohibit the people from capturing them at all. If they have to be caught first in order to be released, the kindness does not compensate for the cruelty." Chien-tse acknowledged that he was right.

Mr. T'ien, of the Ch'i State, was holding an ancestral banquet in his hall, to which a thousand guests were bidden. As he sat in their midst, many came up to him with presents of fish and game. Eying them approvingly, he exclaimed with unction: "How generous is Almighty God to man! He makes the five kinds of grain to grow, and creates the finny and the feathered

tribes, especially for our benefit." All of Mr. T'ien's guests applauded this sentiment to the echo; but the twelve-year-old son of a Mr. Pao, regardless of seniority, came forward and said: "You are wrong, my lord. All the living creatures of the universe stand in the same category as ourselves, and one is of no greater intrinsic value than another. It is only by reason of size, strength or cunning that some particular species gains the mastery, or that one preys upon another. None of them are produced in order to subserve the uses of others. Man catches and eats those that are fit for food, but how can it be maintained that God creates these expressly for man's use? Mosquitoes and gnats suck man's blood, and tigers and wolves devour his flesh; but we do not therefore assert that God created man expressly for the benefit of mosquitoes and gnats, or to provide food for tigers and wolves."

V. CHUANG-TSE. Among the half-dozen noted Chinese writers on Taoism, Chuang-tse stands unquestionably first, and in the Chinese world of letters he occupies a high position as the author of a thoughtful treatise of great literary beauty. Portions of this work are lost, and in the part that has been preserved there are many passages that probably were written by later authors.

He was born in the fourth century before our era, and while he held some unimportant government offices the great purpose of his life was to advance the doctrines of Lao-tse and controvert those of Confucius. The teachings of the new sect made way slowly among the hard-headed Chinese, whose lives were of the active kind and had little of that restfulness of spirit that according to Lao-tse was the

only way to immortality. Moreover, the disciple carried the work of the master so much further that it became more mystical and less intelligible to the unthoughtful.

The following extract is taken from a familiar chapter:

Those who dream of the feast, wake to tribulation and grief; those who dream of tribulation and grief, wake to join in the hunt. While they are dreaming they have no notion that they are dreaming. Some even dream that they dream, and only when they awake do they know that it was all a dream. At last the Great Awakening teaches us that life itself is merely a larger dream. Those that think themselves awake and think they know whether they be prince or peasant are fools. Confucius and you are both dreams, and I who say you are dreams—I am but a dream myself.

The following in a different vein contains Chuang's reply to the officials sent to invite him to become the ruler of one of the states. At the time he received the invitation he was fishing in a river, and without in the least interrupting his sport he said:

"I have heard that in your capital there is a tortoise that has been dead these three thousand years and that now the prince keeps its remains carefully enclosed in a chest on the altar of his ancestral temple. Now would this tortoise rather be dead and venerated, or be alive and wagging its tail in the mud?" "It would prefer to be alive," replied the messengers. "Go!" exclaimed Chuang, "I, too, will wag my tail in the mud."

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When Chuang-tse's wife died, Hui-tse went to condole. He found the widower sitting on the ground,

singing, with his legs spread out at a right angle, and beating time on a bowl.

"To live with your wife," exclaimed Hui-tse, "and see your eldest son grow up to be a man, and then not to shed a tear over her corpse,—this would be bad enough. But to drum on a bowl, and sing; surely this is going too far."

"Not at all," replied Chuang-tse. "When she died, I could not help being affected by her death. Soon, however, I remembered that she had already existed in a previous state before birth, without form, or even substance; that while in that unconditioned condition, substance was added to spirit; that this substance then assumed form; and that the next stage was birth. And now, by virtue of a further change, she is dead, passing from one phase to another like the sequence of spring, summer, autumn and winter. And while she is thus lying asleep in Eternity, for me to go about weeping and wailing would be to proclaim myself ignorant of these natural laws. Therefore I refrain."

As Chuang neared his end, some of his followers spoke of giving him a showy funeral, but he admonished them:

"With heaven and earth for my coffin, and the sun, moon and stars as my burial robes and with all creation to follow me to the grave, is not my funeral finery already prepared?" "We are afraid the carrion birds will eat the body of our Master," they urged. Chuang-tse replied, "Above ground I shall be the food of kites; below, I shall be food for ants and worms. Why should you rob one to feed the other?"

Chuang-tse believed in making every point of importance in as many ways as possible and in fixing it in the mind of his readers by a wealth of illustrations and anecdotes often

broadened into fine dialogues between real or imaginary persons. The following are specimens of his work:

When Lao-tse died, Ch'in Shih went to mourn. He uttered three yells and departed.

A disciple asked him, saying: "Were you not our Master's friend?"

"I was," replied Ch'in Shih.

"And if so, do you consider that a sufficient expression of grief at his loss?" added the disciple.

"I do," said Ch'in Shih. "I had believed him to be the man of all men, but now I know that he was not. When I went in to mourn, I found old persons weeping as if for their children, young ones wailing as if for their mothers. And for him to have gained the attachment of those people in this way, he too must have uttered words which should not have been spoken, and dropped tears which should not have been shed, thus violating eternal principles, increasing the sum of human emotion, and forgetting the source from which his own life was received. The ancients called such emotions the trammels of mortality. The Master came, because it was his time to be born; he went, because it was his time to die. For those who accept the phenomenon of birth and death in this sense, lamentation and sorrow have no place. The ancients spoke of death as of God cutting down a man suspended in the air. The fuel is consumed, but the fire may be transmitted, and we know not that it comes to an end."

Chuang-tse one day saw an empty skull, bleached, but still preserving its shape. Striking it with his riding-whip, he said: "Wert thou once some ambitious citizen whose inordinate yearnings brought him to this pass?—some statesman who plunged his country into ruin and perished in the fray?—some wretch who left behind him a legacy of shame?—some beggar who died in the pangs of hunger and cold? Or didst thou reach this state by the natural course of old age?"

When he had finished speaking, he took the skull and, placing it under his head as a pillow, went to sleep. In the night he dreamt that the skull appeared to him and said: "You speak well, sir; but all you say has reference to the life of mortals, and to mortal troubles. In death there are none of these. Would you like to hear about death?"

Chuang-tse having replied in the affirmative, the skull began: "In death there is no sovereign above, and no subject below. The workings of the four seasons are unknown. Our existences are bounded only by eternity. The happiness of a king among men cannot exceed that which we enjoy."

Chuang-tse, however, was not convinced, and said: "Were I to prevail upon God to allow your body to be born again, and your bones and flesh to be renewed, so that you could return to your parents, to your wife, and to the friends of your youth,—would you be willing?"

At this the skull opened its eyes wide and knitted its brows and said: "How should I cast aside happiness greater than that of a king, and mingle once again in the toils and troubles of mortality?"

VI. YANG CHU. A philosopher of an entirely different type was Yang Chu, who lived about 300 B. C. He did not believe in the teachings of Confucius nor was he a follower of Lao-tse, but he hewed out a way of his own. He was pessimistic in his outlook, cynical and witty in his speech. He denied a ruling spirit, believed in no rites and ceremonies, sought neither signs nor marvels. Materialistic in the extreme, he was so much in opposition to the people of his times that his friendships were not numerous and he gained few followers; yet he was a wise man, a profound thinker, a natural leader.

He was utterly indifferent to virtue, civic or personal, and considered life as a mere means of expression of one's natural tastes and desires. To him the joy in life was sensuous and indulgence in it laudable. To the Christian commentators he is an evil genius, a detestable teacher of vile doctrines. Yet withal, his conduct appears to have been irreproachable, although his doctrines resemble the extreme forms of epicureanism, which subject is treated later in these volumes.

The following selections are from his *Garden of Pleasure*, and illustrate his style rather than the extreme tenets of his philosophy.

Allow the ear to hear what it likes, the eye to see what it likes, the nose to smell what it likes, the mouth to say what it likes, the body to enjoy the comforts it likes to have, and the mind to do what it likes.

Now what the ear likes to hear is music, and the prohibition of it is what I call obstruction to the ear.

What the eye likes to look at is beauty; and its not being permitted to regard this beauty I call obstruction of sight.

What the nose likes to smell is perfume; and its not being permitted to smell I call obstruction to scent.

What the mouth likes to talk about is right and wrong; and if it is not permitted to speak I call it obstruction of the understanding.

The comforts the body enjoys to have are rich food and fine clothing; and if it is not permitted, then I call that obstruction of the senses of the body.

What the mind likes is to be at peace; and its not being permitted rest I call obstruction of the mind's nature.

All these obstructions are a source of the most painful vexation.

Morbidly to cultivate this cause of vexation, unable to get rid of it, and so have a long but very sad life of a hundred, a thousand, or ten thousand years, is not what I call cherishing life.

But to check this source of obstruction and with calm enjoyment to await death for a day, a month, or a year or ten years, is what I understand by enjoying life.

Tuan-mu-Shu of Wei was descended from K'ung-tse. He had a patrimony of ten thousand gold pieces.

Indifferent to the chances of life, he followed his own inclinations.

What the heart delights in he would do and delight in: with his walls and buildings, pavilions, verandas, gardens, parks, ponds and lakes, wine and food, carriages, dresses, women and attendants, he would emulate the princes of Chi and Chu in luxury.

Whenever his heart desired something, or his ear wished to hear something, his eye to see or his mouth to taste, he would procure it at all costs, though the thing might only be had in a far-off country, and not in the kingdom of Chi.

When on a journey the mountains and rivers might be ever so difficult and dangerous to pass, and the roads ever so long, he would still proceed just as men walk a few steps.

A hundred guests were entertained daily in his palace. In the kitchens there were always fire and smoke, and the vaults of his hall and peristyle incessantly resounded with songs and music. The remains from his table he divided first among his clansmen. What they left was divided among his fellow-citizens, and what these did not eat was distributed throughout the kingdom.

When Tuan-mu-Shu reached the age of sixty, and his mind and body began to decay, he gave up his household and distributed all his treasures, pearls and gems, carriages and dresses, concubines and female attendants. Within a year he had disposed of his fortune, and to his offspring he had left nothing. When he fell

ill, he had no means to buy medicines and a stone lancet, and when he died, there was not even money for his funeral. All his countrymen who had benefited by him contributed money to bury him, and gave back the fortune of his descendants.

When Ch'in-ku-li heard of this he said:

"Tuan-mu Shu was a fool, who brought disgrace to his ancestors."

When Tuan Kan-sheng heard of it he said:

"Tuan-mu Shu was a wise man; his virtue was much superior to that of his ancestors. The commonsense people were shocked at his conduct, but it was in accord with the right doctrine. The excellent man of Wei only adhered to propriety. They surely had not a heart like his."

A common saying of the Chou time is:

"Can a husbandman sit down and rest?

"At dawn he sets out, and at night returns.

"This he considers the perpetual course of human nature.

"He eats coarse fare, which seems to him to be great delicacies. His skin and joints are rough and swollen, and his sinews and joints thickened and swollen. If he could live for one day clothed in smooth furs, in a silken tent, and eat meat and millet, orchids and oranges, he would grow sick at heart and his body would grow weak and his interior fire cause him to fall ill.

"If on the other hand the Prince of Shang or Lu were to try to cultivate the land like the farmer it would not be long before they would both be utterly worn out. Yet each one says: In the world there is nothing better than these our comforts and delights."

There was one old farmer of Sung who never wore anything else than coarse hempen clothes; even for the winter he had no others. In spring, when cultivating the land, he warmed himself in the sunshine.

He did not know that there were such things as large mansions and winter apartments, brocade and silk, furs of fox and badger in the world.

Turning one day to his wife, he said :

"People do not know how pleasant it is to have warm sunshine on the back. I shall communicate this to our prince, and I am sure to get a rich present."

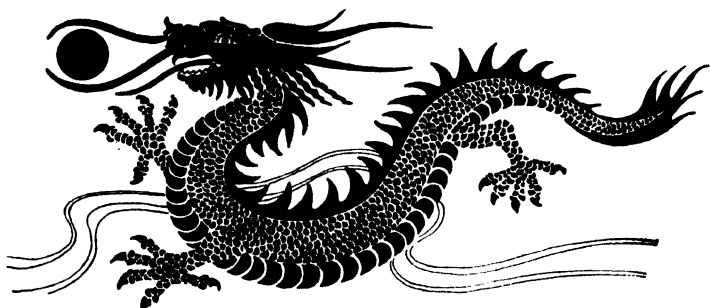
A rich man of the village said to him: "Once there was a man fond of big beans, hemp-stalks, cress and duckweed. He told the village elder of them. The village elder tasted them, and they burnt his mouth and gave him pains in his stomach.

"Everybody laughed, and was angry with the man, who felt much ashamed.

"Such a man do you resemble."



A LADY OF PEKIN



CHAPTER V

POETRY

AN ERRATIC SCHOOL. The Book of Odes still serves as a model for Chinese poetry, as it has served from the time it was written, if we may except a comparatively-brief period of about two hundred fifty years following the death of Confucius and extending to the second century before Christ. During the time mentioned the poets appear to have abandoned all the canons that would prescribe rhyme and regularity in meter and to have substituted in place of them but one law, namely, that poetry must merely suggest ideas, leaving to the reader the task of following them out. Stated thus, the rule would seem to mean that anything obscure is poetry. But the Chinese of that period wrote impassioned, with defiance of set rule, a something that expressed strong emotions vividly and beautifully. It was full of allusions and poetical imagery, abounded in allegory and was not tame prose. What shall it be called but poetry?

II. THE "LI SAO." Chu Yuan, who had fallen into disgrace with the Prince whom he had served loyally for many years, wrote the *Li Sao*, a name which might be translated freely "Falling into Trouble." This long poem begins by relating the youthful endeavors of the poet to become virtuous and to follow the precepts he had been taught. At a time of deep depression he went into a holy place to pray. As he sat in profound meditation there came to him one driving a great chariot drawn by dragons, and the latter, catching up the poet, bore him far beyond the bounds of earth, to prosecute his search for the ideal. The sun moved slowly to give him time, the moon brought her light to aid him and followed to aid his progress. Thus assisted and thus attended, he passed far beyond the bounds of time and space, even up to the mansion of God. Admission was denied him, but following the advice of a great magician he continued his search undaunted. In the midst of blazing clouds and sparkling rainbows, his tinkling chariot bore him along the Milky Way back to the earth and, in time, once more within sight of his native land; nowhere did he find his ideal.

Now was his discouragement doubled, the more so that his Prince still further dishonored him, and life itself lost its charm. One day he went sadly forth to the bank of a deep stream, where a fisherwoman recognized him and asked, "Are you not the Prince's favorite

minister? What has brought you to this?" "All the world is dishonest and vile, only I am clean; all the world is drunk, only I am sober. For this reason am I dismissed," answered the melancholy minister. But the fisherwoman reproved him in this manner: "If the world is foul, why not leap into the stream and cleanse it? If all men drink, why not join with them and lead them into temperance?" However, it was then too late for such advice to move Ch'u Yuan, who, after the fisherwoman had departed, seized a huge rock in his arms and leaped into the deep waters.

Ever since, the people on the anniversary of his death cast into the stream as an offering to his departed spirit tubes of bamboo filled with rice. The search for the body of Ch'u Yuan is symbolized in the modern festival of the dragon boat.

"The Spirit of the Hills," one of the songs of the *Li Sao*, has been translated thus:

Methinks there's a genius
Roams in the mountains,
Girdled with ivy
And robed in wistaria,
Lips ever smiling,
Of noble demeanor,
Driving the yellow pard,
Tiger-attended,
Couched in a chariot
With banners of cassia,
Cloaked with the orchid,
And crowned with azaleas;
Culling the perfume

Of sweet flowers, he leaves
 In the heart a dream-blossom,
 Memory haunting.
 But dark is the forest
 Where now is my dwelling,
 Never the light of day
 Reaches its shadow.
 Thither a perilous
 Pathway meanders.
 Lonely I stand
 On the lonelier hill-top,
 Cloudland beneath me
 And cloudland around me.
 Softly the wind bloweth,
 Softly the rain falls,
 Joy like a mist blots
 The thoughts of my home out;
 There none would honor me,
 Fallen from honors.
 I gather the larkspur
 Over the hillside,
 Blown mid the chaos
 Of boulder and bindweed;
 Hating the tyrant
 Who made me an outcast,
 Who of his leisure
 Now spares me no moment:
 Drinking the mountain spring,
 Shading at noon-day
 Under the cypress
 My limbs from the sun glare.
 What though he summon me
 Back to his palace,
 I cannot fall
 To the level of princes.
 Now rolls the thunder deep,
 Down the cloud valley,
 And the gibbons around me
 Howl in the long night.

The gale through the moaning trees
Fitfully rushes.
Lonely and sleepless
I think of my thankless
Master, and vainly would
Cradle my sorrow.

III. RETURNING TO FORM. Coincident with the rule of the famous Han dynasty, that is, from 260 B. C. to A. D. 220, a marked change in the nature of poetry was taking place. At the beginning of the epoch the erratic measures of the school of the *Li Sao* were popular, but poets soon began to go back to the "Book of Odes" for their models, and regular meters of four, five and seven words to a line began to appear. By the end of the period the art was reaching a development which culminated in the golden age of Chinese poetry.

IV. "THE SCHOLAR." The poet Emperor, Liu Heng, died 157 B. C., after a notable reign of twenty years, and is now known to the Chinese as "The Scholar," because of his great learning, and regarded by them as one of the shining lights of true filial piety. They say that for three long years he waited on his invalid mother so attentively that he never once had time to change his clothes! He was equally devoted to his father, the founder of the Han dynasty, and at the death of that Emperor he wrote a beautiful elegy, the substance of which is as follows:

I gaze about the house and see the curtains hanging there as of old, and upon the floor the familiar mat his

feet have trod, but nowhere is the man. His spirit has winged its way through the infinite depths of heaven, leaving me here bereft, uncared for, friendless, alone, with no solace but my scalding tears. On the hillside the deer lovingly offer to their young the succulent grasses; the birds bring dainty morsels of flesh to their young in the nest, but I am left heart-broken, an orphan with no hope of ever seeing his loved form again. It is grief that makes the deep marks upon my face and that has turned my hair to snow. O my father! May I never again stand by your side! Alas, where were the gods when death seized you!

V. WOMEN AS WRITERS. Among those who wrote poetry about the beginning of our era was the Lady Pan, the first of a long line of female poets who have graced the literature of China. She was an Emperor's favorite, but one who seems to have had the art of keeping her royal admirer at a proper distance. When displaced in the affections of the Emperor by a younger and more beautiful girl, she sent to him a round fan bearing an inscription that for poetic beauty is hard to excel. A paraphrase gives an inadequate notion of the charming lines, but it may indicate the happy idea the poetess conceived, as well as the delicate suggestiveness of Chinese poetry:

See! friendship makes for thee a fan, round as the silvery moon above, and from fair white silk that ne'er was used before, clear as ice and white and glistening as the wintry snow. Where'er you go, at home, abroad, may it stir for you the welcome, cooling, fragrant air! And yet, alas! I sadly fear that when the heat of summer has died into the chilling frost of autumn, this little

rounded fan will be laid neglected on the shelf, forgotten as are all the memories of the days gone by.

We cannot well pass this topic without mention of the educated and cultured women, who for centuries occupied in Chinese society a position not dissimilar to that held by the *hetaerae* of ancient Greece, but who have long since ceased to exist as a class. The histories show some of them to have possessed unusual accomplishments and many to have wielded a considerable influence in political affairs. Their biographies, of which there are many extant, show that they frequently wrote beautiful poetry and plays of considerable merit, in which, curiously enough, there appears nothing coarse or vulgar. In all the anthologies of poetry, space is given to the women writers, whose work seems always to have been regarded as of equal merit with that of the men. So many of these poetesses have there been and so numerous are their poems that we cannot hope to give any adequate conception of the many things they have accomplished even down to the present century.

VI. FROM 220 TO 600. A very long period, this, of four hundred years, marking an ebb in Chinese progress, especially in literature. There are, however, two groups of poets who lived and wrote in the early part of this epoch that deserve a few words, because of their popularity and notoriety among Chinese scholars.

First: The "Seven Scholars," who lived near the end of the second century after Christ, were all clever poets and brilliant men, but most of them were unfortunate in one way or another. One, with all his family, was put to death by the Emperor for political reasons; a second had to seek safety in flight; a third was executed for making love to a great general's favorite. It is related that one of them, desiring an interview with a famous statesman, advanced as a reason for admission that he was a relative. On this ground he gained his audience, and when the statesman inquired, "And what, pray, is the relationship between us?" the quick-witted poet replied, "My ancestor Confucius and your ancestor Lao-tse were friends; do we not then belong to the same family?"

Second: The "Seven Sages of the Bamboo Grove" was the self-imposed name of a club of rollicking, hard-drinking poets who lived during the third century. Some of the tales told of them are absurd in the extreme, and the wonder is that such wild fellows could find the time to study Chinese philosophy and write beautifully thereon. One, as he walked, asked for two servants to follow him, one bearing wine and a second a spade, to bury his master where he fell. When his wife prepared to make offerings for his reformation, he swallowed the sacrificial wines and reeled off worse than ever. A second, who was enormously tall, was executed as a traitor because

he had earned the enmity of some royal favorite, but he died calmly playing upon a lute and watching the shadows. A third lived in poverty on the opposite side of the road from wealthy relatives; when they, on the day for such ceremony, hung up their fine robes in the open air, the poet in derision hung up on his side a pair of the rough breeches that coolies wear. A fourth was the maker of wonderful harpsichords, and rose to a high command in the army only to abandon it for a place where he could have a better cook. The notable accomplishment of another was that he could look directly at the sun without blinking.

None of this group, however, seems to have had the capacity for drinking that is attributed to Wang Chi, a brilliant poet of the sixth century, whose familiar name was the "Five-Bottle Sage." In his *Land of Drunkenness* he says, among other things:

Thousands upon thousands of miles from the Celestial Kingdom lies this strange land, a vast, boundless, dead-level plain. Absolutely equable is the climate, with neither heat nor cold, nor day, nor night. The same monotony governs all the manners and customs. Celestial minds have all the inhabitants, who show neither love nor hate, joy nor grief. They eat none of the cereals, but sip the dew and inhale the breeze. With calm repose and halting gait they mingle among the birds and beasts and fishes, ignorant of men's weapons and implements, solitary. Many of the emperors, wise men, poets and scholars went there and were buried where they fell. That this pure and peaceful domain should come to be regarded as the sole property of the ancients became unbearable to me—and I went to it myself.

T'ao Ch'ien, who lived at the end of the fourth and beginning of the fifth century, is the best known and the most deserving of the poets of this long period. He was a poor boy, but because of his talents was given a profitable official appointment only to resign it in a few days because he could not afford to "bend the hinges of his back for five pecks of rice a day." Like many of his countrymen, he then went into retirement and spent the rest of his days in the cultivation of flowers, especially the chrysanthemum. The following prose is considered a masterpiece of style, and it has so great poetical merit that we quote from the translation of Mr. Giles:

Homewards I bend my steps. My fields, my gardens, are choked with weeds: should I not go? My soul has led a bondsman's life: why should I remain to pine? But I will waste no grief upon the past; I will devote my energies to the future. I have not wandered far astray. I feel that I am on the right track once again.

Lightly, lightly, speeds my boat along, my garments fluttering to the gentle breeze. I inquire my route as I go. I grudge the slowness of the dawning day. From afar I descry my old home, and joyfully press onwards in my haste. The servants rush forth to meet me; my children cluster at the gate. The place is a wilderness; but there is the old pine-tree and my chrysanthemums. I take the little ones by the hand, and pass in. Wine is brought in full jars, and I pour out in brimming cups. I gaze out at my favorite branches. I loll against the window in my new-found freedom. I look at the sweet children on my knee.

And now I take my pleasure in my garden. There is a gate, but it is rarely opened. I lean on my staff as I wander about or sit down to rest. I raise my head

and contemplate the lovely scene. Clouds rise, unwilling, from the bottom of the hills; the weary bird seeks its nest again. Shadows vanish, but still I linger around my lonely pine. Home once more! I'll have no friendships to distract me hence. The times are out of joint for me; and what have I to seek from men? In the pure enjoyment of the family circle I will pass my days, cheering my idle hours with lute and book. My husbandmen will tell me when spring-time is nigh, and when there will be work in the furrowed fields. Thither I shall repair by cart or by boat, through the deep gorge, over the dizzy cliff, trees bursting merrily into leaf, the streamlet swelling from its tiny source. Glad is this renewal of life in due season; but for me, I rejoice that my journey is over. Ah, how short a time it is that we are here! Why then not set our hearts at rest, ceasing to trouble whether we remain or go? What boots it to wear out the soul with anxious thoughts? I want not wealth, I want not power; heaven is beyond my hopes. Then let me stroll through the bright hours as they pass, in my garden among my flowers; or I will mount the hill and sing my song, or weave my verse beside the limpid brook. Thus will I work out my allotted span, content with the appointments of Fate, my spirit free from care.

VII. THE "GOLDEN AGE OF POETRY." Every people had its "golden age" back in the days of its antiquity, and in literature it is common to speak of a golden age in nearly every department. This stock phrase may be applied in the case of China to the three hundred years that terminated with the tenth century and is roughly coincident with the comparatively-short but brilliant rule of the T'ang dynasty. In 1907 a "complete" anthology of the poems written in this period was published, and it took thirty large volumes to contain the nearly

forty thousand poems. Prolific as the age was, it must not be remembered for that quality alone. It was poetry of a higher class than had been written earlier, and it has not since been excelled. In fact, from that epoch there was a steady reaction, a development into formalism that buried the spirit and life of the poets. It is well then to base our consideration of poetry largely upon the product of this age.

VIII. CHARACTERISTICS OF CHINESE POETRY. In the first place, length is not admired. There is no long narrative poem in the language, though a length of several hundred lines is sometimes achieved. Twelve lines is felt to be the right length, and the young poet is always advised that if he cannot deliver his message in twelve lines he better leave it unsaid. An eight-line poem is considered admirable, and a quatrain is the highest form of art.

As has been said, suggestiveness is the one great characteristic, the thing most sought by the aspiring poet. To so write that he shall set in motion in the mind of his readers a train of thought that will continue to the conclusion the poet has foreseen, is genius.

The Chinese language does not lend itself easily to lyric measures, and the poet is much handicapped by his limited choice in rhymes, for rhyming words are few and none can be new. The music of the lines depends more upon the variations in tone, which are the Chinese substitute for the rhythm of our verse.

The language admits of two tones, one or the other of which is represented by each character. Upon the pleasing arrangement of these depends the music.

The lines contain usually either five or seven syllables, arranged not in what we would know as the natural order of a sentence, but so that the two toned qualities shall be disposed systematically and if possible so as to produce rhyme. The result of this is a natural confusion of idea, so that much of the so-called "suggestiveness" of Chinese poetry may arise from necessity and be the result of obscurity rather than intent.

However, it must not be thought that no real poetry has been produced among the Chinese. Some of her artists have been able to manage the artificial restrictions so skillfully that they have made delightfully-musical compositions with a spirit and sentiment rarely excelled, much as our great poets have succeeded in writing under the strict handicap of the Italian sonnet.

Naturally there is little variety and much obscurity and unintelligibility for the foreign student. To him the epigrammatic little quatrains, or "stop-shorts," are the most entertaining. Here within the compass of twenty or twenty-eight words the poet suggests to the reader his idea expressed in musical language and beautiful imagery, and in the last line springs a climax or sudden change of thought that will run on in one's mind indef-

initely. It is our own epigram in Chinese dress.

When but ten years of age Li Po, who is noted below, wrote the following, which is thus translated by Mr. Giles:

TO A FIREFLY

Rain cannot quench thy lantern's light,
Wind makes it shine more brightly bright;
O why not fly to heaven afar,
And twinkle near the moon—a star?

IX. LI PO. China's greatest poet, if we accept the estimate of her people, is Li Po, who lived in the early part of the eighth century. As we have just seen, his genius appeared in his childhood, with but an earnest of what he could accomplish. Unfortunately, he was wild and dissipated beyond measure, and for a long time in retirement with five jolly companions he wrote verses and drank to his heart's content. Then his talent attracted the attention of the Emperor, and Li Po was brought to court, where for years he was the popular idol. Court beauties smiled upon him, and officials were willing to perform menial tasks for him, but while his prosperity did not deaden the fire of his poetic nature, it served to intensify his dissipations. In time he lost the favor of the Emperor and was banished from the court, and after many wanderings he was one evening on a drunken debauch in a boat. After writing a song to the moon, he tried to clasp that chaste luminary in his arms, but mistaking the reflec-

tion for the goddess herself, he fell into the water and was drowned. This, in substance, was his remarkable swan song:

In a flowery arbor I sit with a bottle of wine, companionless till the moon shines in and lights up my goblet and, casting my shadow on the floor, shows we are really a party of three.

The moon cannot take her share of the wine, and my shadow must follow me always, yet I'll borrow their friendship, carouse and be happy as long as the merry spring time permits. The moon shyly winks a reply to my song, and my shadow dances gayly beside me. While I'm sober you are my good friends, but when I reel along in drunkenness I reel alone. When next we meet 'twill be to part no more, for our next meeting will be in the sky.

Mr. Giles thus translates one of Li Po's beautiful quatrains:

The birds have all flown to their roost in the tree,
The last cloud has just floated lazily by;
But we never tire of each other, not we,
As we sit there together,—the mountains and I.

He offers us likewise the following as a fine example of the suggestive nature of the best poetry:

A tortoise I see on a lotus-flower resting:
A bird 'mid the reeds and the rushes is nesting:
A light skiff propelled by some boatman's fair daughter,
Whose song dies away o'er the fast-flowing water.

Cranmer-Byng gives the following versions of two beautiful lyrics:

THOUGHTS IN A TRANQUIL NIGHT

Athwart the bed
 I watch the moonbeams cast a trail
 So bright, so cold, so frail,
 That for a space it gleams
 Like hoar-frost on the margin of my dreams.
 I raise my head,—
 The splendid moon I see:
 Then droop my head,
 And sink to dreams of thee—
 My Fatherland, of thee!

DRIFTING

We cannot keep the gold of yesterday;
 To-day's dun clouds we cannot roll away.
 Now the long, wailing flight of geese brings autumn in
 its train,
 So to the view-tower cup in hand to fill and drink again,
 And dream of the great singers of the past,
 Their fadeless lines of fire and beauty cast.
 I too have felt the wild-bird thrill of song behind the bars,
 But these have brushed the world aside and walked amid
 the stars.

In vain we cleave the torrent's thread with steel,
 In vain we drink to drown the grief we feel;
 When man's desire with fate doth war thus, this avails
 alone—
 To hoist the sail and let the gale and the waters bear
 us on.

X. HAN YU. Statesman, philosopher and poet, Han Yu, or Han Wen-kung, as he is usually named, is regarded as one of the greatest of Chinese literary men. He was born in 768, and died before he was sixty, but in that time he rose from the humblest to the most

important position in the gift of the state. For protesting against the honors the Emperor was about to pay to a sacred relic in the shape of one of Buddha's bones, he was banished to a remote province. Wherever he went he carried with him the benediction of his noble character, and the peasants revered him as a holy saint. His banishment was not long, but upon his restoration to favor he began rapidly to decline, and died soon after from the effects of an arduous life upon his feeble frame. As an essayist he is almost without a peer, and as a poet his wit and humor still enliven many a dreary hour for the Chinese student. One of his contemporaries, himself a writer, said that he never opened one of the books of Han Yu until he had first washed his hands in rose-water.

XI. Po CHU-I. The great poet, Po Chu-i, was another of the infant prodigies for whom China seems famous. At seven months of age he was learning the written characters, at seventeen years he had graduated from the university and thereafter he rose quickly to important political positions. Like most of the statesmen, he suffered his period of banishment from imperial favor; during that time he shut himself up in his gardens at Hsiang-shan, and, surrounding himself by congenial companions, he thought and wrote. To him the Emperor paid the unique honor of engraving his poems upon tablets of stone and setting them up in the poet's garden.

One of his longer and more famous poems tells the story of the downfall of the Emperor Ming Huang, who, after beginning his rule in a most promising manner fell under the influence of a beautiful woman whom he made a concubine and with whom he gave himself up to the most riotous dissipations. To such lengths did he go that his soldiery rebelled, murdered the favorite, and, after driving the Emperor into exile allowed him to return only upon condition of his abdicating in favor of his son.

One of his sweetest poems tells the sorrowful tale of a lute-girl whom he met while in exile, and whose soul-stirring notes no less than her pathetic tale moved him to tears. Cranmer-Byng thus voices portions of the exquisite poem:

By night, beside the river, underneath
The flower-like maple leaves that bloom alone
In autumn's silent revels of decay,
We said farewell. The host, dismounting, sped
The parting guest whose boat rocked under him,
And when the circling stirrup-cup went round,
No light guitar, no lute, was heard again;
But on the heart aglow with wine there fell
Beneath the cold bright moon the cold adieu
Of fading friends—when suddenly beyond
The cradled waters stole the lullaby
Of some faint lute; then host forgot to go,
Guest lingered on: all, wondering at the spell,
Besought the dim enchantress to reveal
Her presence; but the music died and gave
No answer, dying. Then a boat shot forth
To bring the shy musician to the shore.

Cups were refilled and lanterns trimmed again,
And so the festival went on. At last,
Slow yielding to their prayers, the stranger came,
Hiding her burning face behind her lute;
And twice her hand essayed the strings, and twice
She faltered in her task; then tenderly,
As for an old sad tale of hopeless years,
With drooping head and fingers deft she poured
Her soul forth into melodies. Now slow
The plectrum led to prayer the cloistered chords,
Now loudly with the crash of falling rain,
Now soft as the leaf whispering of words,
Now loud and soft together as the long
Patter of pearls and seed-pearls on a dish
Of marble; liquid now as from the bush
Warbles the mango bird; meandering
Now as the streamlet seawards; voiceless now
As the wild torrent in the strangling arms
Of her ice-lover, lying motionless,
Lulled in a passion far too deep for sound.
Then as the water from the broken vase
Gushes, or on the mailed horseman falls
The anvil din of steel, as on the silk
The slash of rending, so upon the strings
Her plectrum fell. . . .

Then silence over us.

No sound broke the charmed air. The autumn moon
Swam silver o'er the tide, as with a sigh
The stranger stirred to go.

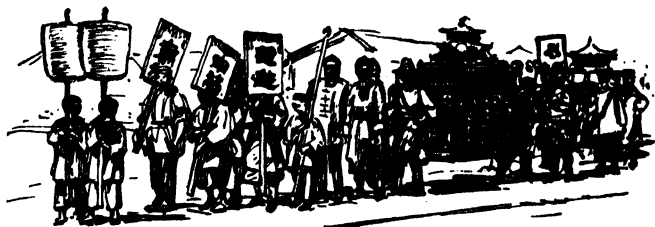
"I passed," said she,
"My childhood in the capital; my home
Was near the hills. A girl of twelve, I learnt
The magic of the lute, the passionate
Blending of lute and voice that drew the souls
Of the great masters to acknowledgment;
And lovely women, envious of my face,
Bowed at the shrine in secret. The young lords
Vied for a look's approval. One brief song
Brought many costly bales. Gold ornaments

And silver pins were smashed and trodden down,
And blood-red silken skirts were stained with wine
In oft-times echoing applause. And so
I laughed my life away from year to year
While the spring breezes and the autumn moon
Caressed my careless head. Then on a day
My brother sought the battles in Kansuh;
My mother died: nights passed and mornings came,
And with them waned my beauty. Now no more
My doors were thronged; few were the cavaliers
That lingered by my side; so I became
A trader's wife, the chattel of a slave
Whose lord was gold, who, parting, little recked
Of separation and the unhonored bride.
Since the tenth moon was full my husband went
To where the tea-fields ripen. I remained,
To wander in my little lonely boat
Over the cold bright wave o' nights, and dream
Of the dead days, the haze of happy days,
And see them set again in dreams and tears."

Already the sweet sorrows of her lute
Had moved my soul to pity; now these words
Pierced me the heart. "O lady fair," I cried,
"We are the vagrants of the world, and need
No ceremony to be friends. Last year
I left the Imperial City, banished far
To this plague-stricken spot, where desolation
Broods on from year to heavy year, nor lute
Nor love's guitar is heard. By marshy bank
Girt with tall yellow reeds and dwarf bamboos
I dwell. Night long and day no stir, no sound,
Only the lurking cuckoo's blood-stained note,
The gibbon's mournful wail. Hill songs I have,
And village pipes with their discordant twang.
But now I listen to thy lute methinks
The gods were parents to thy music. Sit
And sing to us again, while I engrave
Thy story on my tablets!" Gratefully

(For long she had been standing) the lute-girl
Sat down and passed into another song,
Sad and so soft, a dream, unlike the song
Of long ago. Then all her hearers wept
In sorrow unrestrained; and I the more,
Weeping until the pale chrysanthemums
Upon my darkened robe were starred with dew.

XII. CONCLUSION. It is impossible to give any suitable account of the hundreds of poets who have gained distinction in the centuries that have passed; for our purpose it is quite unnecessary. The unchanging nature of the Chinese is nowhere more clearly manifested than in their poetry. It might be said without much exaggeration that perhaps all Chinese are poets, and that Chinese poetry of the later periods is all alike. Almost unintelligible, at least difficult to understand and more difficult to translate, formal and conventionalized to the last degree, it will never exert any influence upon the West, nor give to the writers of other nations any themes of consequence. As a literary curiosity and an achievement of some beauty, it is worthy a little of our notice and passing thought.



A WEDDING PROCESSION



CHAPTER VI

THE DRAMA

ORIGIN. In the history of the drama in most countries it is quite possible to trace the development of dramatic compositions through early and simple religious plays to the finished product of the most enlightened age. China had from the earliest times of which we have any record her songs and her dances, but no performances which might be called dramatic. Nor did the Chinese drama seem to develop within her borders—rather was it introduced bodily from without. It does not seem to have existed before the time of the Mongol emperors, but then at once it is there in finished form, probably of foreign origin and introduced by the Mongols.

II. THE THEATER. Public theaters are to be found in all the large cities; in the country the plays are acted at the temples or in temporary booths in parks or roadways. The

public plays are like some modern music halls—a small charge is made for admission.

The stages are merely raised platforms with two doors at the rear, one for the entrance and one for the exit of the players. There is no scenery of any kind, no wings or flies or curtains. There are numerous stage properties and a manager of these who often explains the use of his properties. One brief play follows another without intermission, in most instances, so that those who speak of the interminable length of Chinese plays are usually mistaking a succession of entirely different plays for the acts of one long play. Sometimes plays are produced that last for several hours, but most of them do not exceed a half-hour in length. All the actors for a given play come upon the stage at once, and when through leave by the exit as their successors for the next play enter at the other door.

III. THE ACTORS. What the Chinese enjoy is a good actor and wonderful costumes. They care very little about the play. Most of the actors come from Peking; their language is quite unintelligible in the provinces, but this does not seem to affect their popularity. The actors are acrobats and contortionists, and in order to fit them for their arduous labors they are put through a severe course of physical training, beginning in early childhood and lasting for five or six years. Many become very popular, but in spite of the fact they are almost outcasts socially, and they and their



CHINESE THEATER

THE CHINESE ENJOY GOOD ACTORS AND WONDERFUL COSTUMES BUT THE STAGE SETTINGS ARE OF THE SIMPLEST KIND.

descendants for three generations are debarred from the public examinations. Their training extends to voice, diet and athletic performances, besides walking upon bandaged feet to imitate the mincing steps of the ladies, for since late in the eighteenth century no woman has been allowed upon the Chinese stage. The actors are graded according to ability into five classes, and their parts in the play assigned strictly upon merit.

Some of the things that are taken in all seriousness by a Chinese audience would seem utterly ludicrous to us. For an actor to be killed upon the stage and then calmly to get up and walk away occasions no surprise. In fact, the humor of one of the successful New York plays of a recent season depends upon just such funny things. For the stage director soberly to bring out a slender bamboo fishing pole and calmly adjust a silk thread about an actor's throat while the latter excitedly explains that he is hanging himself, may seem tragic to the Chinese, but it is an unrealistic scene to the average American audience. It is no less amusing to see him canter in laboriously on an imaginary horse, dismount, and tie the horse to an imaginary tree, and then begin a serious conversation with an excited companion who stands near.

Prompters are not allowed on the Chinese stage, and as the repertoire of an actor consists of from one to two hundred plays, his days cannot all be those of idleness.

IV. THE PLAYS. The Chinese do not divide their dramas into tragedies and comedies, but into two classes, according to the subject matter—historical plays and those dealing with everyday life, the latter usually of a farcical character. At first glance all of them seem weak in construction and quite lacking in plot, but in considering them we must think of each in a three-fold character. First, there is the play as it appears in the book, possible, clever, carefully written, wholly unobjectionable, as is Chinese poetry and literature generally. Second, there is the acting edition of the play, usually much abbreviated, filled with stage directions, but just as the actor must learn it. But, thirdly, there is the play as it is given from the stage, vastly different. Much of the actor's popularity depends upon his readiness to spring lively jokes and local witticisms. The liberty allowed in these additions to the actor's lines is so great that the play, perfectly innocuous as it was written, may become a thing of shame upon the stage.

There are above two thousand dramas published, about a fourth of which are considered fairly good. Still there is none really fine in poetry, and only a portion of any is in verse. Usually the lines are nothing but doggerel, and frequently are sung or recited. If not rhyming doggerel, the language is plain and commonplace, with none of the attempt to display passion or convey beautiful imagery through words, in the manner so characteristic of

Western nations. Many have been translated into English, and one of them is said to have served as the basis of a tragedy by Voltaire.

The Orphan of the Chao Family is a popular tragic performance, but the play cannot be called a tragedy, as we define the word, for while there is blood-letting enough to satisfy the most sanguinary, the hero comes out victorious and, it fairly may be supposed, lives happily ever after. In the early stages of the play the villain plots to destroy his rival and family, root and branch. For the purpose of killing him the plotting minister fixes up a dummy figure of a man and daily trains a savage dog to tear out the heart of a sheep concealed in the dummy. He succeeds in exterminating all the males, no less than three hundred in number, but the wife of his rival bears a son after the slaughter. This infant, the "Orphan" and hero of the play, is safely hidden while a faithful servant flees with a substitute child in his hands. The villain follows and with his own hand kills the strange infant, whereupon the servant promptly commits suicide, and the ruse is successful. After the lapse of years the "Orphan" returns, slays the evil minister and all his progeny and enters upon a prosperous career.

The Flower Ball is a light, "civil" play of the comedy type. The daughter of a high official has been asked by her father to marry the suitor who will be hit by a flower ball which she is to throw at a specified time from her

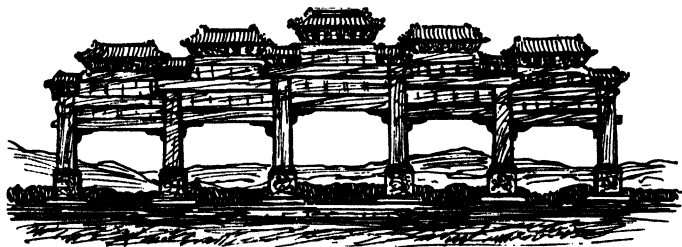
balcony. In spite of her many wealthy suitors, her affections are placed upon a beggar, and upon him she wishes the token to fall. By a stratagem of his guardian spirit, the beggar gains admission to the garden, and when the ball is thrown the spirit causes it to fall in the beggar's bowl. The humor of the piece is in the conversation of her discarded lovers, the gate-keeper and others.

The Story of a Guitar, first put upon the stage at the beginning of the eighteenth century, is a pathetic moral comedy, which is by many regarded as the finest in the language. It is about as long as one of Shakespeare's plays, and appears sometimes in twenty-two, sometimes in twenty-four scenes. It teaches filial piety, loyalty to the Emperor and the devotion of a second wife under humiliating circumstances. The original text, as written by Kao Tse-cheng, has been variously modified by successive editors, but it is understood to reflect the career of an intimate friend of the writer. The following is a brief outline of the story:

The hero is a brilliant young scholar who has just married a beautiful girl and is living with his parents after the usual custom. Much against his desires he is sent to the capital, to take his final degree and to seek government employment. His mother objects, but is overruled, though she cites an instance where another young man on a similar errand secures the position of governor of a workhouse only to find his parents, left to themselves, have become destitute and are inmates of the very institution over which he is called to preside.

Our hero is only too successful in his quest, and makes so deep an impression on the Emperor that he orders the young man to marry the daughter of a prominent minister. All objections on the part of the youth are set aside, and the marriage takes place, though the unwilling bridegroom by pathetic songs and in other ways shows how loyal he is to his first love.

Meantime, the parents at home are reduced to starvation, in spite of the heroic efforts of their daughter-in-law, and finally both of them die. To buy a coffin, the loyal wife is about to sell her long hair, when a friend intervenes to save her that disgrace. In endeavoring to bury the father and raise a mound over his grave, she falls in despair and while unconscious the Genius of the Hills, with the white monkey of the south and the black tiger of the north, build the tumulus. When the young wife returns to consciousness she resolves to set out for the capital to find her husband, but first she paints a picture of his parents, rolls it up, and then taking her guitar she sets out on her long journey. Arriving at the capital she loses the roll, and it is found by her husband, who takes it unopened to his home. After a series of incidents the first wife meets the second wife in the home of the latter, and the truth comes out. The second wife heroically brings about a reconciliation between the two lovers and with true piety contents herself with the second position in the household of three!



GATEWAY TO THE VALLEY OF THE MING TOMBS



CHAPTER VII

FICTION

IMPORTANCE OF STYLE. To the Chinese, style is everything, and style in their minds is governed by fixed rules that have endured for centuries. Literary canons are as changeless as the habits and customs of the people. The stories and the novels which conform to the principles of Chinese style are popular, no matter what plot or incident may be used. The way in which the story is told, not what constitutes the story, is the important thing.

Many of our novels have been translated into Chinese, but generally they have been failures, not because they were uninteresting, but because the style was worthless. Now, an American reader enjoys a good story, that is, one in which the plot is interesting, the characters well-drawn, the action dramatic, the incidents natural, the description vivid and the local coloring accurate, and he will forgive or even fail to notice inelegance in style. It is

this difference in mental attitude that makes it extremely difficult for an American to appreciate the translation of a Chinese novel or to understand why a given story should have been so popular in China. Style is usually lost in translation.

II. FICTION NOT LITERATURE. In the Chinese scheme of things neither fiction nor drama is regarded as real literature, and as a consequence many privileges are allowed to the story-writer which are taboo to him who would be known as poet, historian, essayist or philosopher. Nevertheless, the critics are severe upon the novelist, and the general reader condemns him for lack of style but permits him a considerable latitude in the nature of the things he writes. Accordingly, whatever there is of impurity and criticism is found in fiction and, as has been said, in the remarks interlarded with the text by the actor on the stage.

Possibly one reason for the attitude of the Chinese toward the novel is the fact that it is not indigenous to them; it did not develop with their literature. Fairy tales, the usual folklore, short stories and brief narratives they had in abundance from the earliest time, but the novel was unknown till after the arrival of the Mongol dynasty in the thirteenth century, and it was not until three hundred years later that it reached its high tide of excellence. That the other departments of literature were well-defined and already occupied may account

partially for the slight consideration given it by the classicists.

III. CHARACTER OF THE CHINESE NOVEL. As China received from India a certain portion of her philosophy, she is also indebted to the latter country for some of her fiction, but she does not trend toward the imaginative tales which are so common in India. Giants and genii, magic palaces, enchanted maidens and superhuman actions are by no means the chief attractions. Rather are the Chinese realists, as we might expect from the character of the nation. The incidents of everyday life, the people they know in their own homes—these are the things that seem to have an abiding interest to the reader. Not that the marvelous and the supernatural are excluded, but that they are merely incidental to other and more important things. Reason as a whole prevails, and a foundation in historical truth is desirable. Exciting incidents are demanded, and battles, sieges, personal encounters, murders, suicides and the other claptrap of the melodrama are displayed in abundance.

The greatest weakness in the conception of the work as a whole is in the management of the plot. It is not scientific; rather, it is rambling, and usually lacks unity and dramatic power.

Characters are well drawn, but the minute details of commonplace things interfere to prevent a ready conception of them. In a majority of cases these characters are selected

from the middle classes, but that may be accounted for by the lack of caste and the frequent elevation of the middle-class man to positions of wealth and influence. There are many novels of what to us would seem interminable length with innumerable characters. Considering the conventionalized nature of the average Chinese it is safe to say that when four hundred of them march through about four thousand pages of a novel there is certain to be something of monotony in both characters and episodes. But then, monotony is characteristic of everything Chinese.

There are historical novels of intrigue, rebellion and usurpation; society novels with love and plotting; romances that deal with the supernatural and magical; and melodramatic tales of pirates, robbers and lawlessness of all kinds. In some the style is colloquial; in others, clear, refined, and nearly as perfect as can be found in any department of literature.

IV. THE "YU CHIAO LI." One charming little romance, so very brief that it fills but four volumes, has for its happy *denouement* a condition of affairs that, however natural it may appear to the Chinese, would scarcely be resorted to by one of our novelists: A brilliant youth is madly in love with a charming girl. By accident he meets in the road a delightful young man with whom he becomes at once intimate. Later he meets the sister of the new friend, and shows his versatility by falling madly in love with her also. It develops after

a time that the friend and his sister are one and the same person, and that she has been masquerading as her own brother. Then, too, it appears that she is the much-loved orphan cousin of the young man's first love, who by no means is willing to lay aside her claim. Nor does the young man desire it. They are all madly in love with one another, and all difficulty is put aside when he marries both the girls.

V. THE "LIAO CHAI CHIH I." This collection of short stories is regarded by the Chinese as one of the finest in the language, and its author, P'u Sung-ling, born in 1622, is considered one of the foremost men of letters. For this work, the critics are willing to vary their customary contention and admit for once that fiction may be literature. Mr. Giles, in his *History of Chinese Literature*, says:

Any reader of these stories as transferred into another language might fairly turn round and ask the why and the wherefore of the profound admiration—to use a mild term—which is universally accorded to them by the literati of China. The answer is to be found in the incomparable style in which even the meanest of them is arrayed. All the elements of form which make for beauty in Chinese composition are there in overwhelming force. Terseness is pushed to its extreme limits; each particle that can be safely dispensed with is scrupulously eliminated, and every here and there some new and original combination invests perhaps a single word with a force it could never have possessed except under the hands of a perfect master of his art. Add to the above copious allusions and adaptations from a course of reading which would seem to have been co-extensive

with the whole range of Chinese literature, a wealth of metaphor and an artistic use of figures generally, to which only the writings of Carlyle form an adequate parallel, and the result is a work which for purity and beauty of style is now universally accepted in China as among the best and most perfect models.

We cannot hope to demonstrate the accuracy of this judgment, but we can give a few brief outlines which may throw some light on the nature of stories that are apt to be so immensely popular.

1. The *Talking Eyes* is, like many of the others, a story intended to teach morality and condemn vice:

An able but dissipated scholar, Fang Tung, notorious for his intrigues with women, at one time saw in a beautiful carriage surrounded by charming maids, a lovely young girl whom he ogled unceremoniously. At last he attracted the attention of the girl, who called to her attendants to halt. Having announced her position in life and severely rebuked the scholar, she gathered a handful of dust and threw it into the eyes of her insulter and blinded him for the time. Suffering terrible pain, he called a physician, who seemed unable to stop the growth of a film that appeared on each eye, covered the pupils and grew out in a spiral on the right.

Frightened by the calamity and seeing no possibility of recovery, he probably would have killed himself, but being differently advised he hired a teacher and entered upon a life of piety. In a year's time by prayers and self-denials he achieved perfect calmness, and his condition was in a fair way to improve.

One day he heard proceeding from his eyes voices the most delicate, in earnest conversation, one complaining of the darkness, the other proposing to go out on a walk into the light. Then he felt a queer tickling running

through his nose, which was repeated after a while but in the opposite direction. After this the conversation between his eyes was renewed.

From the conversation he learned that some of his favorite flowers were dead, and when he inquired of his wife why she had permitted them to languish, she was astonished at his knowledge. By watching, however, she discovered that two little people, not larger than bees, ran out of her husband's nose, visited the garden and returned to their places in the man's eyes.

After several days of this the little people were heard complaining of the roundabout road through his nose and proposing a more direct road to the garden. The pupil of the right eye found the wall too thick, but the left eye broke through, and the little people together used the one.

As the left eye broke through, Fang Tung felt a sharp pain and immediately he could see with that eye. By the next morning the film had entirely disappeared, and it became evident that the two pupils had taken up their joint abode in the one eye. The spiral never came off the right eye, but with two good pupils in his left eye, he could see as much as ever, but after his unpleasant experience it is quite certain that he was not again led astray.

2. A certain Wang went to a Taoist priest to learn the art of conjuring. He was warned, told that the training was difficult, and advised not to undertake it. As he persisted in his appeals for instruction, the priest finally set him to work chopping wood and kept him at it most religiously for several months.

Satisfied at last that he was in no way learning the secret of immortality, he begged to be taught some slight trick of magic and allowed to go back to his distant home. The priest demurred, but the man insisted, finally as the one desirable thing deciding upon the art of passing without obstruction through a wall.

The priest laughed, taught him a formula and urged Wang to try it. At first he hesitated, but finally gathered

up his wings, repeated his formula, put down his head, dashed at a heavy stone wall and went through it without a quiver.

Delighted with his new-found power, Wang hurried home and in spite of the priest's warning began to brag vaingloriously about his ability to go through walls. Worried by his talk, his wife at last demanded an exhibition of his power, and the unlucky Wang lowered his head and ran full tilt at the chimney bricks! When his wife straightened out the crumpled heap upon the floor, Wang had a bump on his head as big as a hen's egg, and the bricks were unharmed.

3. A man named Chang died suddenly and was taken before the King of Hades, who looked over the records and found that the devils had brought the wrong man. Before Chang returned, however, he was shown the various "attractions."

Among the many startling things, his interest finally centered in a Buddhist priest screaming in agony as he hung head down by a rope through a hole in his leg. Chang was told that this was the punishment for converting collections to his own use. Approaching nearer he was appalled to see that the priest was his own brother!

As soon as he reached the earth again Chang hastened to the monastery, where he found his brother with a boil on his leg, which was strapped to the wall above him as the only position in which there was the least relief from the intolerable pain.

When Chang told the story of what he had seen in Hades, the priest-brother made an immediate promise of reformation, his leg healed, and he went about his duties thereafter a faultless man.

VI. THE "HUNG LOU MENG." Of this remarkable piece of fiction, whose very author is unknown, Mr. Giles says: "Conveniently, but erroneously, known as 'The Dream of the Red Chamber' is the work which touches

the highest point of development reached by the Chinese novel. . . . The plot is worked out with a completeness worthy of Fielding, while the delineation of so many characters (over four hundred) recalls the best efforts of the greatest novelists of the West. As a panorama of Chinese social life, in which almost every imaginable feature is submitted in turn to the reader, the *Hung Lou Meng* is altogether without a rival. Reduced to its simplest terms, it is an original and effective love story, written for the most part in an easy, almost colloquial, style, full of humorous and pathetic episodes of everyday human life, and interspersed with short poems of high literary finish. The opening chapters, which are intended to form a link between the world of spirits and the world of mortals, belong to the supernatural; after that the story runs smoothly along upon earthly lines, always, however, overshadowed by the near presence of spiritual influences."

Omitting all reference to the introduction and many interesting chapters of the novel, a bare outline of the main plot is as follows:

Pao-ye, the hero, is living with his wealthy grandmother, when his cousin Tai-ye, whose mother has recently died, is sent by her father to live with his mother in the same house with Pao-ye. Tai-ye, whose health is very delicate, is received kindly by all, and soon becomes happy in her new surroundings.

Pao-ye, who wears about his neck as a talisman a curious jade ornament which was in his mouth when he

was born, is a clever, handsome youth, but willful, fun-loving, and by nature a poor student. He is inordinately fond of the girls, and finds all his amusement in their company.

Soon after Tai-ye's arrival another cousin, Pao-chai, comes to live in the same house. She is a little older, much healthier and equally as handsome and accomplished as the gentle Tai-ye. The two girls dispel the moodiness and depression that are a part of Pao-ye's nature, and the three live happily together.

Pao-ye's jade which bears the inscription, "Eternal life shall be yours if you do not lose me," is matched by a gold amulet worn by Pao-chai, which promises her perennial youth if she does not lose it. Tai-ye falls in love with her cousin, who returns her affection, but gives her occasion for jealousy by his evident admiration for Pao-chai. Quarrels ensue, but they are lovers' quarrels and end always in lovers' tears and deeper affection between the two. Pao-chai knows little of these bickerings and keeps calmly on her way, always well treated, always one of the happiest of the three.

The families reach the height of prosperity, and trouble begins to come upon them. Exciting events follow one another, but through them all Pao-ye and Tai-ye continue their love-making unmolested, for Pao-chai had been taken away to live with her mother in a city.

The first serious trouble comes to the lovers when the grandmother announces that she has arranged a very favorable match for Tai-ye, and in spite of the latter's pleadings and expostulations is determined to carry out the scheme. The young girl dreams that Pao-ye comes to her and reproaches her for her fickleness and to show his devotion tears open his breast and exposes his heart beating loyally for her. From this terrible nightmare she awakens only to fall into a severe illness, which attacks Pao-ye also when he learns the truth.

Both recover, but only to fall into more trouble, this time seemingly fatal to their happiness, for in family

council it is decided that Pao-ye shall marry his healthy cousin Pao-chai. The announcement of this fact throws Tai-ye into another dangerous illness, from which she only partially recovers when she learns that Pao-ye is faithful in heart and will not marry his other cousin.

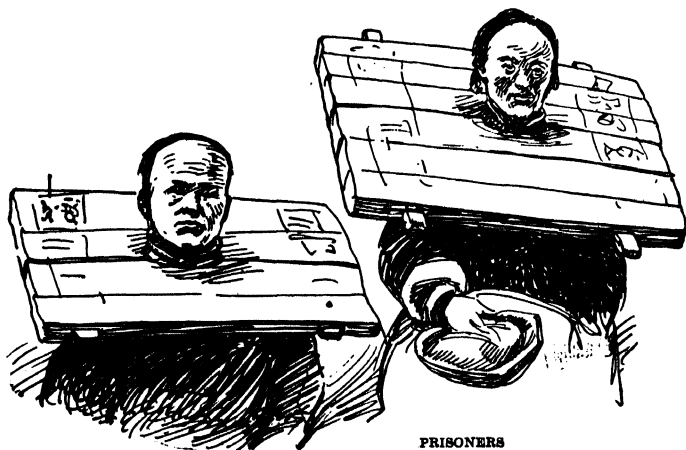
Then troubles come thick and fast. Pao-ye loses his jade ornament, falls ill and is obliged to confess his loss. Advertising brought only a counterfeit, and the boy's mind fails as his illness increases. A fortune-teller advises marriage with a girl with a golden destiny. Pao-chai fills these conditions, and preparations for the marriage are pushed forward, although the young man persists even in his delirium in saying that he will marry no one but Tai-ye. Not to be beaten in their well-meant efforts, the family deceives Pao-ye, and his veiled bride is discovered by him to be Pao-chai and not his beloved Tai-ye. When the latter learns the fact of his marriage, she succumbs to the blow, fails rapidly and dies with the name of her lover on her lips.

Pao-ye's illness increases; he will have nothing to say to Pao-chai, and when he learns of the death of Tai-ye he rapidly sinks into lethargy and feels himself transported into a wild and unknown region, the path to the grave. Here he is met by a man who tells him that his only hope of reunion with Tai-ye is to return to earth and there fulfill his high destiny. He consents and struggles through a long illness, toward the end of which his jade ornament is recovered and he rises from his sick bed a changed man, but not until after he has gone to the nether world and seen there a beautiful crimson flower, carefully tended, which he is assured is a soul that has been on its earthly mission but which has now returned to the infinite.

When he recovers he seems under the influence of a religious mania, but begins with a nephew on the severe course of study for the great public examination. This in time he passes with great credit, much to the delight of his anxious family, whose joy, however, is turned to grief when Pao-ye fails to return home. The Emperor

is charmed with the young man's essay, favors are showered upon the family and all would be joy but for the unexplained absence of the son, who has brought about all the new prosperity.

Pao-ye's father, returning from a long absence, learns with delight of the success of his son, only to be plunged into grief by the report of the young man's disappearance. Hastening home to begin a search for his son, the agonized father anchors his boat one night by a shore recently covered with snow. As he sits there writing there approaches him, limned strongly against the white background, the figure of a tonsured Buddhist priest, that enters, kneels before the father, four times touches his head to the floor, then rises in silence and departs in company of three other priests who had entered with him. When the four have departed, the grief-stricken father realizes that for the last time he has seen the face of his son.



PRISONERS



CHAPTER VIII

ESSAYS, MAXIMS, PROVERBS, HUMOR

ESSAYS. The essayists of China are innumerable, and they have written upon every conceivable subject. As is frequently the case, many of the great poets have been great essayists, as likewise have been the many historians. Some of the finest writing in the language has been in the form of essays, and hundreds of volumes of commentaries upon the classics have rivaled the subjects in excellence. It will not be profitable for us to attempt to classify the essayists, to deal with their biographies or to quote from their works; we have already said enough to give a fairly-good concept of Chinese literature as a whole. A few points, however, remain to be considered.

II. A FINE EXAMPLE. As an illustration of what is regarded an almost perfect style, we

quote from the translation by Mr. Giles the following brief essay *On An Old Inkstand*, which was written early in the seventeenth century by Hsu Hsieh, a famous scholar who died young:

For some years I had possessed an old inkstand, left at my house by a friend. It came into ordinary use as such, I being unaware that it was an antique. However, one day a connoisseur told me it was at least a thousand years old, and urged me to preserve it carefully as a valuable relic. This I did, but never took any further trouble to ascertain whether such was actually the case or not. For, supposing that this inkstand really dated from the period assigned, its then owner must have regarded it simply as an inkstand. He could not have known that it was destined to survive the wreck of time and to come to be cherished as an antique. And while we prize it now, because it has descended to us from a distant past, we forget that then, when antiques were relics of a still earlier period, it could not have been of any value to antiquarians, themselves the moderns of what is antiquity to us.

The surging crowd around us thinks of naught but the acquisition of wealth and material enjoyment, occupied only with the struggle for place and power. Men lift their skirts and hurry through the mire; they suffer indignity and feel no sense of shame. And if from out this mass there arises one spirit purer and simpler than the rest, striving to tread a nobler path than they, and amusing his leisure, for his own gratification, with guitars and books and pictures and other relics of olden times,—such a man is indeed a lover of the antique. He can never be one of the common herd, though the common herd always affect to admire whatever is admittedly admirable.

In the same way, persons who aim at advancement in their career will spare no endeavor to collect the choicest

rarities, in order, by such gifts, to curry favor with their superiors, who in their turn will take pleasure in ostentatious display of their collections of antiquities. Such is but a specious hankering after antiques, arising simply from a desire to eclipse one's neighbors. Such men are not genuine lovers of the antique. Their tastes are those of the common herd, after all, though they make a great show and filch the reputation of true antiquarians, in the hope of thus distinguishing themselves from their fellows, ignorant as they are that what they secure is the name alone, without the reality.

The man whom I call a genuine antiquarian is he who studies the writings of the ancients, and strives to form himself upon their model, though unable to greet them in the flesh; who ever and anon, in his wanderings up and down the long avenue of the past, lights upon some choice fragment which brings him in an instant face to face with the immortal dead. Of such enjoyment there is no satiety. Those who truly love antiquity, love not the things, but the men, of old, since a relic in the present is much what it was in the past,—a mere thing.

And so if it is not to things, but rather to men, that devotion is due, then even I may aspire to be some day an antique. Who shall say that centuries hence an antiquarian of the day may not look up to me as I have looked up to my predecessors? Should I then neglect myself, and foolishly devote my energies to trifling with things?

Such is popular enthusiasm in these matters. It is shadow without substance. But the theme is endless, and I shall therefore content myself with a passing record of my old inkstand.

III. SENTENTIOUSNESS. The Chinese are great admirers of conciseness in style, and when with this is combined brilliance of idea the acme of literature is reached. Accordingly, their writings, like their daily speech, abounds

in maxims, in pithy expressions, in witty sayings and in moral proverbs. Collections of these "choice quotations" or popular proverbs are numerous and are on sale everywhere. Parents buy these books and teach the contents to their children, so that it is rare to find a Chinaman who has not a large stock of them which he uses fluently as the small change of his conversation.

IV. MAXIMS, PROVERBS AND PITHY SAYINGS. If we notice a few samples of the kind of sententious wisdom which the Chinese affect, we will see that some at least seem like Poor Richard's sayings in a slightly different dress:

A sable robe cannot be pieced out with dogs' tails.

A sensible man will not stop to pull off his shoes in a melon patch, nor to take off his hat under a plum tree.

Though you never stumble over a mountain, you may often trip over a clod.

Cleverness in youth may not mean brilliancy in age.

If you must bow, bow low.

No one will believe that a red-nosed man is a total abstainer.

If the eaves are low, bend your head.

A near neighbor is better than a distant relation.

Money gives eyes to the blind man.

Clean your own doorstep.

If you are afraid people will find it out, don't do it.

Half an orange is as sweet as a whole one.

Long visits make short compliments.

You can't clap hands with one palm.

Crime begins in poverty; poverty, in lack of food.

He who is cold grumbles not at the quality of the cloth.

Do not bother the gods with too many prayers.

Virtue is man's only jewel.

Know what ought to be known; do what ought to be done.

A crab, even in the presence of the king, will have to travel aslant.

V. WIT AND HUMOR. It is difficult to translate the wit and humor of one language into another. The delicate turns of language, the plays upon words, the brevity and the element of surprise may all be lost. On the other hand, the fun that lies in the incident, many a caustic repartee and the rough, practical jokes of the common people can be told in almost any language. Yet it is not certain that the things which seem excruciatingly funny to a Chinaman will raise a smile on the face of a Westerner. So much depends upon habit, custom, manner of thought, that what seems ludicrous to one may appear utterly commonplace to the other. So the Chinaman smiles at our careless ways of doing things and regards us as clownish or boorish. We blame him for not seeing the point to our jokes and claim that he has no sense of humor, an assertion that falls far short of the truth.

When a child of eight who has lost a number of his teeth is asked, "What are those dog-holes in your mouth for?" we cannot help smiling when he answers, "To let puppies like you run in and out." Yet we may wonder as much at the stupidity of the question as at the sharpness of the retort.

Apparently Chinese women are sensitive about their ages. A bridegroom, thinking his

bride looked unduly wrinkled, asked her age, which had been placed at thirty-eight on the contract. She admitted forty-six and upon further questioning acknowledged fifty-four. Doubting her final statement, the husband tried a little ruse: "Why," he said, "I forgot to cover up the salt jar. I must go at once and do it or the mice will eat all the salt." "Well, of all things!" cried the wife, forgetful and unsuspecting, "I've lived right here for sixty-eight years, and this is the first time I ever heard that mice would eat salt!"

At one time the King of Hades sent his messengers on earth to procure a wise and skillful physician. "Look carefully about, before you select," he commanded. "Select no one about whose doors you see the spirits of his patients." The messengers sought long and faithfully, for at every office were crowds of ghosts. At last, in a retired street they found a doctor by whose door only one ghost lingered. "Here is our man," cried the messengers. "We have found you at last. How long have you been in practice?" "I began only yesterday," said the doctor.

A painter of execrable portraits was advised to paint pictures of himself and wife and hang them out to attract customers. Just after the portraits were put in place the painter's father-in-law, who was passing, stopped and inquired, "Who is that woman you have hung up here in front of your shop?" "Why, that's your daughter," replied the artist. "What's she

doing there with that stranger?" retorted the old man.

A prince once speaking to a wit of his court said, "Those gathering clouds look like rain." "Don't fear," said the wit, "they may gather, but they won't enter this city." "Why?" inquired the surprised prince. "Because the duties are so high!" the wit exclaimed.



A GINSENG PEDDLER



CHAPTER IX

HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, SCIENCE AND REFERENCE WORKS

DYNASTIC HISTORIES. China has the most comprehensive historical series in the world. Beginning in the second century A. D., with the work of Sse-ma Ch'ien, it gives a connected account of each dynasty to modern times. In 1747 they were put out in a uniform series of two hundred nineteen volumes.

The first work, the *Historical Record*, mentioned above, relates the history of China from the earliest ages nearly to the birth of Christ. This work alone has in it over a half-million words, each one of which in the original must have been scratched upon a bamboo tablet with a stylus, as that was before the invention of paper, ink and brush.

II. THE "MIRROR OF HISTORY." At the beginning of the eleventh century appeared Sse-ma Kuang, whose fame is second only to that of his great predecessor, mentioned in the paragraph above. His great work covers a period of more than four hundred fifty years, beginning with the end of the fifth century. So faithfully did he picture events of that long period that the grateful Emperor gave to his work the expressive name of the *Mirror of History*.

Sse-ma Kuang was a wise and good man, known to his admiring countrymen as the "Living Buddha." Many fanciful stories are told of his boyhood. He was a hard student, and when he saw that his attention had begun to flag, he used to place his elbow on a rest that would roll and waken him if he began to drowse. When a little playmate fell into a big water jar and was in danger of drowning, the quick-witted Sse-ma Kuang cracked the jar with a stone and let the water out. His pupils were taught to reverence books and to turn the leaves carefully with the first and second fingers of the right hand.

The following will give an idea of the style of the *Mirror of History*:

Shun's father was blind with the blindness of unreason, and his mother was frail with the frailty of self-deception; while his brother Siang, who was favored of his father because he was the child of his second wife, vented his spleen upon the patient Shun on all occasions. Yet did not Shun fail in obedience to his

parents, nor in kindness to his younger brother, but was continually careful and attentive to his duties, respectful, humble and devoted. And as to his kindred, so also to his neighbors he practiced virtue and charity, so that while he was yet a young man he became noted for his filial piety, his patience, his loyalty and goodness of heart. Wherever he ploughed, the people forgot their landmarks; wherever he fished the people took in their lines. He made pottery on the banks of the Hwang-Ho that was perfectly smooth and non-porous. He made implements at Show-shan. Wherever he lived for a year the people formed a community; wherever he lived for two years they built a city; and wherever he resided for three years they erected a capital.

These things came to the ears of the good Yao at the time when he sought a successor to his throne, for his own son Tan-Chu was a man in whom there was no manhood. He therefore determined to put Shun upon trial to see if he could manage the affairs of the State. Shun therefore set forth throughout all the land the Five Great Precepts. Being charged with the calculations, they were all seasonably arranged. Being told to receive the guests at the four gates of the palace, they came in harmoniously and went forth contented and pleased. While the floods were still unabated, he was sent forth into the hills and forests to make a survey of the country, and though fierce winds and thunder and torrential rains prevailed, he was not dismayed, neither did he lose his way. Certain was it that his capacity excelled that of other men, so that Heaven and Earth, the spirits and the gods, all did him service.

Then said the good Yao: "Come, O Shun! I have studied your actions and taken count of your words. Your actions are great and your words are small. Both have the merit of virtue. Do you therefore ascend the throne, for I find no virtue in my son Tan Chu."

Then Shun divided the country into twelve districts, and commanded Yu to drain the land and bring the floods under control. He appointed the twelve hills for

sacrificial stations, and determined the modes and degrees of punishment to offenders.

"Be careful!" he said. "Be cautious in the administration of the law. Offenses of ignorance and misfortune must be freely pardoned, and in all matters of doubt let your judgment incline to the side of mercy."

When after twenty and eight years the good Yao died, it was to Shun, the faithful, the loyal, the industrious, that the people adhered. He appointed the heads of the sixteen chief families to administer the government, and expressed his willingness to receive correction. Moreover, he set up a Complaint Board, so that whoever had a grievance against his methods of government might state it without fear. Then he ordered the Chief Musician, whose name was Kwei, to make a harp of three and twenty strings. And the musician did so, and composed the tunes of "The Nine Guests," "The Six Nobles" and "The Six Heroes," setting forth the virtues of the Emperor.

Chung Li was enchanted, and proposed that a search should be made for more men of musical excellence. But the Emperor immediately said: "No. One Kwei is enough."

And in the third year, at the time of the annual sacrifice, Shun made inquiry of individual merit, elevating and degrading those whom he had put in office according as they proved themselves efficient or incapable. Then all the State officials sang:

"The azure vault is clear and bright,
The stars their courses run,
The sun and moon conjoin their light
To glorify Yu-Shun!"

And in the thirty and third year of his exalted reign, the Emperor Shun sought the President of the Sze-Shan and said to him: "If there be within my kingdom one who is capable of exalting virtue, who can carry out the good Yao's enterprises, I would make him Prime Minister, so that he might illuminate all things with his in-

telligence and render everything subservient to his uses."

"There is Lord Yu," exclaimed every one present. "Has he not in his capacity of Surveyor-General manifested the utmost capacity?"

"True!" replied the Emperor. And he signed for Yu to come forward.

But Yu was affected with modesty, having the virtue of humility, and he declined the honor.

"Very good!" replied the Emperor, "but do you set about the business of administering the government."

Then Yu compiled the Code of Laws and fixed the nine degrees of rank, and newly divided the empire into nine provinces. And when he had appointed the nine Ministers of State, the Surveyor-General, the Minister of Agriculture, the Minister of Public Instruction, the Criminal Judge, the Minister of Public Works, the Master of Ceremonies, the Chief Musician, the Chief Ambassador, and the Warden of the Marshes, he called Tan Chu, the son of Yao, and said to him: "O Chu, son of Yao, it is necessary that there be open communion between the gods and men, and between the Supreme Ruler and our Emperor Shun. Do you therefore take in hand the government of Tan, and continually preserve the sacrifices that are due to your august ancestors."

Kwan, the father of Yu, having been appointed by Shun to be the Minister of Public Works, was directed to reclaim the valleys from devastating floods. But after nine years the inundated valleys were still submerged.

Then was it that the Emperor said to his Ministers: "Find me the man who shall cause the rivers to flow in their appointed channels and abate these floods which devastate my people's country." And all those who were present said: "Behold! there is Lord Yu." Wherefore the son of Kwan was appointed to be Surveyor-General, and completed the work which his father had been unable to accomplish.

He went forth upon his marriage morn, nor tarried in dalliance, but having received the commands of his Emperor he straightway sought to fulfill them. He di-

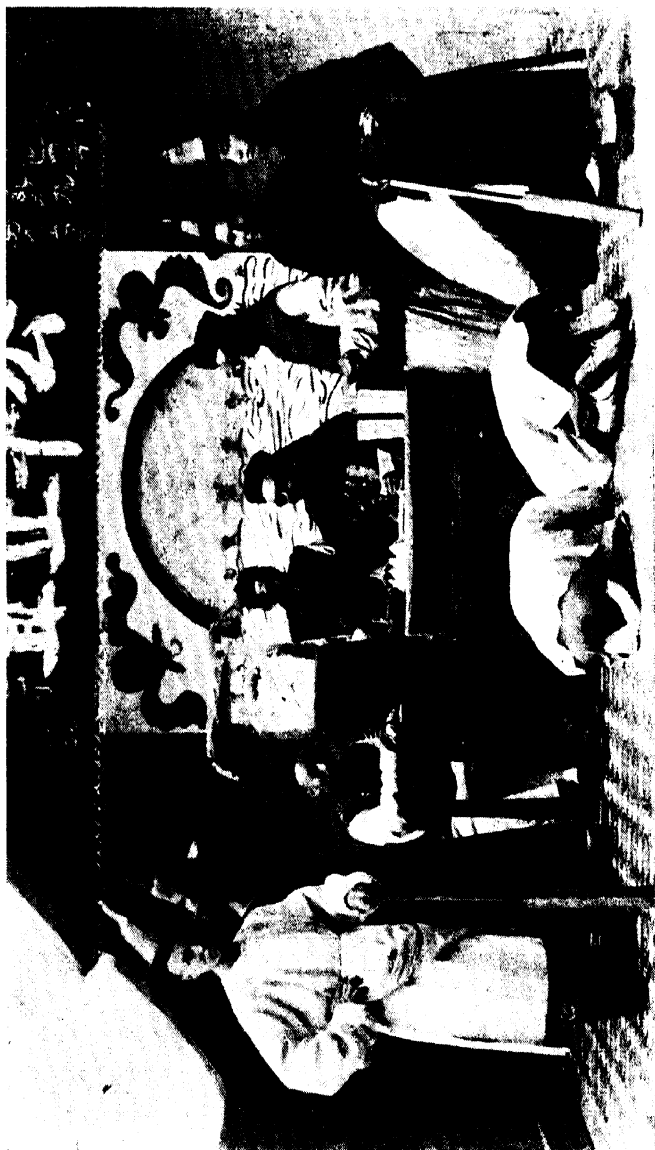
vided the country into nine provinces, partitioning the land and fixing the boundaries by the high hills and great rivers. Ascending the hills, he felled the timber; and making dams, bridges, and pontoons, he widened and deepened the canals, and drained off the marshes into the rivers, conducting them into the Yang-tse and the Ho. Three times in the course of his survey he passed the door of his own dwelling and heard the voice of his bride and the prattle of his infant son, but yet he did not enter. Thus after eight years he completed his task and presented his staff to the Emperor.

Then Shun said: "Come hither, Yu! When the inundations alarmed me and drove my people from the fertile valleys into the desolate hills, you accomplished your promise and effected that which you undertook to perform. You were diligent in the affairs of the country and practiced economy in the household, without pride or elation. This proved your ability. Yet you were not puffed up on that account, though high and low none could compete with you, nor did you boast of it, though under Heaven none could perform your task. I commend your virtue and esteem your surpassing merit. Be thou Chief Minister."

And after the Emperor had been seated on the throne for thirty and three years he called his Chief Minister and said: "Come thou, Yu. I am old and decrepit and fatigued with much action. Be thou the cause of avoiding negligence. Take care of my people." Yu therefore took upon himself the government of the people, receiving the Imperial decree in the Temple of the divine ancestor Yao.

And the people prospered, and the country had rest.

But in the eight and fortieth year of his reign the Emperor died in the desert of Tsang-wu. For thirty years he sat upon the throne with Yao, and for fifty years he ruled alone. Then he ascended far away, and died. And the people reverted to Yu, and after he had reigned with Shun for nineteen years, in the thirteenth year of the ninth cycle, in the first month of Spring, Yu



CHINESE COURT (YAMEN)

ascended the throne at Han. He ruled by the virtue of metal¹—rigidly. He composed the music of the Hia dynasty and established the use of colored flags for distinctions of rank. He appointed the nine degrees of rank and enrolled the nine Ministers of State.

Formerly the Yellow Emperor had invented carriages. Shao-hao had yoked in oxen, and Ki-chung trained in horses to the shaft. Yu therefore made Ki-chung the Master of the Horse and Chief of the Charioteers.

Yu then announced to the scholars in all quarters, saying: "He who would guide me in the right way, he who would instruct me in rectitude, he who would inform me in matters of business, he who would lodge a complaint, and he who would try any cause whatsoever, let him come up to me at the Palace and claim my notice in the appointed manner. It is not so much that I fear the scholars of my country will be left waiting outside my gates, as that they may pass me by."

In the course of one meal the Emperor rose up ten times to give audience to those who called upon his name, and thrice in the course of his bathing he had tied up his hair that he might hear the complaints of his people. Thus did he encourage the people to righteous endeavor and attention to duty.

In former ages men had made sweet wines and had fermented the milk of mares, and now there appeared one named I Ti, who invented alcoholic drinks. The Emperor tasted them and found them pleasant. Wherefore he banished I Ti to a safe distance, and prohibited the use of intoxicating liquor, saying: "In later times the use of wine will be the ruin of my country." At that time Heaven rained down metallic dust for three days. The Emperor cast nine tripods from metal brought in as tribute by the nine rulers of the provinces, each tripod being engraved with a map of one of the divisions of the empire.

While going upon a tour of inspection he came upon a criminal, and alighting from his carriage, inquired into

¹ That is, with firmness.

his case. Then the attendants, seeing that the Emperor's eyes were filled with tears, said to him: "Why should your Majesty distress yourself about this fellow who has transgressed the law?"

"Alas!" replied Ta Yu, "am I grieved, not that this man hath transgressed the law, but that such transgression should commend itself to one of the subjects of my empire."

Yu then coined gold money from the metal of Lih-shan, and redeemed the children of those people who had been compelled to sell them into slavery for want of food.

Of Yu it is said that he ruled with a rigid strength. Of colors he favored black; his standard was dark blue, and his sacrificial animals were chosen of a somber hue. His stature was nine cubits and two inches. His accomplished teachings and Imperial decrees were spread abroad throughout the empire, even to the limits of the seas. For eighty and six years he served his country. For eight years he fought the floods and revealed the smiling valleys to the light of day. And for twenty years thereafter he served the Emperor Yao. For thirty and two years he acted as Surveyor-General to the Emperor Shun, after which he was presented in the ancestral temple as Prince Regent. For eighteen years he reigned with Shun and administered the affairs of State. Then he ruled for eight years alone and died at Kuei-ki, where he was buried.

III. GEOGRAPHICAL TREATISES. The geographical treatises of the Chinese rival their histories in importance. One great collection, the *General Geography of the Chinese Empire*, is a vast work in five hundred chapters, these containing maps, descriptions of the country and statistical tables. Of the many profound scholars of China, not a few have devoted themselves largely to this interesting line of

investigation. An encyclopedia of agriculture, published in 1640, is an important work which is profusely illustrated with woodcuts and deals largely with many of those occupations and industries which are now considered properly enough in the study of geography.

IV. DICTIONARIES. To the student of Chinese a dictionary is almost indispensable, and the scholars of that country soon learned its necessity. The first of any importance was made by Hsu Shen in the second century. It explains by short notes the ten thousand or more characters then in use, and classifies them under five hundred forty-four radicals or stems. It is the basis of all subsequent work in this line, and by its effort to show a connection between the written characters and pictures, it established among Chinese students a faith that their written language was originally pictorial.

The Chinese are born philologists, if the study is confined to their own language, so that the number of important dictionaries published at different dates is comparatively large. Not all, however, are reliable, and in several later ones critics have found forgeries perpetrated to prove that there was a time when the only means of writing was the drawing of pictures.

Under the Sung dynasty, from 960 to 1279, there were written a number of these works, the best known and most reliable of which was the *Chi Yun*, containing about fifty-three thousand characters, compiled by a company of scholars

headed by Sung Chi, an eminent historian who died in 1061. It is related of him that at the great examination he passed first among the candidates, but was ranked tenth, in order to put him behind his elder brother, according to the rule of precedence.

The great standard dictionary of the Chinese language is the *K'ang Hsi Tze Tien*, initiated and carried on under the direction of the second Emperor of the Manchu dynasty, the great K'ang Hsi, scholar, warrior and patron of letters, who ruled China for sixty years. Under his beneficent reign four other stupendous literary undertakings were successfully completed. Two were great concordances of all literature on different plans, one in forty-four and the other in thirty-six closely printed volumes, and two were encyclopedias, mentioned below.

V. ENCYCLOPEDIAS. The first encyclopedia was published under the Sung dynasty by Wu Shu, who died at the very beginning of the eleventh century. It is written in poetical language and treats of botany, history, social and physical phenomena. Though long since superseded, it is the basis for an encyclopedia in use at the present time. The same author served on a commission which produced a more extensive work. His chief on the commission was the celebrated Li Fang, who just before he died was fêted by the Emperor and complimented by the remark, "This man has been twice a Minister of State but has never injured

a fellow creature." This latter encyclopedia was reprinted in thirty-two large volumes as late as 1812. Li Fang designed another encyclopedia devoted to biography and general literature.

In the thirteenth century, after the collapse of the Sung dynasty, an encyclopedia was prepared on a much larger scale to cover a greater variety of subjects.

The most remarkable one ever attempted was the *Yung Lo Ta Tien*, made early in the fifteenth century, which was the work of more than two thousand scholars working for three years under supervision of thirty directors. This wonderful creation extended perhaps to a half-million pages, but it was never printed, owing probably to the great cost of cutting the blocks. Two copies were made, one of which was known to be in the Han-lin College in 1900, when it was burned to the ground. The encyclopedia had served its purpose by preserving many valuable works in complete form.

The encyclopedias written under the patronage of the wise K'ang Hsi, the second Emperor of the Manchu dynasty, are remarkable works, still of great value. One has forty-four volumes, and the second, which is profusely illustrated, has the overwhelming number of 1,628 volumes of about two hundred folios each. Under the rule of Ch'ien Lung, grandson of K'ang Hsi, more encyclopedias and literary works were published between 1772 and 1790. Among them were a descriptive catalogue of

the Imperial library and many reprints of rare and valuable works of an earlier date.

Yuan Yuan, who died in 1849, was a scholar of deep erudition and a wise and good man. His writings were voluminous and on a great variety of scientific and literary topics. Besides these original writings, he found time to edit a number of important collections, besides a biographical dictionary of famous mathematicians, including some from the Western world.

VI. SCIENCE. The Chinese have been curiously negligent in scientific study, or have never awakened to its great importance. If we except those changes that have taken place since China's gates were opened to the world, we may say almost in complete truthfulness that no progress was made from the tenth century onward. Yet in every science there may be found one or more works of considerable merit. They have some real knowledge of astronomy, but still have the astrologer's faith in the ruling power of the stars. Mathematics may be considered the science in which they have reached the greatest attainments, though upon agriculture and the descriptive phases of natural history they have books worthy of notice.

VII. MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE. Near the fall of the Sung dynasty, which happened in 1279, there was published a work on medical jurisprudence which is still the accepted authority on that subject, consulted at every

inquest; and as late as 1842, when a new edition was published, it was praised for an accuracy that grew greater day by day. The absurdities it contains make it extremely interesting, for by these is illustrated a lack of progress that would be surprising if we were not already acquainted with the curious retardation that affects the Chinese mind.

Mr. Giles quotes as follows in his *History of Chinese Literature*, this particular extract relating to anatomy:

Man has three hundred and sixty-five bones, corresponding to the number of days it takes the heavens to revolve.

The skull of a male, from the nape of the neck to the top of the head, consists of eight pieces. There is a horizontal suture across the back of the skull, and a perpendicular one down the middle. Female skulls are of six pieces, and have the horizontal but not the perpendicular suture.

Teeth are twenty-four, twenty-eight, thirty-two, or thirty-six in number. There are three long-shaped breast-bones.

There is one bone belonging to the heart of the shape and size of a *cash*.¹

There is one "shoulder-well" bone and one "rice-spoon" bone on each side.

Males have twelve ribs on each side, eight long and four short ones. Females have fourteen on each side.

The book tells us that a wound which reaches the bone leaves a reddish mark if the wound was received before death, but no mark at all if received after death.

¹A round copper coin about the size of a quarter, with a square perforation in the center.

Relationships may be established through the blood, the book asserts. If husband and wife, parent and child, or two brothers cut themselves and allow the blood from both to flow into the same basin, the blood of the two will coagulate as one, but if no relationship exists there will be no mingling of blood. Then the caution is added that as salt coagulates blood of all kinds it is wise to buy a new basin, or thoroughly wash an old one before trying the experiment, in order to avoid being deceived by those who wish to defraud.

Again: When it is desirable to locate the wounds on a murdered person whose body has been burned or otherwise destroyed, it can be accomplished very easily. Having located the spot where the murder was committed, all the grass and weeds must be removed and then a fire kindled all over the spot and left to burn till the ground beneath is extremely hot. If a considerable quantity of hemp seed has been thrown on the fire at intervals, it will be found, after the fire has burned down and the ground swept scrupulously clean, that the oil has sunk from the seed into the ground, making a perfect pattern of the body, and has gathered more thickly over the wounds, so that each stands out distinctly, no matter what its shape.

VIII. MATERIA MEDICA. Li Shih-chen worked twenty-six long years on the voluminous *Materia Medica* which he completed in 1578. Eighteen years later the Emperor examined the work, and was so impressed by it

that he ordered it printed. It is a mammoth affair, with more than a thousand illustrations. He had delved deeply into the earlier literature on the same subject and utilized it all. He discussed plants, animals and mineral substances with respect to their qualities and medicinal values and advocated the old doctrine of signatures; that is, the idea that each substance bore some mark or signature by which was indicated the disease that should be treated by it. For instance, the resemblance between red flannel and the red skin of scarlet fever indicated the use of the former in the treatment of the latter.

IX. ANESTHETICS. As an example to the credit of the Chinese it might seem that they had discovered the use of anesthetics long before they were known to us. From the *Annals of the Han Dynasty* we learn that "Dr. Hua T'o" was a very skillful physician, who, when medicines failed him in the case of some internal complaint, would administer hemp in wine, cut open the abdomen, wash the viscera and close up the wound with medicated thread and sticking plaster, all with no pain whatever to the patient. Nevertheless, a great commander who sent for the doctor could not be persuaded to permit him to operate when he diagnosed the terrible pain in the back of the general's head to be caused by humors which could be painlessly removed if he would permit the opening of his cranium by trepanning. The general died of the disease, whatever it was,

but not until the doctor had died in the prison into which he had been thrown for plotting against the general's life.

X. COOKERY. The Chinese are fine cooks, second in reputation only to the French, and one brilliant essayist and poet is more widely known by his cookbook than by his more refined work. But the cookbook itself is considered a masterpiece for which Yuan Mei (1715-1797) has no reason to blush, as the following translations by Mr. Giles may show:

The cooks of to-day think nothing of mixing in one soup the meat of chicken, duck, pig and goose. But these chickens, ducks, pigs and geese doubtless have souls. And these souls will most certainly file complaints in the next world on the way they have been treated in this. A good cook will use plenty of different dishes. Each article of food will be made to exhibit its own characteristics, while each made dish will be characterized by one dominant flavor. Then the palate of the gourmand will respond without fail, and the flowers of the soul blossom forth.

Don't eat with your ears; by which I mean, do not aim at having extraordinary out-of-the-way foods, just to astonish your guests; for that is to eat with your ears, not with the mouth. Beaneurd, if good, is actually nicer than birds'-nest; and better than sea-slugs, which are not first-rate, is a dish of bamboo shoots. . . .

The chicken, the pig, the fish and the duck, these are the four heroes of the table. Sea-slugs and birds'-nests have no characteristic flavors of their own. They are but usurpers in the house.

Don't eat with your eyes; by which I mean, do not cover the table with innumerable dishes and multiply courses indefinitely. For this is to eat with the eyes and not with the mouth.

Just as a calligraphist should not overtire his hand nor a poet his brain, so a good cook cannot possibly turn out in one day more than four or five distinct *plats*.

I am not much of a wine-drinker, but this makes me all the more particular. Wine is like scholarship: it ripens with age; and it is best from a fresh-opened jar. The top of the wine-jar, the bottom of the teapot, as the saying has it.

XI. HORTICULTURE. The Chinese are passionately fond of flowers and their cultivation—in the peculiar Chinese way, however. They care nothing for a large bouquet, but are ardent admirers of the beauty of a single spray, or even of a single blossom. Not a little of their finest literature is in praise of flowers, and the science of horticulture is one of the most highly developed. A charming little volume, the *Mirror of Flowers*, was written by Ch'en Hao-tse in 1688, and from it is taken this passage illustrating the attitude of the Chinese:

From my youth upwards I have cared for nothing save books and flowers. Twenty-eight thousand days have passed over my head the greater part of which has been spent in poring over old records, and the remainder in enjoying myself in my garden among plants and birds.

People laugh at me, and say that I am cracked on flowers and a bibliomaniac; but surely study is the proper occupation of a literary man, and as for gardening, that is simply a rest for my brain and a relaxation, in my declining years. What does Tao Chien say?

“Riches and rank I do not love,
I have no hopes of heaven above.”

Besides, it is only in hours of leisure that I devote myself to the cultivation of flowers.



CHAPTER X

A GLIMPSE AT CHRONOLOGY

TO attempt a chronological outline of Chinese literature would be like trying to arrange the sands of the sea—an impossible and a useless task. However, it may help us to retain a clearer recollection of what we have here read on the subject if we arrange the principal facts approximately in chronological order. Therefore:

2800 B. C.—Mythical Emperor.

2357 B. C.—Beginning of the historical period of China.

800 B. C.—Reasonably reliable history begins.

604 B. C.—LAO-TSE born.

600 B. C.—Beginning of Literary Period.

551 B. C.—CONFUCIUS born.

372 B. C.—MENCIUS (Mong-tse) born.

475 B. C.—200 B. C.—Erratic school of Poetry, the *Li Sao*.

- 213 B. C.—The burning of the books.
200 B. C.—Beginning of the Han dynasty.
157 B. C.—LIU HENG died.
145 B. C.—SSE-MA CH' IEN, Father of History, born.
32 B. C.—The LADY PAN.
A. D. 196—The “Seven Scholars” of the Chien-an Period.
200—The “Seven Sages of the Bamboo Grove.”
618–906—Tang dynasty.
768–824—HAN YU, poet, statesman and philosopher.
960—Beginning of the Sung dynasty.
947–1002—WU SHU, the first Chinese encyclopedist.
1200 (about)—Works on Medical Jurisprudence.
1280—Beginning of the Mongol dynasty.
1300 (about)—The Drama appears.
1300 (about)—The Novel appears.
1368—Beginning of the Ming dynasty.
1578—LI SHIH - CHEN and his *Materia Medica*.
1622—P'U SUNG-LING, author of the *Liao Chai Chih I*, born.
1644—Beginning of the Manchu dynasty.
1660 (about)—The *Hung Lou Meng*, “Dream of the Red Chamber,” published.
1662—K'ANG HSI, patron of letters, second Manchu Emperor, ascends the throne.

1715-1797—YUAN MEI, popular writer,
author of cookbook.

1735—CHIEN LUNG, fourth Manchu Em-
peror, succeeds to the throne.

1912—China becomes a Republic.



CHINESE CHILDREN

INDIA



CHAPTER I

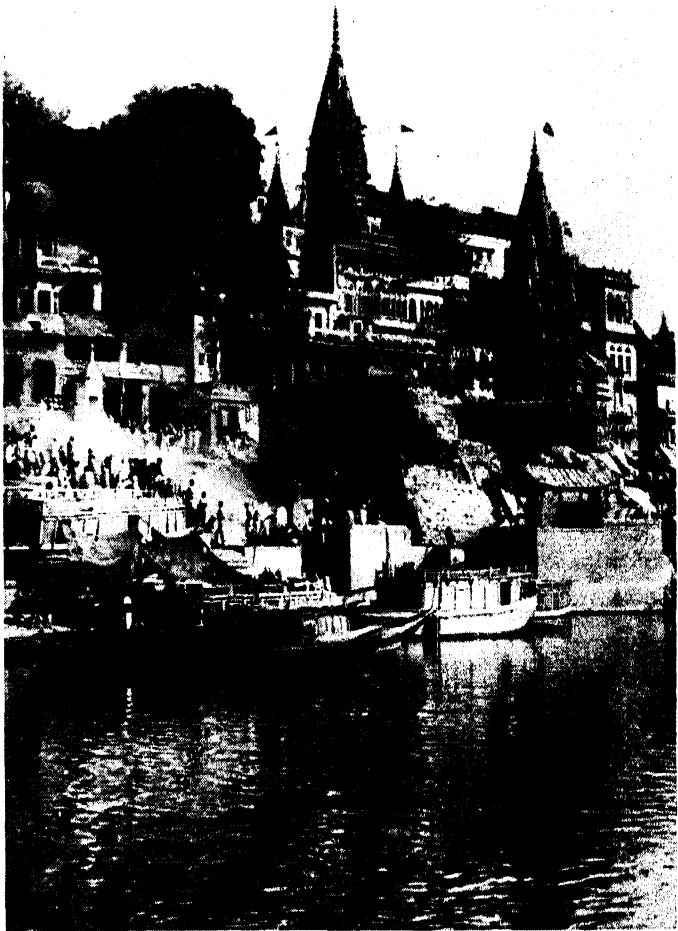
INTRODUCTION

LOCATION AND EXTENT. We know India as a country occupying a great peninsula jutting south from the central part of Asia to within ten degrees of the equator, between the Bay of Bengal and the Arabian Sea, and extending north to the Himalaya Mountains. The two sides of the immense triangle give a coast line of about three thousand miles. Its greatest length from north to south is about nineteen hundred miles, and its greatest width

is about sixteen hundred miles; its area is considerably in excess of a million square miles. The Indian Empire includes India proper, and the province of Burma. The population is estimated at more than three hundred fifteen millions.

II. PHYSICAL FEATURES AND CLIMATE. India has great mountains with peaks reaching above the line of perpetual snow, broad and fertile plains, deep ravines, sandy wastes and dense forests. Two lordly rivers, the Ganges and the Indus, with their tributaries, drain the northern part, while many important streams traverse the peninsula to the south. Every variety of climate is known, from the sultry heat of tropical jungles to the constant cold of the higher altitudes.

III. INHABITANTS. There are three distinct races living in India. In the northeast are the Mongols; in the south are the Dravidians; and in the northwest are the Hindus, with whom alone we are concerned, because, primarily, it is from them that the literature of India has come, and because they are of our own race and blood. This branch of the great Aryan race came originally from the northwest, it is supposed, and gradually spread over the greater part of the peninsula and in time became the Hindus proper, or Aryan Hindus. At present there is little Aryan blood in India. Race mingling on a very large scale had taken place between the Aryan, Dravidian and Mongolian peoples.



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BENARES, GENERAL VIEW

HINDU PILGRIMS PURIFY THEMSELVES IN THE HOLY WATER OF THE
GANGES.

The word *Hindu*, as it appears more frequently in use and as we shall use it hereafter, signifies, however, any of the Indian believers in the Hindu religion, be they Aryan or Dravidian.

IV. CASTE. Hindu literature is the literature of religion and social conditions, and no intelligent study of it can be made without an understanding of caste, as it has been known for centuries in India. The word *caste* is of Portuguese origin and means *of unmixed origin*. The Sanskrit word is *varna*, which means *color*, possibly in allusion to the complexion of members of different castes. A caste is a group of families which forbids marriage outside the group. Food and drink may not be received from members of lower castes, or partaken of with them. Occupation is restricted, in a large measure, to the traditional one of the caste. Each group, as a rule, claims a common ancestor. The Brahmins, or priests, as intermediators between men and the gods, occupy a position of unquestioned social supremacy.

In India the system probably originated in an effort to keep pure the blood of the invading and conquering race, but the plan degenerated into a subdivision of society that affected the whole civilization most seriously. At the present time, although distinctions of caste are observed, they are not as closely drawn, and violations of caste restrictions are not met with the severity that once characterized the treat-

ment of all who neglected to follow the rules. Beginning with four primary castes, the number increased indefinitely until society was broken up into so many small units, each so wholly separated from all the others, not only by law but by bitter personal antagonism, that progress was well nigh impossible. The entrance of Europeans into India, the subjugation of the country by the British, the demands of modern commerce, education and the Christian religion have all contributed to lessen the evil and in time may stamp it out.

Among the orthodox Hindus four great castes have been recognized for ages:

1. *The Brahmans* are the priestly caste, whose chief business it is to read and teach the Vedas, to sacrifice to the deities. According to an old tradition, they sprang from the mouth of Brahma himself, at the moment of creation, and are the chief of all created beings. Their unaided word is sufficient to destroy kings, and even the gods themselves tremble at their voices. It is related that Indra, the great deity of the storm, the Indian Jove of the golden color, who rides upon an elephant and carries the thunderbolt in his hand—even Indra, cursed by a Brahman, was hurled from the heavens and compelled to dwell in the body of a cat. Hence the Brahman is to be treated with unbounded respect, to be supported by alms and dealt with leniently by all the laws.

His life is divided into four periods, or quarters, during the first of which he must

study unremittingly, serve his preceptors humbly and beg from door to door. During the second period he marries, reads and teaches the Vedas and leads a quiet life, "clean and decent, his hair and beard clipped, his passions subdued, his mantle white, his body pure, always engaged in studying the Veda, with a staff in his hand, and bright golden rings in his ears." The third quarter is spent in the woods as an anchorite, clad in bark, without fire, silent, his food only roots and fruits. For the fourth period he has no duties, but spends his time in meditation until "as a bird leaves the branch of a tree" he quits his body at his pleasure. This was the old priestly ideal; at present it is not strictly followed.

2. *The Kshatriya*, which is the warrior or kingly caste, sprang from the arm of Brahma, and possesses something of a sacred character. Only by cordial mutual support of Brahman and Kshatriya can either prosper, here or hereafter. The execution of laws and the defense of the people are the two great duties of this caste, but they must also give alms, read the Vedas and make sacrifices.

3. *The Vaishyas* sprang from the thigh of Brahma, and are the merchants and the farmers of the race, the men of business, the practical caste. With the two preceding they are the original stock of the Hindus, and as such have certain rights and privileges not possessed by the fourth class, which represents the remnants of the conquered races.

4. *The Shudra* is the caste of the artisan and the laborer, whose chief attribute must be utter servility to the Brahmans. The Shudras may not own property, can never improve their condition, yet are they not slaves.

A fifth class needs to be mentioned, a class so low as to be beneath contempt, the outcasts from other castes, the degraded survivors of wild, subjugated tribes, the *Pariahs*, or *Chandalas*, as they were known in different parts of India. The mere utterance of the name *Pariah* filled a Hindu with loathing and disgust, and if but the shadow of one of these outcasts happened to fall upon certain kinds of food they were unclean, defiled, and must be destroyed.

V. LANGUAGES. Sanskrit is the literary language, the original language, of the Aryan Hindus, which has been in use for more than two thousand years. It means *cultivated*, or *perfected*, as opposed to the Prakrit or natural language, which is contemporary with it. The Prakrit is derived from the Sanskrit and is also a language of literature, but spoken by the inferior classes. Thus a poet or dramatist put Sanskrit into the mouths of his learned men; a refined Prakrit was spoken by his ministers, and so on, each class represented in the play speaking its own peculiar dialect.

Neither Sanskrit nor Prakrit is one of the modern spoken languages of India, where dialects are as numerous as its provinces, and where many tongues are heard that seem to

bear no relation to Sanskrit. But in this work no attention need be paid to any but the literary languages, and of those we shall hear enough as we progress.

The sacred books of Buddhists are in Pali, a peculiar dialect allied to the Prakrit and hence a derivative from the Sanskrit. Thus it will be seen that the condition in India is not much different from that existing in England when all her literary works were in Latin or in French, as we shall learn later in our study of English literature.

VI. SANSKRIT. This language is one of the oldest of which we have definite knowledge, and the profound study which European scholars have made of it in the last century has thrown a flood of light upon the history of the Aryan race. Its ancient home was in Central Asia or Eastern Europe, whence tribes migrated to the west and south and laid the foundations of the Persian, Greek and Roman civilizations, besides colonizing Spain and England. Everywhere they asserted themselves to the overthrow of the indigenous races. The study of Sanskrit shows us that the ancestors of Hindu, Greek, Roman, German, English, French and American were one people with one language. Many of the common words of everyday life still bear such resemblance to one another that any one will recognize them. Such, for instance, are *father*, *mother*, *brother* and *sister*: the words that have about them the finest associations are the last to be changed.

Sanskrit, it is probable, was spoken as it is written until within three or four hundred years of the birth of Christ, but now new dialects have superseded it, and it is known only as the sacred and literary language, the medium through which alone can the wonderful literature of India be read and appreciated. Hindi, the most important of the modern languages, spoken by a hundred million people, still uses the Sanskrit characters in writing; but the Mohammedan Hindus talk Hindustani, a Hindi mixed with many Persian and Arabic words, and use Arabic characters.

VII. RELIGIONS. The prevailing religion of India is Hinduism, or Brahmanism. Next to that in number of followers is the Mohammedan religion. Buddhism, once widely prevalent, is now confined to a few provinces. Christianity has made progress under British sovereignty, and as always is a power to be reckoned with in the future. Many sects of greater or less importance exist, but it is not our purpose to discuss them here.

Religion and literature are always so interwoven that our plan will be to consider a religion at length in connection with the literature which it has most profoundly affected. In the study of Indian or Sanskrit literature, then, Brahmanism will take a commanding position; Buddhism also is an Indian religion though most of its works are in Pali. Mohammedanism belongs to Arabia, and Christianity to Europe. With this in mind, the reader will

look for a discussion of Shintoism in the work on Japan, for Confucianism and Taoism in China, but for Buddhism in neither, though it has profoundly influenced both countries.

VIII. ART AND ARCHITECTURE. The art and architecture of India, as of other countries, has been governed by the religion. Buddhism contributed its share in the commemorative monuments and in rock-hewn temples, of which there is a series erected at intervals from about 250 B. C. to the present time.

The Hindus spread their temples over India from the north to the south, but all the finest specimens are in the south, where the temples are pyramidal and of many stories, showing a rectangular outline. The pagoda of Tanjore rises to a height of about two hundred feet and consists of fourteen stories, the bottom one being eighty-two feet square. In the north the outline of the temples is curved, and they have but one story.

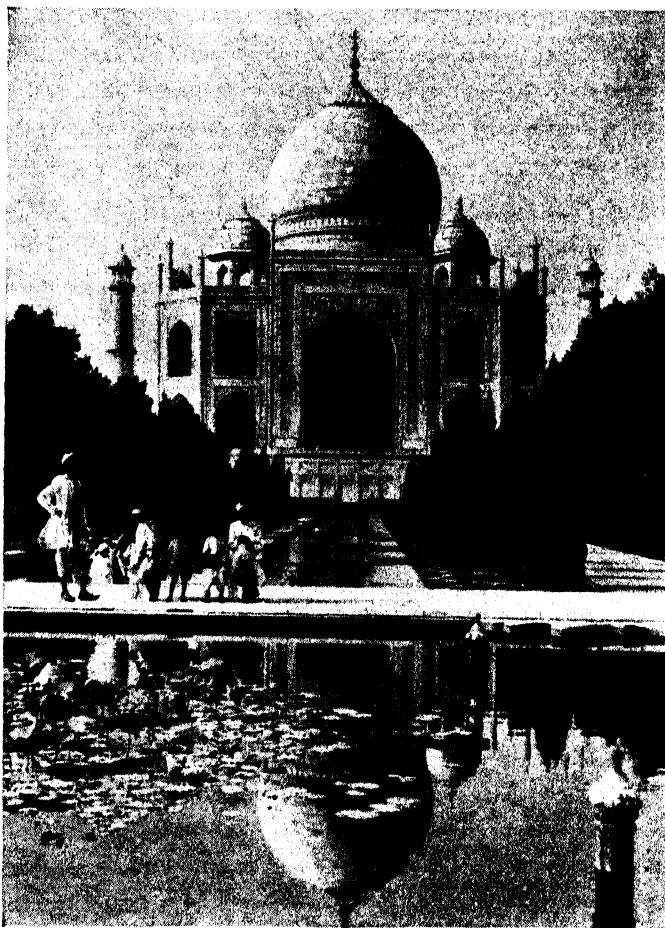
The Jainas, a sect which must have sprung from the Hindus, have been great builders, and have evolved a pillared vestibule surmounted by a dome surrounded by an arcade in which are cells containing images.

The Mohammedans, after their usual plan, have accepted in the main the styles of architecture which they have found, but have added the domes and minarets of the Saracens.

Wealth in profusion, represented in gold, silver and precious stones; rich clothes; elegant ornaments; powerful domestic animals, the

trained elephant and the fine horses especially —everything in fact, has combined to make India a land of marvels and high romance where all art and ceremonial were on a scale of more than royal magnificence and accompanied by expenditures beyond belief. Fantastic as much of this display undoubtedly has been, from the many-handed, many-headed gods of gold and ivory resting on thrones worth more than a modern battleship to the great temples that contained them, it has had its effect upon the Western mind, which still sees India through rosy glasses. India is to-day one of the poorest countries in the world. The average annual income is \$10.

IX. HISTORY. In the Sanskrit literature there is no such thing as a history, in the modern use of the term, although from Sanskrit books many reliable data may be gained. Early history is wholly legendary and known only through mythical and poetical narratives that hide facts completely. The first definite date is furnished by the life of Buddha. We know that he lived during the sixth century B. c. The next important fact is the invasion of India by Alexander the Great in 327 B. c. From 273 to 232 B. c. reigned Asoka, a name prominent in Buddhism. From then it is possible to trace quite accurately the history of the greater part of India, but for ages it consisted of the records of a multitude of independent or nearly independent states, held together merely by community of race and religion.



Elmendorf Photo: © Ewing Galloway

THE TAJ MAHAL AGRA, INDIA

THE GREATEST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL TOMB EVER ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF A WOMAN. BUILT BY SHAH JEHAN ABOUT 1630 IN MEMORY OF HIS WIFE. WALLS INLAID WITH LAPIS LAZULI, CORAL, MALACHITE, AGATE, ONYX, ETC., IN INTRICATE AND BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS ON THE WHITE MARBLE.

In the year 1001 of our era Mahmud, Sultan of Ghazni, began a series of inroads into India, killed thousands of people and carried off booty worth many millions of dollars. He was followed by other invaders of the same faith who carried still further the subjugation of the Hindu princes. After 1206, until the English conquest, India was under the rule of the Mohammedans, who made Delhi their capital.

The Mongols brought troublesome invasions from the north, but on their third appearance in 1297 they were so thoroughly beaten by Zafir Khan that his name became proverbial among the Mongols, who, when a horse started suddenly, always asked, "What's the matter? Do you see the ghost of Zafir Khan?"

The famous Tartar chief, Timur, or Tamerlane, sacked Delhi in 1397, but remained in India only a few months. Under a succession of dynasties the Moguls, of mixed Turkish and Mongolian race, extended their rule, which culminated in power under Aurungzebe, who died in 1707. In succeeding years the Mogul power waned and was not able to resist the disintegrating effects of internal confusion and the entrance upon the scene of grasping European traders and politicians. Then, in 1738, the Persian monarch, Nadir Shah, plundered Delhi, slaughtered its inhabitants and carried away an incredible amount of treasure. This was the final blow to Mogul rule.

The English appeared in India in 1602; two years after, Queen Elizabeth had chartered the

famous East India Company and given to it the exclusive right to trade in the lands and seas eastward from the Cape of Good Hope to Cape Horn. Theoretically, the members of the company were merely traders, but under new charters and a wider acquaintance with the immeasurable wealth of India and its chaotic condition, the East India Company lost its character, fomented disturbances, indulged in every species of corruption, and gratified its avarice by every conceivable means.

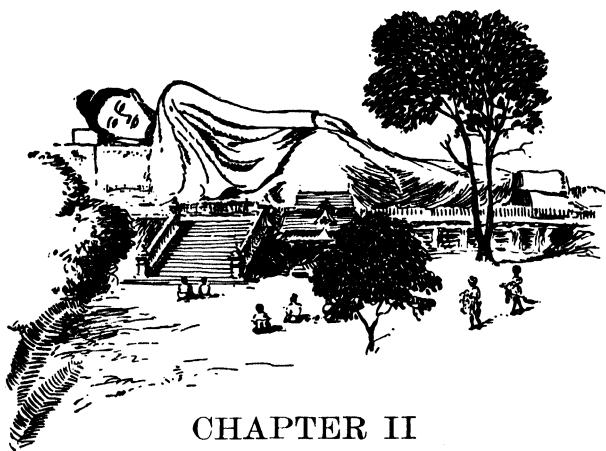
War between France and England heightened the jealousy already existing between the two nations in India, and fighting was prolonged after the treaty of peace between the mother countries. Lord Clive finally defeated the French, but Suraja Dowlah, native ruler of Bengal, captured Calcutta and confined in the Black Hole, a small dungeon, one hundred forty-six of the British, of whom only twenty-three survived a night's incarceration. But in 1757 Clive defeated Súrja Dowlah, and thereafter Bengal came finally under the rule of the British. Eight years later Lord Clive cleansed the government from corruption and oppression, and with his administration of Indian affairs began an enlightened rule that has been still further extended by a line of able Governors-General, who followed the illustrious but maligned Warren Hastings.

India has had an interesting and an exciting history since that date, but it is not our purpose to enter upon it. It is now a part of the British

Empire and is ruled with wisdom and enlightenment in such a way as to preserve those things that are excellent in native customs, to allow freedom in local rule and in religion, but yet steadily to improve and benefit all classes by restricting vice and conquering superstition as rapidly and naturally as possible.



A MELON VENDER



CHAPTER II

BUDDHISM

INTRODUCTORY. The religion known as Buddhism has existed for about twenty-five centuries, and as its disciples now number the astonishing total of over four hundred millions it commands a deep interest and respect from every student. Originating in Hindustan, it has practically lost its influence there and in India, while it has extended its sway over Ceylon, Burma and Siam, has become the dominant religion of Korea, has divided the rule of Confucius and Lao-tse in China, has overrun Japan and amalgamated itself with the native religion there, is established in Tibet and throughout the Mongols of Central Asia as Lamaism, and extends to the northern limits of Siberia and even into Swedish Lapland.

Nevertheless, its origin is not clearly understood, and there have been critics who have

denied the very existence of its great central figure, Buddha. It is now absolutely certain that Buddha was a real man who founded a religious sect, but it is impossible to decide how much of the traditional account of his life is legendary and how many is based on fact. However, for our purpose, it is well to lay debate aside, and to accept for the time being the legendary accounts of his life and endeavor to gain some idea of what constitutes this wonderful proselyting religion. We must always bear in mind that Buddhism originated fully six hundred years before the birth of Christ and so cannot be in the least an offshoot of the Christian religion. If there be any indebtedness it extends in the other direction.

II. NAMES OF THE FOUNDER. Buddha, the sacred name of the great teacher to whom we may attribute the origin of the religion, means literally, *the enlightened*—a deified teacher. He is variously named the Prince Siddartha, the Prince Gautama, the name of the family to which he belonged, and Sakya, the name of his clan. He is known as Sakya-muni, which means the *solitary* or the *monk* of the Sakyas, and to his name Gautama is often prefixed Sramana, which means the *ascetic*. Other religious titles are the Blessed, the Venerable of the World.

III. PRINCE SIDDARTHA. Following, then, the accepted tradition, Prince Gautama was born about 557 B. C. on the borders of Nepal, the son of Suddhodana, King of Kapilavastu.

As the result of a prophecy which said that he might leave the social life and become a religious teacher, his father, fearing that he might abandon the Kshatriya caste to which he had been born, married him early to a charming princess and surrounded him with all the luxury a dissipated court could furnish. This served for a time to cloud the spirit within him, but after twelve years of luxury he found himself more frequently brooding over the approach of lonesome old age, or of loathsome sickness and finally of death itself. The King set guards at every entrance to the palace, but Gauntama eluded them and escaped.

He cut off the long locks that indicated his caste, and at thirty years of age began the life of a mendicant. Years of study of Brahmanism gave him no satisfaction, and six years of the severest asceticism brought him no nearer to a solution of the problems that vexed his soul. For weeks he sat in silent abstraction, trying by sheer force of thought to conquer the secret of life.

As a result of this meditation, continued again and again, Gautama finally reached a solution and attained the perfect wisdom of the Buddha.

The tree under which he sat when the revelation came to him is known as the Bo-tree, the "tree of enlightenment."

From this time for forty-five years Buddha remained the teacher, spreading his doctrines and preaching his religion among the people of

Northern India. Everywhere he met the enmity of the Brahmans, but he succeeded in converting many and left behind him enough ardent disciples to see that his work was not halted by his death.

He died at Kusinagara, in Oude, in the year 477 B. C., in the arms of his disciples. His body was burned and his possessions distributed as relics among his followers, who treasured them and finally deposited them in topes or monuments erected for the purpose of protecting them.

IV. “THE LIGHT OF ASIA.” Sir Edwin Arnold in his beautiful poem, *The Light of Asia*, has told the story of Prince Gautama’s life and teachings from the lips of a Buddhist devotee. By quotations from his work we can create a better atmosphere than by any amount of common prose.

Of the conception and birth of Siddartha, Arnold thus writes:

That night the wife of King Suddhodana,
Maya the Queen, asleep beside her Lord,
Dreamed a strange dream; dreamed that a star from
Heaven—

Splendid, six-rayed, in color rosy-pearl,
Whereof the token was an Elephant
Six-tusked and whiter than Vahuka’s milk—
Shot through the void and, shining into her,
Entered her womb upon the right. Awaked,
Bliss beyond mortal mother’s filled her breast,
And over half the earth a lovely light
Forewent the morn. The strong hills shook; the
waves

Sank lulled; all flowers that blow by day came forth

As 'twere high noon; down to the farthest hells
 Passed the Queen's joy, as when warm sunshine
 thrills

Wood-glooms to gold, and into all the deeps
 A tender whisper pierced. "Oh ye," it said,
 "The dead that are to live, the live who die,
 Uprise, and hear, and hope! Buddha is come!"
 Whereat in Limbos numberless much peace
 Spread, and the world's heart throbbed, and a wind
 blew

With unknown freshness over lands and seas.
 Queen Maya stood at noon, her days fulfilled,
 Under a Palsa in the Palace-grounds,
 A stately trunk, straight as a temple-shaft,
 With crown of glossy leaves and fragrant blooms;
 And, knowing the time come—for all things knew—
 The conscious tree bent down its boughs to make
 A bower about Queen Maya's majesty,
 And Earth put forth a thousand sudden flowers
 To spread a couch, while, ready for the bath,
 The rock hard by gave out a limpid stream
 Of crystal flow. So brought she forth her child
 Pangless—he having on his perfect form
 The marks, thirty and two, of blessed birth;
 Of which the great news to the Palace came.

.
 And gods

Walked free with men that day, though men knew not:
 For Heaven was filled with gladness for Earth's sake,
 Knowing Lord Buddha thus was come again.

Of his education and the beginning of his
 merciful deeds, this is related:

Which reverence

Lord Buddha kept to all his schoolmasters,
 Albeit beyond their learning taught; in speech
 Right gentle, yet so wise; princely of mien,
 Yet softly-mannered; modest, deferent,

And tender-hearted, though of fearless blood;
 No bolder horseman in the youthful band
 E'er rode in gay chase of the shy gazelles.
 No keener driver of the chariot
 In mimic contest scoured the Palace-courts;
 Yet in mid-play the boy would oft-times pause,
 Letting the deer pass free, would oft-times yield
 His half-won race because the laboring steeds
 Fetched painful breath; or if his princely mates
 Saddened to lose, or if some wistful dream
 Swept o'er his thoughts. And ever with the years
 Waxed this compassionateness of our Lord,
 Even as a great tree grows from two soft leaves
 To spread its shade afar; but hardly yet
 Knew the young child of sorrow, pain, or tears,
 Save as strange names for things not felt by kings,
 Nor ever to be felt. But it befell
 In the Royal garden on a day of spring,
 A flock of wild swans passed, voyaging north
 To their nest-places on Himala's breast.
 Calling in love-notes down their snowy line
 The bright birds flew, by fond love piloted;
 And Devadatta, cousin of the Prince,
 Pointed his bow, and loosed a willful shaft
 Which found the wide wing of the foremost swan
 Broad-spread to glide upon the free blue road
 So that it fell, the bitter arrow fixed,
 Bright scarlet blood-gouts staining the pure plumes.
 Which seeing, Prince Siddartha took the bird
 Tenderly up, rested it in his lap—
 Sitting with knees crossed, as Lord Buddha sits—
 And, soothing with a touch the wild thing's fright,
 Composed its ruffled vans, calmed its quick heart,
 Caressed it into peace with light kind palms
 As soft as plaintain-leaves an hour unrolled;
 And while the left hand held, the right hand drew
 The cruel steel forth from the wound and laid
 Cool leaves and healing honey on the smart.
 Yet all so little knew the boy of pain

That curiously into his wrist he pressed
The arrow's barb, and winced to feel it sting,
And turned with tears to soothe his bird again.

Then some one came who said, "My Prince hath
shot

A swan, which fell among the roses here,
He bids me pray you send it. Will you send?"
"Nay," quoth Siddartha, "if the bird were dead
To send it to the slayer might be well,
But the swan lives; my cousin hath but killed
The god-like speed which throbbed in this white
wing."

And Devadatta answered, "The wild thing,
Living or dead, is his who fetched it down;
'Twas no man's in the clouds, but fall'n 'tis mine,
Give me my prize, fair Cousin." Then our Lord
Laid the swan's neck beside his own smooth cheek
And gravely spake, "Say no! the bird is mine,
The first of myriad things which shall be mine
By right of mercy and love's lordliness.
For now I know, by what within me stirs,
That I shall teach compassion unto men
And be a speechless world's interpreter,
Abating this accursed flood of woe,
Not man's alone; but, if the Prince disputes,
Let him submit this matter to the wise
And we will wait their word." So was it done;
In full divan the business had debate,
And many thought this thing and many that,
Till there arose an unknown priest who said,
"If life be aught, the saviour of a life
Owns more the living thing than he can own
Who sought to slay—the slayer spoils and wastes,
The cherisher sustains, give him the bird:"
Which judgment all found just; but when the King
Sought out the sage for honor, he was gone;
And some one saw a hooded snake glide forth,—
The gods come ofttimes thus! So our Lord Buddha
Began his works of mercy.

This is how Siddartha, in contest with others,
won his bride, the lovely Yasodhara :

But when the Prince saw sweet Yasodhara,
Brightly he smiled, and drew his silken rein,
Leaped to the earth from Kantaka's broad back,
And cried, "He is not worthy of this pearl
Who is not worthiest; let my rivals prove
If I have dared too much in seeking her."
Then Nanda challenged for the arrow-test
And set a brazen drum six gows away,
Ardjuna six and Devadatta eight;
But Prince Siddartha bade them set his drum
Ten gows from off the line, until it seemed
A cownry-shell for target. Then they loosed,
And Nanda pierced his drum, Ardjuna his,
And Devadatta drove a well-aimed shaft
Through both sides of his mark, so that the crowd
Marveled and cried; and sweet Yasodhara
Dropped the gold sari o'er her fearful eyes,
Lest she should see her Prince's arrow fail.
But he, taking their bow of lacquered cane,
With sinews bound, and strung with silverwire
Which none but stalwart arms could draw a span,
Thrummed it—low laughing—drew the twisted string
Till the horns kissed, and the thick belly snapped:
"That is for play, not love," he said; "hath none
A bow more fit for Sakya lords to use?"
And one said, "There is Sinhahanu's bow,
Kept in the temple since we knew not when,
Which none can string, nor draw if it be strung."
"Fetch me," he cried, "that weapon of a man!"
They brought the ancient bow, wrought of black steel,
Laid with gold tendrils on its branching curves
Like bison-horns; and twice Siddartha tried
Its strength across his knee, then spake—"Shoot now
With this, my cousins!" but they could not bring
The stubborn arms a hand's breadth nigher use;
Then the Prince, lightly leaning, bent the bow,

Slipped home the eye upon the notch, and twanged
Sharply the cord, which, like an eagle's wing
Thrilling the air, sang forth so clear and loud
That feeble folk at home that day inquired
"What is this sound?" and people answered them,
"It is the sound of Sinhahanu's bow,
Which the King's son has strung and goes to shoot;"
Then fitting fair a shaft, he drew and loosed,
And the keen arrow clove the sky, and drave
Right through the farthest drum, nor stayed its
flight,

But skimmed the plain beyond, past reach of eye.

Then Devadatta challenged with the sword,
And clove a Talas-tree six fingers thick;
Ardjuna seven; and Nanda cut through nine;
But two such stems together grew, and both
Siddartha's blade shred at one flashing stroke,
Keen, but so smooth that the straight trunks upstood,
And Nanda cried, "His edge turned!" and the maid
Trembled anew seeing the trees erect,
Until the Devas of the air, who watched,
Blew light breaths from the south, and both green
crowns

Crashed in the sand, clean-felled.

Then brought they steeds,
High-mettled, nobly-bred; and three times scoured
Around the maidan, but white Kantaka
Left even the fleetest far behind—so swift,
That ere the foam fell from his mouth to earth
Twenty spear-lengths he flew; but Nanda said,
"We too might win with such as Kantaka;
Bring an unbroken horse, and let men see
Who best can back him." So the syces brought
A stallion dark as night, led by three chains,
Fierce-eyed, with nostrils wide and tossing mane,
Unshod, unsaddled, for no rider yet
Had crossed him. Three times each young Sakya
Sprung to his mighty back, but the hot steed
Furiously reared, and flung them to the plain,

In dust and shame; only Ardjuna held
 His seat a while, and, bidding loose the chains,
 Lashed the black flank, and shook the bit, and held
 The proud jaws fast with grasp of master-hand,
 So that in storms of wrath and rage and fear
 The savage stallion circled once the plain,
 Half-tamed; but sudden turned with naked teeth,
 Gripped by the foot Ardjuna, tore him down,
 And would have slain him, but the grooms ran in
 Fettering the maddened beast. Then all men cried,
 “Let not Siddartha meddle with this Bhut,
 Whose liver is a tempest, and his blood
 Red flame;” but the Prince said, “Let go the chains,
 Give me his forelock only,” which he held
 With quiet grasp, and, speaking some low word,
 Laid his right palm across the stallion’s eyes,
 And drew it gently down the angry face,
 And all along the neck and panting flanks,
 Till men astonished saw the night-black horse
 Sink his fierce crest and stand subdued and meek,
 As though he knew our Lord and worshipped him.
 Nor stirred he while Siddartha mounted, then
 Went soberly to touch of knee and rein
 Before all eyes, so that the people said,
 “Strive no more, for Siddartha is the best.”

After Siddartha, riding with his courtiers,
 learns what poverty, suffering and death are
 like, he speaks with the fair Yasodhara:

Which pondering, to his beauteous Court returned
 Wistful Siddartha, sad of mien and mood;
 Nor tasted he the white cakes nor the fruits
 Spread for the evening feast, nor once looked up
 While the best palace-dancers strove to charm:
 Nor spake—save one sad thing—when woefully
 Yasodhara sank to his feet and wept,
 Sighing, “Hath not my Lord comfort in me?”
 “Ah, Sweet!” he said, “such comfort that my soul

Aches, thinking it must end, for it will end,
And we shall both grow old, Yasodhara!
Loveless, unlovely, weak, and old, and bowed.
Nay, though we locked up love and life with lips
So close that night and day our breaths grew one,
Time would thrust in between to filch away
My passion and thy grace, as black Night steals
The rose-gleams from yon peak, which fade to gray
And are not seen to fade. This have I found,
And all my heart is darkened with its dread,
And all my heart is fixed to think how Love
Might save its sweetness from the slayer, Time,
Who makes men old." So through that night he sate
Sleepless, uncomforted.

In this manner Siddartha leaves his home, in
his search for truth:

"Now am I fixed, and now I will depart,
Never to come again till what I seek
Be found—if fervent search and strife avail."

So with his brow he touched her feet, and bent
The farewell of fond eyes, unutterable,
Upon her sleeping face, still wet with tears;
And thrice around the bed in reverence,
As though it were an altar, softly stepped
With clasped hands laid upon his beating heart,
"For never," spake he, "lie I there again!"
And thrice he made to go, but thrice came back,
So strong her beauty was, so large his love:
Then, o'er his head drawing his cloth, he turned
And raised the purdah's edge:

There drooped, close-hushed,
In such sealed sleep as water-lilies know,
The lovely garden of his Indian girls;
That twin dark-petaled lotus-buds of all—
Gunga and Gotami—on either side,
And those, their silk-leaved sisterhood, beyond.
"Pleasant ye are to me, sweet friends!" he said,

“And dear to leave; yet if I leave ye not
 What else will come to all of us save eld
 Without assuage and death without avail?
 Lo! as ye lie asleep so must ye lie
 A-dead; and when the rose dies where are gone
 Its scent and splendor? when the lamp is drained
 Whither is fled the flame? Press heavy, Night!
 Upon their down-dropped lids and seal their lips,
 That no tear stay me and no faithful voice.
 For all the brighter that these made my life,
 The bitterer it is that they and I,
 And all, should live as trees do—so much spring,
 Such and such rains and frosts, such wintertimes,
 And then dead leaves, with maybe spring again,
 Or axe-stroke at the root. This will not I,
 Whose life here was a God’s!—this would not I,
 Though all my days were godlike, while men moan
 Under their darkness. Therefore farewell, friends!
 While life is good to give, I give, and go
 To seek deliverance and that unknown Light!”

Then, lightly treading where those sleepers lay,
 Into the night Siddhartha passed: its eyes,
 The watchful stars, looked love on him: its breath,
 The wandering wind, kissed his robe’s fluttered fringe;
 The garden-blossoms, folded for the dawn,
 Opened their velvet hearts to waft him scents
 From pink and purple censers: o’er the land,
 From Himalay unto the Indian Sea,
 A tremor spread, as if earth’s soul beneath
 Stirred with an unknown hope; and holy books—
 Which tell the story of our Lord—say, too,
 That rich celestial musics thrilled the air
 From hosts on hosts of shining ones, who thronged
 Eastward and westward, making bright the night—
 Northward and southward, making glad the ground.

V. METEMPSYCHOSIS, THE DOCTRINE OF THE
 TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS. Much that appears

strange to us in the character of Eastern peoples is reconciled if we bear in mind that at the foundation of all their beliefs is metempsychosis. In Buddhism it is the fundamental principle, no less than in Hinduism, and in one form or another it has been a part of most of the religions of antiquity and of the beliefs of uncivilized races. In its broadest sense it presupposes a belief in the immortality of the soul.

The Buddhistic belief is as follows: All souls have existed from the beginning. As the world is unreal and sinful, transmigration can only be stopped by the complete expiation of sin, when at last the soul attains perfect rest. When a man dies he is immediately born again; in what shape the excellence or sinfulness of his life determines—in the new incarnation he may be anything from a loathsome reptile to a god. If there is nothing sufficiently low to punish him adequately, he may be sent to some one of the hundred or more hells in the interior of the earth, where he will dwell in agony at least ten million years, or if he has been sent to the worst of them his period of punishment extends to years we cannot number, but which in time must cease for the weary soul to be born again. If a person has lived a worthy life, he next appears in a more exalted position on earth or even as a divinity in heaven, where he may exist ten billion years at least, but in the end in another incarnation he must revisit the earth.

Buddha himself before he attained relief and perfect rest had been in an infinitude of transmigrations, and when he attained perfect knowledge all these came back to him; so the legendary literature of Buddhism is filled with narratives of his experiences and exploits as bird or stag or man, or in whatsoever form the vivid imagination of the writer might place him.

VI. KARMA. The consequence of one's acts, that is, the fixation of the migrations of a soul after death, is not determined by God; in fact, in the Buddhistic creed there is no supreme directing power outside ourselves—no God. The direction of transmigration and its destination are the natural ethical result of the actions of life, and this continuous working of every act and thought to the one end is Karma. Its working is fixed inevitably, the rigid out-working of cause and effect. But the Karma of a man's actions may not call for the effect of a given cause immediately; the results of a bad action may not be seen for many existences, but sometime Karma will bring it out and the debt will be paid.

VII. THE MISERY OF EXISTENCE. The Buddhist believes that life is innate with misery; incurable, hopeless misery. Death does not end it, for death means only a transmigration to further life. The belief is common to Hinduism also and is hard to realize by us, who dwell in more rugged climes where the very struggle for existence makes it happy and

desirable. We cannot conceive of life as an endless, eternal round of sin and suffering; we feel that death brings peace and forgetfulness if life has been a combat with self and sin. The Buddhist sees in it only a moment's respite from a misery that persists. Life being tedious, exertion painful and peace unknown, he regards death with equanimity, at least, for it may mean further life in easier circumstances. The Buddhist refuses to recognize caste, admits any one to the priesthood who will prepare for it, but sees in heaven, even as a divinity, only a temporary cessation of pain, a little relief in aeons of agony, for even the divinities are subject to the law of re-incarnation: in time Karma brings about the change. This ingrained belief must be remembered by all who would understand the literature of the Buddhists, and of the Hindus as well.

VIII. NIRVANA. What relief is there from this eternity of suffering? The Buddhist finds it in Nirvana, the final extinguishment of transmigration for the human soul. Nirvana, literally, as the two Sanskrit words indicate, a blowing out as a candle is extinguished, is to the Buddhist the final extinction of the passions, the attainment of peace and tranquillity of mind, the cutting off of Karma so that there is no more transmigration, no more consciousness of individuality.

By devious means the Buddhist priest endeavors to make attractive this nothingness. It is the port of souls that have voyaged from

eternity ; it is rest, it is quiet, it is peace. It is the medicine for all diseases, the water that quenches the thirst of passion. Buddha was no philosopher, and he refused absolutely to speculate as to what happened after his death. He was interested only in the present life, in the destruction of the passions and desires which were the cause of transmigration. The goal of the religious life was, to him, peace of mind and tranquillity, and this was to be attained only by following certain ethical precepts. Buddhism as a system of pragmatic ethics discarded the ritual and sacrifice and formalism of Brahmanism. Buddha, like many other religious teachers of India, did not crave an eternal continuation of individual consciousness. The cessation of individual consciousness does not necessarily mean absolute annihilation.

Such is the Nirvana of pure Buddhism. Succeeding teachers of the religion have changed the conception somewhat, and in those countries where Buddhism has been corrupted by other beliefs the conception may be very different.

How Buddha attained Nirvana has been told by Edwin Arnold. We take up the quotation where the patient, thoughtful man has passed through the long hours of fierce temptation :

But Buddha heeded not,
Sitting serene, with perfect virtue walled
As is a stronghold by its gates and ramps;
Also the Sacred Tree—the Bodhi-tree—

Amid that tumult stirred not, but each leaf
 Glistened as still as when on moonlit eyes
 No zephyr spills the glittering gems of dew;
 For all this clamor raged outside the shade
 Spread by those cloistered stems:

In the third watch,

The earth being still, the hellish legions fled,
 A soft air breathing from the sinking moon,
 Our Lord attained *Samma-sambuddh*; he saw
 By light which shines beyond our mortal ken
 The line of all his lives in all the worlds,
 Far back and farther back and farthest yet,
 Five hundred lives and fifty. Even as one,
 At rest upon a mountain-summit, marks
 His path wind up by precipice and crag,
 Past thick-set woods shrunk to a patch; through bogs
 Glittering false-green; down hollows where he toiled
 Breathless; on dizzy ridges where his feet
 Had well-nigh slipped; beyond the sunny lawns,
 The cataract and the cavern and the pool,
 Backward to those dim flats wherefrom he sprang
 To reach the blue; thus Buddha did behold
 Life's upward steps long-linked, from levels low
 Where breath is base, to higher slopes and higher
 Whereon the ten great Virtues wait to lead
 The climber skyward. Also, Buddha saw
 How new life reaps what the old life did sow:
 How where its march breaks off its march begins;
 Holding the gain and answering for the loss;
 And how in each life good begets more good,
 Evil fresh evil; Death but casting up
 Debit or credit, whereupon th' account
 In merits or demerits stamps itself
 By sure arithmetic—where no tittle drops—
 Certain and just, on some new-springing life;
 Wherein are packed and scored past thoughts and
 deeds
 Strivings and triumphs, memories and marks
 Of lives foregone:

And in the middle watch
Our Lord attained *Abhidjñā*—insight vast
Ranging beyond this sphere to spheres unnamed,
System on system, countless worlds and suns
Moving in splendid measures, band by band
Linked in division, one yet separate,
The silver islands of a sapphire sea
Shoreless, unfathomed, undiminished, stirred
With waves which roll in restless tides of change.
He saw those Lords of Light who hold their worlds
By bonds invisible, how they themselves
Circle obedient round mightier orbs
Which serve profounder splendors, star to star
Flashing the ceaseless radiance of life
From centers ever shifting unto cirques
Knowing no uttermost. These he beheld
With unsealed vision, and of all those worlds
Cycle on epicycle, all their tale
Of Kalpas, Mahakalpas—terms of time
Which no man grasps, yea, though he knew to count
The drops in Gunga from her springs to the sea,
Measureless unto speech—whereby these wax
And wane; whereby each of this heavenly host
Fulfills its shining life and darkling dies.
Sakwal by Sakwal, depths and heights he passed
Transported through the blue infinitudes,
Marking—behind all modes, above all spheres,
Beyond the burning impulse of each orb—
That fixed decree at silent work which wills
Evolve the dark to light, the dead to life,
To fullness void, to form the yet unformed,
Good unto better, better unto best,
By wordless edict; having none to bid,
None to forbid; for this is past all gods
Immutable, unspeakable, supreme,
A power which builds, unbuilds, and builds again,
Ruling all things accordant to the rule
Of virtue, which is beauty, truth, and use.
So that all things do well which serve the Power,

And ill which hinder ; nay, the worm does well
 Obedient to its kind ; the hawk does well
 Which carries bleeding quarries to its young ;
 The dewdrop and the star shine sisterly,
 Globing together in the common work ;
 And man who lives to die, dies to live well
 So if he guide his ways by blamelessness
 And earnest will to hinder not but help
 All things both great and small which suffer life.
 These did our Lord see in the middle watch.

But when the fourth watch came the secret came
 Of Sorrow, which with evil mars the law,
 As damp and dross hold back the goldsmith's fire.
 Then was the Dukha-satya opened him
 First of the "Noble Truths;" how Sorrow is
 Shadow to life, moving where life doth move ;
 Not to be laid aside until one lays
 Living aside, with all its changing states,
 Birth, growth, decay, love, hatred, pleasure, pain,
 Being and doing. How that none strips off
 These sad delights and pleasant griefs who lacks
 Knowledge to know them snares ; but he who knows
 Avidya—Delusion—sets those snares,
 Loves life no longer but ensues escape.
 The eyes of such a one are wide, he sees
 Delusion breeds Sankhara, Tendency
 Perverse : Tendency Energy—Vidnnan—
 Whereby comes Namarupa, local form
 And name and bodiment, bringing the man
 With senses naked to the sensible,
 A helpless mirror of all shows which pass
 Across his heart, and so Vedana grows—
 "Sense-life"—false in its gladness, fell in sadness,
 But sad or glad, the Mother of Desire,
 Trishna, that thirst which makes the living drink
 Deeper and deeper of the false salt waves
 Whereon they float, pleasures, ambitions, wealth,
 Praise, fame, or domination, conquest, love ;

Rich meats and robes, and fair abodes, and pride
 Of ancient lines, and lust of days, and strife
 To live, and sins that flow from strife, some sweet,
 Some bitter. Thus Life's thirst quenches itself
 With draughts which double thirst, but who is wise
 Tears from his soul this Trishna, feeds his sense
 No longer on false shows, files his firm mind
 To seek not, strive not, wrong not; bearing meek
 All ills which flow from foregone wrongfulness,
 And so constraining passions that they die
 Famished; till all the sum of ended life—
 The *Karma*—all that total of a soul
 Which is the things it did, the thoughts it had,
 The "Self" it wove—with woof of viewless time,
 Crossed on the warp invisible of acts—
 The outcome of him on the Universe,
 Grows pure and sinless; either never more
 Needing to find a body and a place,
 Or so informing what fresh frame it takes
 In new existence that the new toils prove
 Lighter and lighter not to be at all,
 Thus "finishing the Path;" free from Earth's cheats;
 Released from all the skandhas of the flesh;
 Broken from ties—from Upadanas—saved
 From whirling on the wheel; aroused and sane
 As is a man wakened from hateful dreams.
 Until—greater than Kings, than Gods more glad!—
 The aching craze to live ends, and life glides—
 Lifeless—to nameless quiet, nameless joy,
 Blessed NIRVANA—sinless, stirless rest—
 That change which never changes!

IX. THE "FOUR SUBLIME VERITIES" AND
 THE "WAY OF BUDDHA." How may Nirvana
 be attained? is a question of never-ending in-
 terest. Gautama contends that there are "four
 sublime verities," viz.:

First, Pain exists.

Second, The Cause of pain is desire or attachment.

Third, Pain can be ended by Nirvana.

Fourth, the Way that leads to Nirvana.

The Way of Buddha, the Way to Nirvana, demands eight things: Right belief; Right resolve or purpose; Right speech or discourse; Right practice or behavior; Right occupation or means of livelihood; Right effort or endeavor; Right mindfulness or contemplation; Right meditation or concentration. These are always in the devotee's consciousness.

Let us explain the four Verities and the Way in the language Edwin Arnold puts into the mouth of Buddha, in *The Light of Asia*:

Ye that will tread the Middle Road, whose course
Bright Reason traces and soft Quiet smoothes;
Ye who will take the high Nirvana-way
List the Four Noble Truths.

The First Truth is of *Sorrow*. Be not mocked!
Life which ye prize is long-drawn agony:
Only its pains abide; its pleasures are
As birds which light and fly.

Ache of the birth, ache of the helpless days,
Ache of hot youth and ache of manhood's prime;
Ache of the chill gray years and choking death,
These fill your piteous time.

Sweet is fond Love, but funeral-flames must kiss
The breasts which pillow and the lips which cling;
Gallant is warlike Might, but vultures pick
The joints of chief and King.

Beauteous is Earth, but all its forest-broods
Plot mutual slaughter, hungering to live;
Of sapphire are the skies, but when men cry
Famished, no drops they give.

Ask of the sick, the mourners, ask of him
Who tottereth on his staff, lone and forlorn,
"Liketh thee life?"—these say the babe is wise
That weepeth, being born.

The Second Truth is *Sorrow's Cause*. What grief
Springs of itself and springs not of Desire?
Senses and things perceived mingle and light
Passion's quick spark of fire:

So flameth Trishna, lust and thirst of things.
Eager ye cleave to shadows, dote on dreams;
A false Self in the midst ye plant, and make
A world around which seems;

Blind to the height beyond, deaf to the sound
Of sweet airs breathed from far past Indra's sky;
Dumb to the summons of the true life kept
For him who false puts by.

So grow the strifes and lusts which make earth's war,
So grieve poor cheated hearts and flow salt tears;
So wax the passions, envies, angers, hates;
So years chase blood-stained years

With wild red feet. So, where the grain should grow,
Spreads the biran-weed with its evil root
And poisonous blossoms; hardly good seeds find
Soil where to fall and shoot;

And drugged with poisonous drink the soul departs,
And fierce with thirst to drink Karma returns;
Sense-struck again the sodden self begins,
And new deceits it earns.

The Third is *Sorrow's Ceasing*. This is peace
To conquer love of self and lust of life.
To tear deep-rooted passion from the breast,
To still the inward strife;

For love to clasp Eternal Beauty close;
For glory to be Lord of self, for pleasure
To live beyond the gods; for countless wealth
To lay up lasting treasure

Of perfect service rendered, duties done
In charity, soft speech, and stainless days:
These riches shall not fade away in life,
Nor any death dispraise.

Then Sorrow ends, for Life and Death have ceased;
How should lamps flicker when their oil is spent?
The old sad count is clear, the new is clean;
Thus hath a man content.

The Fourth Truth is *The Way*. It openeth wide,
Plain for all feet to tread, easy and near,
The *Noble Eightfold Path*; it goeth straight
To peace and refuge. Hear!

Manifold tracks lead to yon sister-peaks
Around whose snows the gilded clouds are curled;
By steep or gentle slopes the climber comes
Where breaks that other world.

Strong limbs may dare the rugged road which storms,
Soaring and perilous, the mountain's breast;
The weak must wind from slower ledge to ledge
With many a place of rest.

So is the Eightfold Path which brings to peace;
By lower or by upper heights it goes.
The firm soul hastes, the feeble tarries. All
Will reach the sunlit snows.

The First good Level is *Right Doctrine*. Walk
In fear of Dharma, shunning all offense;
In heed of Karma, which doth make man's fate;
In lordship over sense.

The Second is *Right Purpose*. Have good-will
To all that lives, letting unkindness die
And greed and wrath; so that your lives be made
Like soft airs passing by.

The Third is *Right Discourse*. Govern the lips
As they were palace-doors, the King within;
Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words
Which from that presence win.

The Fourth is *Right Behavior*. Let each act
Assoil a fault or help a merit grow:
Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads
Let love through good deeds show.

Four higher roadways be. Only those feet
May tread them which have done with earthly
things;
Right Purity, Right Thought, Right Loneliness,
Right Rapture. Spread no wings

For sunward flight, thou soul with unplumed vans!
Sweet is the lower air and safe, and known
The homely levels: only strong ones leave
The nest each makes his own.

Dear is the love, I know, of Wife and Child;
Pleasant the friends and pastimes of your years;
Fruitful of good Life's gentle charities;
False, though firm-set, its fears.

Live—ye who must—such lives as live on these;
Make golden stairways of your weakness; rise

By daily sojourn with those phantasies
To lovelier verities.

So shall ye pass to clearer heights and find
Easier ascents and lighter loads of sins,
And larger will to burst the bonds of sense,
Entering the Path. Who wins

To such commencement hath the *First Stage* touched;
He knows the Noble Truths, the Eightfold Road;
By few or many steps such shall attain
NIRVANA'S blest abode.

Who standeth at the *Second Stage*, made free
From doubts, delusions, and the inward strife,
Lord of all lusts, quit of the priests and books,
Shall live but one more life.

Yet onward lies the *Third Stage*: purged and pure
Hath grown the stately spirit here, hath risen
To love all living things in perfect peace.
His life at end, life's prison

Is broken. Nay, there are who surely pass
Living and visible to utmost goal
By *Fourth Stage* of the Holy ones—the Buddhs—
And they of stainless soul.

Lo! like fierce foes slain by some warrior,
Ten sins along these Stages lie in dust,
The Love of Self, False Faith, and Doubt are three,
Two more, Hatred and Lust.

Who of these Five is conqueror hath trod
Three stages out of Four: yet there abide
The Love of Life on earth, Desire for Heaven,
Self-praise, Error, and Pride.

As one who stands on yonder snowy horn
Having nought o'er him but the boundless blue,

So, these sins being slain, the man is come
NIRVANA'S verge unto.

Him the Gods envy from their lower seats;
Him the Three Worlds in ruin should not shake;
All life is lived for him, all deaths are dead;
Karma will no more make

New houses. Seeking nothing, he gains all;
Foregoing self, the Universe grows "I":
If any teach NIRVANA is to cease,
Say unto such they lie.

If any teach NIRVANA is to live,
Say unto such they err; not knowing this,
Nor what light shines beyond their broken lamps,
Nor lifeless, timeless bliss.

X. THE TEN MORAL PRECEPTS. Buddhism as a religion and a code of morals contemplates two classes of people: the laymen who live in the world and are of it, and the second class, who embrace the religious life. For these two classes Buddha gives ten precepts or rules which must be obeyed in order to prevent the bonds of sin from being more rigidly fastened upon the soul and to insure a higher incarnation, when death shall come. These are important to every believer.

Five of these precepts concern only those who live the religious life, viz.: Abstain from food after midday; abstain from songs, music dances, theatrical amusements; abstain from personal ornaments and perfumes; abstain from luxurious and showy beds; abstain from taking gold and silver.

Five of the precepts are of universal application and must be followed by all alike. Let Buddha give those precepts, once more in the words of Edwin Arnold:

More is the treasure of the Law than gems;
Sweeter than comb its sweetness; its delights
Delightful past compare. Thereby to live
Hear the *Five Rules* aright:—

Kill not—for Pity's sake—and lest ye slay
The meanest thing upon its upward way.

Give freely and receive, but take from none
By greed, or force or fraud, what is his own.

Bear not false witness, slander not, nor lie;
Truth is the speech of inward purity.

Shun drugs and drinks which work the wit abuse;
Clear minds, clean bodies, need no Soma juice.

Touch not thy neighbor's wife, neither commit
Sins of the flesh unlawful and unfit.

These words the Master spake of duties due
To father, mother, children, fellows, friends;
Teaching how such as may not swiftly break
The clinging chains of sense—whose feet are weak
To tread the higher road—should order so
This life of flesh that all their hither days
Pass blameless in discharge of charities
And first true footfalls in the Eightfold Path;
Living pure, reverent, patient, pitiful,
Loving all things which live even as themselves;
Because what falls for ill is fruit of ill
Wrought in the past, and what falls well of good;
And that by howsomuch the householder
Purgeth himself of self and helps the world,
By so much happier comes he to next stage,
In so much bettered being.

XI. THE BUDDHISTIC VIRTUES. The essential virtues or "perfections" which lead to Nirvana are contemplation, knowledge, courage, patience, purity and charity—and the greatest of these is charity, boundless benevolence, perfect self-abnegation.

Buddha himself was the great exemplar of this virtue, and the writings give instances innumerable where he practiced his self-sacrifice in his multitudinous incarnations. Once, it is related, he gave his body as food to a starving tigress. A Buddhist ascetic will not kill the most offensive vermin; rather will he go to the ridiculous extreme of removing a flea politely from his body and sending it on its way rejoicing.

Lying and deceit are offensive and detrimental; gross and impure language is vicious; humility is imperative. To confirm the monk in his humility he was twice a month required to confess all his sins and weaknesses in public to the other monks.

Contemplation and knowledge are among the cardinal virtues, and pure thought is the highest and noblest quality of the mind. The statues of Buddha represent him as sitting cross-legged under the Bo-tree, his face calm, expressionless, wrapped in deep thought. It is the attitude of holy contemplation, the one in which he "arrived at the other shore," at Nirvana, the Nirvana which is ecstasy, or trance, "where there are neither ideas nor the idea of the absence of ideas," the highest state

of the mystic. "Complete" Nirvana can of course come only with death, but the condition precedent, Nirvana, simply so-called, may be reached during life. This is what Buddha attained under the Bo-tree. When he died he reached "complete" Nirvana.

XII. RESEMBLANCE TO CHRISTIANITY. The most casual reader cannot but be impressed by the similarity which this pure Buddhism bears to the religion of Christ. Buddha after his immaculate conception passes through great temptations scatheless and teaches his doctrines to the people. He recognizes no caste; in his eyes all men are equal. The soul of the lordly Kshatriya, or the holy Brahman, is to him of no more value than the soul of the lowest Shudra.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," says Christ; Buddha assumes no personal power; he says, "Practice the virtues and you shall find rest." This is the great difference—Buddha is not God, does not ask for worship.

The Buddhist virtues are the Christian virtues; sympathy, love, toleration, the keeping of the commandments. All these principles were inculcated by Buddha, and it was he who first gave to the world the notion that there is a great brotherhood of man, a universal sympathy that makes all nature kin. And Buddha lived six hundred years before Christ.

Mrs. Spier, in her *Life in Ancient India*, has said one "could almost imagine that before God

planted Christianity upon earth he took a branch from the luxuriant tree and cast it down in India."

XIII. THE RITUAL. Simplicity itself is the characteristic of the Buddhist ritual. There are no ceremonies and no priesthood, properly so called. Every Buddhist is a priest to himself.

The monks are men who from choice lead the ascetic, holy life. They have in charge the education of the people and at stated intervals read to the assembled people the Buddhist scriptures. They live in monasteries, which are very numerous, and in parts of Tibet, it is said, every third person that one meets is a monk.

The worship of the people consists of silent adoration of a statue of Buddha, or of one of his relics, and in the offering of flowers, fruit and incense, the forming of processions and the singing of hymns. One of the most sacred relics was the tooth of Gautama, which was kept in a costly and elegant shrine at Kandy, in Ceylon. Though the original relic was destroyed by the Portuguese, a discolored piece of ivory bearing no resemblance to a human tooth now seems to answer the purpose equally well. There are numbers of these teeth in India, and the smallest of them is two inches in length! This later development of a superstitious veneration of spurious relics is exactly comparable to the development of relic-worship in Christian Europe.

The quantity of flowers said to have been offered at times is incredible. At the shrine of the sacred tooth a royal devotee once placed about six and a half million flowers; at another temple a different man offered "a hundred thousand flowers and every day a different flower."

Theoretically, Buddha is no more than any man may hope to become, but the ignorant undoubtedly worship him as a god and the hymns and prayers confirm them in the practice, but these are an aftergrowth, added by the monks who have tried to make a formal religion, a Church, and to predicate a creed, as followers of Christ have done in all ages. Indeed, Christian creeds are many.

Pilgrimages to sacred places are numerous, and are attended by vast concourses of people. In Ceylon, on the top of a mountain seventy-five hundred feet high which terminates in a granite tableland, is a singular depression about five feet long. This the Buddhist regards as the footprint of Gautama left on his last visit to Ceylon. It is a holy place and to the devout Buddhist it is no less holy when he knows that the Mohammedan regards it as the footprint Adam left when after his expulsion from Eden he stood there so long in grief and repentance, or that the Hindu considers it the footprint of his god Shiva. Pilgrims of all three faiths meet there in great numbers and worship each in his own way! We are reminded of *Quo Vadis* in Rome!



GYA BUDDHA IN THE SANCTUARY

THE WORSHIP OF THE PEOPLE CONSISTS OF SILENT ADORATION OF
A STATUE OF BUDDHA, OR OF ONE OF HIS RELICS.

XIV. LAMAISM. As has been said, Buddhism has taken on many different forms in the countries where it has been introduced. What we try to do here is to convey some idea of what the religion meant in its pure state and to show a few of the tendencies of the modern interpretation of it by the monks. Before leaving the subject, it seems desirable to show more clearly one at least of its modifications, the important religion of Lamaism, as it is practiced in Tibet and Mongolia.

Lamaism is Buddhism corrupted by the worship of Shiva, one of the Hindu trinity, and by Shamanism, the Tartar religion, which consists principally of the propitiation of evil deities by sacrifices and fantastic gestures. The sacrifice of the chosen animal is performed in a hut prepared for that purpose, by tearing out the heart of the creature, throwing some of the flesh on the fire and consuming the remainder.

The compounding of these three principles has resulted in a highly-organized religion, at the head of which are two popes, or lamas, theoretically with coequal jurisdiction, but as a matter of fact with one exercising a much greater power than the other. Below these are dignitaries not unlike the cardinals of the Catholic Church, and a third and very numerous rank who correspond to the priests. The three grades include all those that claim to be reincarnations of Buddhist saints. There is still a lower clergy composed of four orders.

The main feature of Lamaism is the adoration of the saints. The essence of all that is sacred in the religion is included under one name which covers the "three most precious jewels"—the "Buddha-jewel," the "doctrine-jewel" and the "priesthood-jewel," in this respect imitating the Buddhist's triune formula: "I take my refuge."

Below these in rank are the gods and spirits, which are taken principally from the Hindu devotees of Shiva. Highest of these are the four spirit kings: *Indra*, the god of the firmament; *Yama*, the god of death and the infernal regions; *Shiva*, the revengeful, and *Vaishnavana*, the god of wealth. The characteristics of these gods will be described in the chapter on Hinduism.

The principal sacraments are baptism and confirmation; the former is administered when a child is from three to ten days old, the latter when he can walk and talk. After death, the bodies of the most exalted of the clergy are burned with ceremony, but those of all other people are exposed to be devoured by beasts and birds of prey. Lhasa, the holy city of the Lamaists, was long kept inviolate from the defiling presence of the European, and in fact it was only very recently that an English expedition penetrated its sacred walls.

XV. OM MANI PADME HUM. This constitutes the famous "formula of six syllables" which plays so conspicuous a part in the religion of the Buddhists, particularly in Lama-

ism. It is the first thing the Tibetan and Mongol parents teach their children, and is the last muttered prayer of the dying man. The traveler repeats the words on his journey, the shepherd as he tends his sheep, the housewife at her work. It is seen everywhere—on flags, rocks, trees, walls, columns, monuments, domestic implements, skulls. It is regarded as the essence of religion and wisdom and the means of attaining eternal bliss. "These six syllables," it has been said, "concentrate in themselves the flavor of all the Buddhas, and they are the most of the whole doctrine." They are the symbol of transmigration, each syllable releasing from one of the six worlds into which men are reborn. Moreover, they are the mystical designations for the six transcendental virtues: self-offering, endurance, chastity, contemplation, mental energy and religious wisdom.

The reputed author is the deified saint Avalokiteswhara, or as he is called in Tibet, Padmapani, the lotus-handed. What is originally meant is uncertain. Some suppose the meaning is the literal *Om* (O!) *mani* (the jewel) *padme* (in the lotus) *hum* (Amen), being an allusion to the sainted author and to the belief that he was born from a lotus. A more accurate translation is probably, *Om* (Salvation) *mani-padme* (is in the jewel-lotus) *hum* (Amen).

A hundred million times was this formula repeated in one single prayer cylinder, and an-

other cylinder four inches broad and forty-nine feet long contained the phrase innumerable times!

When used to adorn the head of religious books, or when engraved on prayer walls, the letters are often combined so as to make an anagram, thus increasing its mystic power. When so printed it is always enclosed in a pointed frame indicating the leaf of the fig tree.

XVI. LEGENDS. The legends concerning Buddha and his earlier followers are inexhaustible, and many have been translated into modern languages. The following is from a Sanskrit manuscript which was discovered in the early part of the nineteenth century in a Buddhist monastery, by Hodgson, a British resident of Nepal. Among others, it was translated into French by Burnouf and then into English by Winifred Stephens.

King Asoka is revered everywhere that the teachings of Buddha have penetrated. It is probable that Asoka reigned about two hundred fifty years before Christ. He was the Constantine of Buddhism. Under him Buddhism became the state religion. This is the tale of his conversion:

After the accession of Asoka, his ministers disobeyed him. Wherefore he said unto them: "Cut down the flowering and the fruit-bearing trees, and preserve naught but the thorny trees."

His ministers made answer: "What is in the mind of the King? It behoveth rather to cut down the

thorny trees and to preserve the flowering and the fruit-bearing trees.”

Three times they disobeyed the King’s command. Then in fury Asoka drew his sword and cut off the heads of his five hundred ministers.

Another time, in the spring, when the trees are covered with flowers and fruits, Asoka, surrounded by the women of his inner apartments, was going to the garden in the eastern quarter of the city. On the way he perceived an asoka-tree in bloom. Straightway he saluted it, thinking: “Behold a tree which beareth the same name as I.”

Now, the limbs of King Asoka were hard to the touch, wherefore the young women delighted not to caress him. The King fell asleep; and while he slept, the women of his inner apartments, in vexation of spirit, broke the branches and scattered the flowers of the asoka-tree. On his awaking, the King beheld the broken tree and asked: “Who broke it thus?” “The women of the inner apartments,” he was told. On hearing this, the King was transported with wrath. He caused the five hundred women to be surrounded with wood and burnt. The people, when they beheld the cruel deeds committed by the King, said: “The King rages, he is Asoka the Furious.”

Then the first minister remonstrated with the King, saying: “O King, it behoveth thee not to thyself perform deeds which are unworthy of thee. Thou shouldest appoint men charged to put to death those whom the King hath condemned; they would execute the sentences pronounced by the King.”

Wherefore Asoka commanded that a man should be found to execute criminals.

Not far away, at the foot of a mountain, was a cottage inhabited by a weaver. The weaver had a son, whose name was Girika, or the Mountaineer. The child was passionate and cruel; he insulted his parents; and, when he was not fighting with boys and girls, he passed his time in killing ants, flies, mice, birds, and fish on spits

and in nets. So ferocious was he that he received the name of Girika the Ferocious.

It came to pass that the King's servants found him occupied with his evil practices, and they said unto him: "Wilt thou be executioner to King Asoka?"

The child replied: "I would fain be executioner to the whole universe."

His reply was made known unto the King, who said: "Let him be brought into my presence."

So the King's men went and said to the child: "Come, the King asketh for thee."

Girika replied: "I must first go and see my father and mother."

Then he said to his parents: "O my father and my mother, grant me your permission; I am about to exercise the office of executioner to King Asoka."

But his parents endeavored to dissuade him from entering upon this office. Whereupon Girika deprived them both of life.

Meanwhile the King's men were asking: "Wherefore tarriest thou?"

He told them everything that had happened. Thereupon was he taken unto the King, from whom he demanded that a house should be built for him.

The King therefore had a house built for him, a beautiful house, but with naught pleasant therein save the entrance, and it was called "the Pleasant Prison-house."

Then said young Girika: "Grant me a favor, O King: that whosoever entereth into this house may never leave it." To which request the King replied: "So be it."

Thereafter Girika repaired to a hermitage, where he found the monk Balapandita reading a Sutra.

"There are beings who are re-born in Hell," he was reading. "The servants of Hell seize them and stretch them out on the ground, which is all of hot molten iron, so hot that it is as one single flame; thus extended, their mouths are forced open with an iron skewer and into them are pushed balls of red-hot molten iron. These

balls burn the lips of the miserable sufferers; and, after consuming the tongue, the throat, the heart, the parts in the region of the heart, and the entrails, they pass out through the body. These, O monks, are the torments of Hell.”

Then addressing Girika the monk bade him imitate these torments. Wherefore the King’s executioner began to inflict these tortures and others similar to them on the criminals who were delivered unto him.

In those days, was a merchant who, accompanied by his wife, traversed the great ocean. There, on the high seas, his wife, being with child, was delivered of a boy who was called Samudra, or Ocean. At length, after the lapse of twelve years, the merchant returned from his voyage; but he was captured and slain by five hundred brigands. Then Samudra, the merchant’s son, entered the religious life according to the Law of Bhagavat. As he traveled through the country begging alms, he reached Pataliputtra. Having dressed himself at dawn, he took his cloak¹ and his bowl² and went into the city to beg. There, all unweening, he came to the Pleasant Prison-house. Having crossed the threshold, he found within a dwelling horrible and hell-like. Then he wished to come out, but he was seized by Girika, who said unto him: “Here must thou die.”

The monk, realizing that in the end he would have to submit, was filled with sorrow and began to weep.

Then the executioner asked: “Wherefore weepest thou thus like a child?”

The monk made answer: “I weep not for the loss of my body. I weep only because the working out of my salvation is about to be interrupted. After having reached the state of man, which it is so difficult to attain

¹A loose robe, of dull orange color, which covered the whole of the body except the right shoulder. As well as this cloak Buddhist monks wore two under-garments also of dull orange color. Their heads were shaved, and they were not permitted to possess more than one change of robes.

²The begging-bowl of Buddhist monks is a brown earthenware vessel, in shape nearly like a soup-tureen without its cover.

unto, and the religious life, which is the source of happiness, after having had Buddha for my master, in my misfortune, I must now renounce this happiness."

Then said the executioner: "Of his grace, hath the King granted unto me the right to put to death all those who enter here. Take courage therefore. Salvation is not for thee."

Then in his anguish the monk implored the executioner to accord unto him one month's respite. And Girika vouchsafed unto him seven nights.

Nevertheless the heart of the monk was troubled by the fear of death; his mind could not escape from the thought: "In seven days I shall have ceased to exist."

On the seventh day King Asoka surprised a woman of the inner apartments talking to a young man, with whom she was in love. At the mere sight of it the King fell into a fury. The woman and the young man he delivered into the hands of the executioner, who with a pestle pounded them in a mortar of brass so that there remained nothing of their bodies save the bones.

Greatly moved by such a spectacle, the monk exclaimed:

"Ah! how true were the words of the great hermit, the master full of compassion, when he said that the human form is like unto a ball of moss having neither substance nor solidity!

"Where now is that charm of countenance? Where now is that beauty of the body? Woe unto this world in which fools take pleasure and delight!

"My abode in the house of the executioner hath brought me succor which shall serve me to-day as I traverse the ocean of existence."

All night long he meditated on the teaching of the Buddha, and, having broken every bond, he attained to the supreme rank of Arhat.

When day had dawned, Girika said unto him: "Monk, the night is ended; the sun hath risen: behold the hour of thy death."

"Yea," answered the monk, "the night is indeed ended, that night which for me closeth a long existence; the sun hath risen, which for me heraldeth the moment of supreme grace. Do as thou wilt."

"I comprehend thee not," replied Girika, "Explain thy words."

Then the monk answered him in these verses:

"The awful night of error hath vanished from my soul, a night darkened by the five veils, haunted by the sorrows which are like unto brigands.

"The sun of knowledge hath risen; my heart is happy in heaven, and heavenly light hath revealed unto me the true worlds as they really are.

"Behold the moment of supreme grace; now do I follow in the footsteps of the Master. This body hath lived long. Do thy will."

Straightway the pitiless, stony-hearted executioner, full of wrath and caring naught for the future life, seized the monk and threw him into an iron caldron, containing water defiled with dirt, blood and grease. Then beneath the caldron he kindled a fierce fire. But albeit the fire consumed a great mass of wood, it caused the monk no pain. The executioner would have lit it again, but the fire refused to burn. As he was trying to discover the cause of its not burning, the executioner beheld the monk seated with crossed legs upon a lotus; and immediately he hastened to the King to inform him of this miracle.

When the King was come with a following of many thousands, the monk, knowing that the moment to convert the King had arrived, began to display his supernatural powers. From the midst of the iron caldron, wherein he was surrounded by water, in the eyes of the gazing crowd, he rose into the air, like unto a swan; and in the air he began to produce divers miraculous appearances; so say the verses:

"From half his body came forth water, from the other half fire; producing alternately rain and flames, he shone in the sky like unto a mountain from the summit of

which streams gush forth in the midst of burning verdure."

At the sight of the monk in the sky, the King, hands clasped and amazement depicted on his countenance, addressed him eagerly and said:

"Thy form, O my friend, is like unto that of man; but thy power is divine. I cannot understand thy nature, O my Lord; by what name shall I call thee who art indeed perfection? Tell me straightway who thou art, that I may know thy majesty, and that knowing it, I may, according as it lieth in me and as a disciple, honor the greatness of thy attributes and of thy merit."

Thereupon it was borne in upon the monk that the King was destined to receive instruction, to make known the Law of Bhagavat and thereby to benefit a vast number of creatures. Therefore the monk, explaining his attributes, addressed Asoka thus:

"O King, I am the son of the Buddha, of that being full of mercy, freed from the bonds of all guilt, the most eloquent of men. I observe the Law; I crave for no kind of existence.

"Subdued by the Hero of men who hath subdued himself, having received peace from that sage who hath attained unto perfect peace, I have been delivered from the bonds of existence by him who himself is delivered from the great terrors of the world.

"And thou, O great King, thy coming hath Bhagavat foretold when he said: 'A hundred years after I have entered into complete Nirvana there shall reign in the city of Pataliputtra a king named Asoka, ruler over the four quarters of the earth, a righteous king, who shall distribute my relics and set up eighty-four thousand edicts of the Law.' Meanwhile, O King, thou hast constructed this dwelling, which is like unto Hell, wherein thousands are put to death. By the destruction thereof shalt thou give unto thy people a pledge of safety and make known unto them that thou wilt fulfill the Law of Bhagavat."

Then he uttered these words:

"O King of men, grant security unto the people who implore thy pity; satisfy the desire of the Master and multiply the edicts of the Law."

Then the King, feeling drawn unto the Law of Bhagavat, clasping his hands as a token of respect, spoke thus in order to gratify the Religious:

"O Son of the Sage, who art possessed of the ten powers, forgive me this wicked deed. I confess it this day before thee; and I seek refuge with Buddha, with the first of the Assemblies, with the Law proclaimed by the Aryas.

"And I make this resolve: this day, filled with veneration for the Buddha and with love for him, I will adorn the earth by covering it with temples in honor of the chief of the Djinas; and they shall be radiant as a swan's wing, as a sea-shell, yea, even as the moon."

Meanwhile, by the exercise of his supernatural power, the Religious came forth out of the executioner's house. The King likewise was about to depart, when Girika, with clasped hands, implored him, saying:

"O King, thou hast granted unto me this favor, that a man once having entered here shall never leave this dwelling."

"What!" cried Asoka. "Wouldest thou put me to death also?"

"Yea," replied the executioner.

Then the King called for his servants; and straightway was Girika seized by the executioners and cast into the torture-chamber, wherein he was consumed by fire. The Prison-house called Pleasant was pulled down, and security was restored to the people.

XVII. THE "DHARMAPADAM." One of the oldest and most beautiful collections of the sayings of Gautama is known as the *Dharmapadam*, or *Footsteps of Truth*. It consists of four hundred twenty-three verses, collected in twenty-six chapters. It was accepted as au-

thentic at the Council of Asoka in 240 B. c., yet it was not put into writing until some centuries later, and so may contain additions and interpolations. However, it undoubtedly voices the real spirit of the great teacher.

It is part of the *Tripitaka*, or *Three Baskets*, the sacred books of the Buddhist faith, and differs from the others in that disciplinary and metaphysical matters are not treated in it. We take two passages from a translation by K. J. Saunders and his Buddhist collaborator, Wagiswara. The first relates to sin:

Cling to what is right : so will you keep the mind from wrong. Whoso is slack in well-doing comes to rejoice in evil.

If one offends, let him not repeat his offense ; let him not set his heart upon it. Sad is the piling up of sin.

If one does well, let him repeat his well-doing : let him set his heart upon it. Glad is the storing up of good.

The bad man sees good days, until his wrong-doing ripens ; then he beholds evil days.

Even a good man may see evil days till his well-doing comes to fruition ; then he beholds good days.

Think not lightly of evil "It will not come nigh me." Drop by drop the pitcher is filled : slowly yet surely the fool is saturated with evil.

Think not lightly of good "It will not come nigh me." Drop by drop the pitcher is filled : slowly yet surely the good are filled with merit.

A trader whose pack is great and whose caravan is small shuns a dangerous road ; a man who loves his life shuns poison : so do thou shun evil.

He who has no wound can handle poison : the unwounded hand cannot absorb it. There is no evil to him that does no evil.

Whoso is offended by the inoffensive man, and whoso

blames an innocent man, his evil returns upon him as fine dust thrown against the wind.

Some go to the womb; some, evil-doers, to hell; the good go to heaven; the sinless to Nirvana.

Not in the sky, nor in mid-ocean, nor in mountain-cave can one find sanctuary from his sins.

Not in the sky, not in mid-ocean, not in mountain-cave can one find release from the conquering might of death.

The second extract relates to anger:

Put away anger, eschew self-will, conquer every bond; no suffering touches him who does not cling to phenomenal existence but calls nothing his own.

Whoso controls his rising anger as a running chariot, him I call the charioteer: the others only hold the reins.

By calmness let a man overcome wrath; let him overcome evil by good; the miser let him subdue by liberality, and the liar by truth.

Speak the truth, be not angry, give of thy poverty to the suppliant: by these three virtues a man attains to the company of the gods.

The innocent, the sages, those whose action is controlled, these go to the eternal state where they know not sorrow [Nirvana].

All taints pass away from them who are ever vigilant and active day and night, with faces set towards Nirvana.

This is an ancient law, O Atula, not the law of a day: men blame the silent and they blame the talker; even the man of few words they blame. No one in the world gets off unblamed.

There never was, nor will be, nor is there now to be found, one wholly blamed or wholly praised.

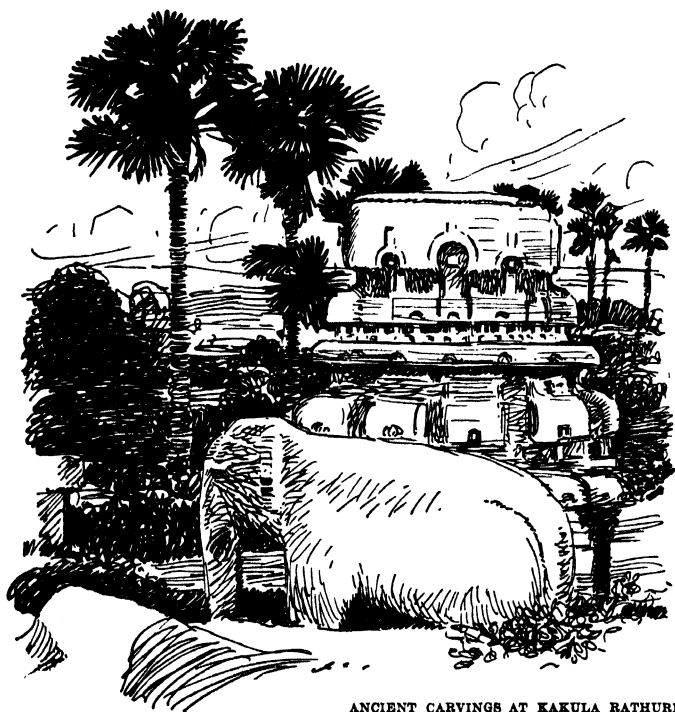
But who is worthy to blame him whom the wise praise after daily scrutiny, who is himself wise and without blemish as a medal of purest gold? Even the gods seek to emulate such a one; even Brahma praises him.

Guard against evil deeds: control the body. Eschew evil deeds and do good.

Guard against evil words; control the tongue. Es-
chew evil words and speak good ones.

Guard against evil thoughts; control the mind. Es-
chew evil thoughts and think good ones.

The wise, controlled in act, in word, in thought, are
well controlled indeed.



ANCIENT CARVINGS AT KAKULA RATHURN



CHAPTER III

SCIENCE AND LAW

INTRODUCTORY. As we have seen, the literature of the Buddhists is in Pali or Prakrit, the colloquial language, the one that could be understood by the common people. Sanskrit, on the other hand, is the language of the cultivated Hindus, the one in which their voluminous literature is written, the parent of both Prakrit and Pali. Thousands of Sanskrit manuscripts have never yet been printed or translated, and of them we know but little; still there are many other works with which the public is well acquainted. To assign these writings to their proper dates is next to impossible; nevertheless, it is possible to arrange them with reasonable accuracy in four groups corresponding to the four great epochs in Hindu history.

II. METRICAL COMPOSITION. Nearly all Sanskrit literature is composed in meter, and this applies to every department of knowledge, with the exception of the prose romances and fables. Works of law, moral essays, scientific treatises, all were written in verse no less than the lyrics and epics we expect in that form. In the two facts, the predominance of verse and the absence of history, lies the uniqueness of the literature, which may be considered more purely intellectual than that of any other people.

III. CLASSIFICATIONS. Considered chronologically, we can note three periods corresponding to the great epochs of Hindu history. The first period extends from the beginning of time mythological, the time when the Aryans, speaking the Sanskrit language and then an agricultural and pastoral people, made their irruption into Northern India and established themselves there by overcoming the native peoples. During this period were composed the Vedas, the sacred books of the country, which, however, existed as separate precepts, hymns and prayers, long before they were collected into the form in which we now know them. This may be known as the Vedic period. Concerning the dates there is too much difference of opinion, but we may assume that the Rig-Veda originated not later than the fifteenth century before Christ. The Vedic literature, as a whole, extends from that time to about 200 B. C.

The Epic, or second period, followed, in which the Hindus extended their sway farther south into the fertile plains of the Ganges and the Indus. It was a time of battle, of savage conquest, of martial splendors. During this period were composed the ballads on which were based the great epic *Ramayana* and the greater *Mahabharata*. This period is thought by good authorities to end with the sixth century B. C. The epics, in their present Brahmanized form, were composed between 400 B. C. and A. D. 400.

In the third period we may include all the other poetical and scientific works written after the time of the great grammarian Panini (300 B. C.) and culminating in the wonderful period between the fourth and eighth centuries A. D. It is the period of the refinement and fixation of the language in the works of Kalidasa, Jayadeva and other great poets. This we may know as the Puranic period, distinguished by the learning of its writers and the rhetorical perfections of the works.

IV. SUTRAS. The Hindu word *sutra* means *thread*, or *string*, and in literature it means a string of precepts or aphorisms, or in a secondary sense, a collection of such "strings." Brevity is the first characteristic of the *sutra*, and it is sometimes carried to so great an extent that the meaning of the aphorism is obscure or unintelligible except to the very elect, who supply the meaning in voluminous commentaries.

The origin of this extreme brevity is not well understood. Critics have accounted for it in two ways, namely, that the sutras were intended as texts to be committed to memory by students to whom explanations were made by the teacher, as a modern lecturer may speak from notes; or, the difficulties of writing in the early days were so great that brevity was a necessity. As for the word *sutra* in its application to these connected aphorisms, it may have arisen from the fact that the sheets of dried palm leaves on which the records were made were tied together by a string or thong.

V. THE LITERATURE OF LAW. The Sanskrit law literature is known as *Dharmashastra*, from two words meaning *law* and *book*.

A complete *Dharmashastra* consists of three parts: The first treats of the established rules of conduct concerning, for instance, marriage and funeral rites, the rules of education, etc.; the second gives the laws of courts, of civil and criminal judicature, of inheritance, adoption, etc.; the third concerns penance, impurity, the duties of a devotee, transmigration and final beatitude.

The chief works of this class are the codes of Manu and Yajnavalkya. Less complete, but important because it is supposed to apply especially to this mundane world, is the *Parashara*, which does not contain rules of the third class. Of the many commentaries upon these, the *Mitakshara* of Vijnaneshwara is considered of highest rank.

VI. THE CODE OF MANU. It is considered doubtful whether such a person as Manu ever existed. The name itself, Manu, means *thinking being*, and it is not at all certain that the name attached to the celebrated Code was ever intended to indicate a person, though by many authorities the Code and another work, an ancient treatise on the Vedic rites, are considered to have been written by a man named Manu who lived some time in the distant past. On the other hand, in the Vedas and elsewhere, Manu is called the progenitor of the human race, and in the first chapter of the law book he says he was produced by an offspring of the Supreme Being and created the universe. In the Hindu mythology there have been a succession of "Manus," of which the author of the Code is the seventh, each creating a new earth after an old one had been destroyed, and it seems reasonable that some person in a forgotten time affixed to the Code the name of Manu to give it greater weight and sanctity.

That it is an inspired work the Hindus firmly believe, and are equally certain that it was given by Brahma to Manu much as God gave the laws to Moses, on the tables of stone. Originally it consisted of a hundred thousand verses, but it was afterward made more acceptable and useful to man by abridging its great length to about four thousand verses. It is more consistent with the views of modern critics to believe it a collection made by different people at different times from many

sources and to have been put in its present form somewhere between 200 B. C. and A. D. 200.

The *Dharmashastra*, the *Code of Manu*, gives in meter an account of Brahma, of the origin of the world and of man, and exemplifies the duties of man to Brahma and to his fellowman. It is divided into twelve books, which treat principally of the following subjects: (1) The Creation; (2) Education and Duties of a Pupil; (3) Marriage and the Duties of the Head of a Family; (4) Means of a Livelihood and Private Morals; (5) Diet, Purification and the Duties of Women; (6) The Duties of an Ascetic; (7) The Government and Duties of a King and of the Military Caste; (8) Civil and Criminal Law; (9) The Duties of the Commercial and Servile Classes; (10) The Duties of the Mixed Castes and Duties of All in Times of Distress; (11) Penance and Expiation; (12) Transmigration and the Final State of Blessedness.

This Code is the most authoritative of the Hindu law books; it contains much that is admirable and not a little that is highly objectionable. The effect of the laws is to form a despotic system for the priesthood, which, although subject to restrictions by the law, is yet so artfully constructed that under it the two upper castes may control the others.

Man is taught to control his senses and his passions, to be humble and pure, a student of sacred learning, and to speak little. In his relation to his fellowmen he must injure no one,

even by a wish, must respect his parents and honor old age. His mother he must respect more than a thousand fathers and the Brahmans more than father and mother. A girl must depend on her father, a wife on her husband, a widow on her son; none may aspire to freedom from this deference to man.

The whole work, in spite of its errors, seems filled with a spirit of charity and brotherly love within the castes and of reliance upon a great power, a source of ineffable light and love.

VII. MATHEMATICS. The scientific literature in Sanskrit is extensive, and some of it is extremely interesting. In mathematics, represented especially by Arithmetic, Algebra and Astronomy, are works that show remarkable advancement, though they borrowed much from the Greeks, if we may judge by resemblance of words.

In Arithmetic evidently we are indebted to the Hindus indirectly through the Arabs for our decimal system of notation, and our so-called Arabic figures show their origin in that they are merely modified shapes of Sanskrit letters. Among Hindu treatises are several important ones on Algebra.

In astronomical calendars they had recognized among other things the year of three hundred sixty-five days, the diurnal revolution of the earth and the real theory of eclipses of both the sun and the moon. On the other hand, their true science is mingled with superstitious

and semi-religious rites that carry it into the domain of astrology.

VIII. MEDICINE AND SURGERY. If we accept the Hindu account, the origin of medicine is from the god Brahma, who gave to man this science of long life. But mankind neglected his precepts and became afflicted with so long a line of diseases that the saints met in the Himalaya Mountains to find remedies. The results of their research were recorded by the famous doctor and writer Charaka, whose treatise referring frequently to an earlier one by Atreya is a strange compound of mythological and superstitious lore combined with many things that exhibit scholarship and reason. The later work of Sushruta has much less of the mythological material and more matter showing advancement in science. Both writers treat of the duties of physicians; of anatomy, physiology and hygiene; of *materia medica*, the preparation of medicines; surgery; of the diagnosis, prognosis and treatment of many diseases; of midwifery; of poisons and their antidotes. But, again, there are chapters on signs, good and evil omens, as well as on the malign influences of the stars and evil spirits upon human health.

IX. GRAMMAR. Grammar as a science was known at a very early date by the Hindus. This is shown by the writings of Yaska, whose *Nirukta* is still in existence. There have been numbers of *niruktas*, but the one just mentioned is the chief and is one of the six

Vedangas, or works intended to explain and teach the use of the Vedas. This *Nirukta* teaches synonymy in words, gives lists and explains the words which occur in the Vedas alone, besides devoting a chapter to duties and sacrificial acts. There are a number of discussions on grammatical questions, and in a supplement, passages are quoted to illustrate the uses of the words explained. This is the oldest Sanskrit glossary.

But the greatest of the ancient Hindu grammarians was Panini, whose work is still the standard Sanskrit grammar and who was placed by the Hindus among the Rishis, or most known of seers, and who was believed to have received his work direct from Shiva himself. Of his life very little is known authoritatively, and it is impossible to locate him chronologically, though it is probable that he lived two hundred or more years before Christ. His grammar contains eight books of four chapters each and each chapter a number of sutras. The arrangement of the subjects is entirely different from anything with which we are familiar in our language. For instance, the rules for conjugation and declension are not found all in a single chapter, as with us; but rather a given style of inflection, such as lengthening a vowel, is discussed all in one place, irrespective of the part of speech. While confusing and difficult to students of other languages and complex and exacting to every one, yet the facts are all there and can be mastered.

The work of Panini was commented upon exhaustively by Katyayana, who probably lived in the second century before Christ, although little that is authoritative can be learned of his life. Then, in turn, the work of the two was treated at length by Pantanjali, the third of the great grammarians, of whom little is known except that he probably lived soon after Katyayana. Pantanjali concerns himself almost exclusively with the commentaries of his immediate predecessor, leaving untouched the passages of Panini which were not examined by Katyayana. His labors are quite impartial, and he often agrees with the original rather than with the opinion expressed by the commentator. This triad of grammarians is a unique combination in the history of languages, and the work of Pantanjali is regarded by most Hindus as absolutely authoritative, although there are some sects that follow the rules of later writers.

X. MUSIC. There are a number of works on music as a science which treat of musical instruments, the art of singing, notes, scales and melodies, and some of them include also dancing and acting. The *Ragas*, or melodies, are represented as deities that have wives, the *Raginis*. As the melodies are uniform in all the works, it is assumed that many poetic passages and those parts of the dramas intended for singing were written to fit the melodies and not, as with us, the melodies written to fit the words.

XI. ARCHITECTURE AND SCULPTURE. These arts are treated together in works which are known collectively as *Shilpashastras*, of which there seem to have been sixty-four, though not many of them are now in existence. The one most highly regarded is the *Manasara*, which treats of fifty-eight subjects, each in a chapter by itself. Among the topics considered are the measures used in architecture; sites proper for temples and houses; methods for telling the points of the compass; the manner of building different kinds of villages and cities; the different parts of a building, its bases, pedestals, pillars, ornaments, etc.; the kinds of temples and palaces, with the construction of porticos and gates; the sculpture and construction of the images of deities and the cars in which they are carried in processions; and such extraneous subjects as the ceremonies of consecration of images and temples and the most propitious times for beginning the creation of temples and public buildings. This list of subjects shows how exhaustive the work is, while the structures created under these rules speak volumes for their accuracy and detail.



WOODCARVING



CHAPTER IV

PHILOSOPHY

INTRODUCTORY. In India the orthodox Hindus recognize six great systems of philosophy, the writings of which are of course in Sanskrit: First, the *Sankhya*, the name of which means *synthetic reasoning*; second, the *Yoga*, which teaches salvation is secured by various mental and bodily practices, by asceticism; third, the *Nyaya*, which means *entering*, and hence, *analytical reasoning*, or *logic*; fourth, *Vaisheshika*, a system which teaches that the world is composed of atoms; fifth, *Mimansa*, which means *investigating*; sixth, *Vedanta*, one branch of which is pantheistic, the other monistic, denying the existence of the material world, which is only an illusion. By some authorities three systems are divided to make the “six systems” which we have named. It is diffi-

cult if not impossible in the limited space at our command to give a comprehensive notion of such complex things as the systems of Hindu philosophy. The most we can hope to accomplish is to so set them forth in outline that future reading may be more interesting and more intelligible.

II. SANKHYA. The *Sankhya*, like the others, professes to teach how man may attain a complete and perpetual exemption from every ill, that eternal state of beatific rest which is the end and aim of every thoughtful Hindu.

The Sankhya is called by some an atheistical system; but it seems to be such in rather a negative way. It neither affirms nor denies the existence of a Supreme Being—it ignores the subject. It demands of its followers a thorough knowledge of the true principles which govern life and being, of the *tattwas*, as they are called.

The *tattwas* are twenty-five in number, and may be indicated briefly as follows:

The first *tattwa* recognizes in *Prakriti*, or *Pradhana*, the first material cause, eternal, invisible, recognized only by its effects, able to produce but not itself produced.

The first production of *Prakriti* is *Mahat*, or *Buddhi*, the intellectual principle, which animates the human being.

From *Mahat* came *Ahankara*, the *Ego*, the function or power by which the individual differentiates himself from the world at large.

The *ahankara* produces the five subtle elements, or *tanmatras*, viz.: First, the sonorous *tanmatra*, which in turn produces the gross element, space, or ether, and which has the property of audibility and is the vehicle of sound; second, the aerial *tanmatra*, which in turn produces the gross element, air, and which has the properties of audibleness and tangibleness and is recognized by hearing and sound; third, the igneous *tanmatra*, which in turn produces the gross element, fire, which has the properties of audibleness, tangibility and color, and is recognized by hearing, touch and sight; fourth, the aqueous *tanmatra*, which produces the gross element, water, and has the properties of audibility, tangibility, color and savor, and is recognized by the senses of hearing, touch, sight and taste; fifth, the earthy *tanmatra*, which produces the gross element, earth, and which has the qualities of audibleness, tangibility, color, savor and odor, recognized by the senses of hearing, touch, sight, taste and smell.

Again, the *ahankara* also produces five instruments of sensation, viz.: the eye, the ear, the nose, the tongue and the skin.

Still further, the *ahankara* produces five instruments of action, viz.: the organ of speech, the hands, the feet, the alimentary, the excretory organs and the organs of generation (*tattwas* numbered fourteen to eighteen, inclusive).

Lastly, the *ahankara* produces the organ of will and imagination.

The twenty-fifth *tattwa* is the soul, *Purusha*. The soul is neither produced nor productive; it is immaterial, but individual; it is eternal, unalterable. The soul and nature join, as some one has said, "as the halt and the blind join for conveyance and guidance, the one bearing and directed, the other borne and directing." The soul's desire is liberation, fruition.

In order to become fit for fruition the soul is invested with a suitable body which is composed of *buddhi*, *ahankara*, the five *tanmatras* and the eleven instruments of sensation, action and volition. This subtle body is affected by sentiments, but being too subtle for enjoyment it is invested with the five gross elements. This grosser body, which is propagated by generation, perishes; the subtle body, however, travels by migrations through successive gross bodies in different incarnations.

The creation resulting from the union of *Prakriti* and *Purusha* is twofold—material and intellectual. *Material* creation consists of souls invested with gross bodies and comprises eight orders of superior beings, viz.: gods, demi-gods and demons; man; vegetable and inorganic substances; and five orders of inferior beings, quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, fishes and insects. Members of this material creation are otherwise distributed into three great groups or classes, viz.: that of *sattwa*, or goodness, in which virtue prevails, comprising the higher gods; that of *tamas*, or darkness, where

passion predominates, comprising demons and inferior beings; and between these, that of *rajas*, or impurity, the human world where passion and misery both prevail. Throughout all these worlds, *Purusha*, soul, suffers pain arising by death and transmigration, until finally it is liberated from the union with person.

Intellectual creation comprises those affections which obstruct, disable, content or perfect the understanding. There are sixty-two species of *obstructions* to intellect, gathered under the heads, error, conceit, passion, hatred and fear. *Disability* of intellect may arise from defeat or injury of the organs, as deafness and blindness, and from the opposites of those qualities included in the next two classes, namely *perfection* and *content*. *Content* is twofold—internal and external. *Perfecting the intellect* is either direct or indirect, and eight methods are described.

The Sankhya also teaches that *nature* has three essential qualities (*gunas*), namely: *sattwa*, the quality of purity; *rajas*, the quality of passion; and *tamas*, the quality of sin, or darkness. Four properties of intellect partake of goodness or purity—virtue, knowledge, dispassionateness and power. The four opposite qualities, sin, error, incontinency and lack of power partake of sin and darkness. Power in the Sankhya means more than we understand by the word. It includes eight possibilities, viz.: the power to sink or diminish

into a minute form to which everything is permeable; to enlarge to a gigantic body; to assume extreme lightness; to possess unlimited reach of organs; to exert irresistible will; to hold dominion over all beings, animate and inanimate; to change the course of nature; to accomplish everything desired. There are three kinds of evidence which establish these principles—perception, inference and authority, which last may mean the revelation of the Vedas and reliable tradition.

The Sankhya is probably the oldest system of Hindu philosophy, and the *Puranas*, the earliest records from which the popular religious system is derived, rely upon the Sankhya for their theories of creation. A still more important development of it, however, is in the doctrines of Buddhism.

There is much uncertainty as to the founder of the doctrine, although it is commonly attributed to one Kapila, who is believed to have been a son of Brahma, or, as others claim, an incarnation of Vishnu. His system was taught in sutras.

III. YOGA AND THE YOGINS. *Yoga* is closely connected with the Sankhya system. It takes over most of the Sankhya conceptions of the nature and evolution of the universe, but differs widely from it in its process of salvation. The name *Yoga* is one of the words that shows the connection of Sanskrit with our own tongue, for it means *to join* and is kindred to the Latin word *jugo* and to our *to yoke*. As

applied to philosophy it means, figuratively, *concentration*, or abstract contemplation.

The reputed author of Yoga is Pantanjali, but his work is all we know of him. He defines Yoga as "the hindering of the modifications of thinking," and by those "modifications" he means "the three kinds of evidence, viz.: perception; inference and testimony; misconception, fancy, sleep and recollection." The "hindering" is accomplished by a repeated effort to keep the mind in its unmodified state, or by dispassion, which is the consciousness of having overcome all desires for objects that are seen on earth or heard of in Scripture. Dispassion tends to meditation, which is attained either by adopting transcendental methods or "by a devoted reliance on the Lord, Ishwara."

This Lord, or Supreme Being, is defined by Pantanjali as "a particular Purusha, who is untouched by afflictions, works, the result of works or deserts; in whom the germ of omniscience reaches its extreme limit; who is the preceptor of even the first, because he is not limited by time, and whose appellation is Om, the term of glory." This word *Om* is to be muttered and its meaning to be the subject of deep reflection, for "from it comes the knowledge of Ishwara" and the prevention of the impediments to Yoga.

The "obstacles" which impede Yoga are "illness, apathy, doubt," listlessness in meditation, lack of exertion, attachment to worldly things, failure to attain a state of meditation.

The methods for preventing these obstacles are several: by pondering over a single accepted truth; by practicing benevolence, tenderness, etc.; by forcibly expelling the breath; by dwelling on the knowledge that presents itself in dreams or sleep. The obstacles having been removed, the mind is no longer tinged by the world, but is free as a pure crystal is free from the color that merely shines through it, and may appear changed into the likeness of what it ponders. The means to these ends are not particularly difficult.

The practical Yoga tells how "concentration" may be attained, viz.: by penance and the practicing of severities upon the body; by muttering hymns, and by a devoted reliance on the Lord. Through concentration is meditation established, and the soul rid of such "afflictions" as ignorance, egotism, affection, aversion and tenacity of life.

In the attainment of concentration are eight helpful stages, or measures: forbearance, which consists in not doing injury to any living being; veracity, avoidance of theft, charity, and the refusal of gifts; religious observance, which comprises purity, external and internal, contentment, austerity, muttering of the Vedic hymns, and devoted reliance on the Lord; restraint of the senses; regulation of the breath; postures, which should be steady and at the same time comfortable; firmness in keeping the mind directed on one object; contemplation and profound meditation.

The postures, "steady and comfortable," are described with minuteness. One, the *Padma-sana*, consists in sitting with the left foot placed on the right thigh; the right foot placed on the left thigh, the hands coming from behind the back and crossing each other, with the right hand holding the right big toe and the left hand holding the left big toe, the chin thrust into the interclavicular space; the sight fixed upon the tip of the nose. In this comfortable and steady position the devotee sits motionless meditating upon that mysterious syllable *Om*, and during the time he feels neither cold nor heat, hunger nor thirst, nor other bodily affliction!

The regulation of the breath controls both exhalation and inhalation, and is at times equivalent to suspension of the breath. Many different processes are described. Here is one: inhaling through the left nostril, suspending the breath, exhaling through the right nostril; inhaling through the right nostril, exhaling through the right nostril, suspending the breath, inhaling through the left nostril, exhaling through the left nostril; inhaling through the left nostril, suspending the breath, exhaling through the right nostril. The period for each inhalation, exhalation or suspension is one of three, all of which are given with commendable accuracy in the decimals 7.6788 seconds; 30.7152 seconds; 15.3576 seconds. Moreover, there are eight different breath regulations, some only accomplished by

a mutilation and massaging of the tongue till it acquires such length and flexibility that the tip can be turned upward and backward and used to close the epiglottis. Some of these regulations of the breath are extremely efficacious in preventing and curing fevers, while the final one cures all diseases, purges from all sin, promotes longevity, enlightens the mind and awakens the soul.

Restraint of the senses is accomplished when a Yogin can suspend the respiratory movements for ten minutes and forty-eight seconds, and when he can suspend them for twenty-one minutes and thirty-six seconds he can accomplish by means of fixing his thoughts on his navel, or the tip of his nose, or some other part of the body, the "steadying of the mind." This same stage he might reach by repeating the word *Om* 144,000 times or by fixing his eyes upon the tip of his nose for two hours or by swallowing his tongue for the same period of time.

All this is but preliminary to "contemplation," which is the step preceding the final stage of profound meditation. The former may be accomplished when a man can suspend his respiratory movements forty-three minutes and twelve seconds. When he can suspend his breath one hour, twenty-six minutes and twenty-four seconds a man can reach *samadhi*, the eighth and final stage. Then "a Yogin is insensible to heat and cold; to pleasure and pain; to blows and wounds, to the effects of

fire, he is the same in prosperity and adversity ; he enjoys an ecstatic condition. He is free from lust, fear and anger ; he is disengaged from all works. He is not affected by honor or dishonor. He looks upon gold, iron and stone with the same unconcerned eyes. He is the same in love and in hatred ; he is the same amongst friends and enemies."

The hold which the doctrines of Yoga have upon the Hindu mind are not altogether caused by the purely immaterial effects described. When a devotee has reached *Samyama*, a name applied to the last three stages collectively, he is believed to be able to accomplish such wonderful things, for instance, as a complete knowledge of the past and future, a knowledge of the sounds of all animals, of all that happened in his previous incarnations, of the thoughts of others, of the time of his death, of all that exists in different worlds. Moreover, he may acquire the eight wonderful powers, viz.: He can shrink into the form of the minutest atom ; he can assume a gigantic body ; he can become extremely light, he can become extremely heavy ; he can have unlimited reach of the organs, so that if he wished he could touch the moon with a tip of a finger ; he can exert his will irresistibly ; he can have perfect control of his inner organs ; he can acquire a complete mastery over everything and everybody.

Any one can readily see that where the populace believe that the Yogis have such marvelous powers, there is a constant temptation toward



YOGIS, A STREET SCENE IN INDIA

THE POPULACE BELIEVE THAT THE YOGIS HAVE MARVELOUS POWERS; THEY DO PRODUCE STARTLING EFFECTS.

hypocrisy and impostures, and often the professional Yogis, of whom there are so many in India, are nothing but lazy mendicants or jugglers who prey upon the devout believers. Some of these Yogis deal in palmistry, pretend to foretell the future and to cure diseases, and they do produce some wonderful effects that deceive the senses of even sceptical European visitors. Instances are described where under the offer of sufficient money, they have permitted themselves to be shut up in boxes and buried without food or drink for incredible hours and yet have remained alive.

Pantanjali does not claim that a Yogi can always pass through all the stages in a single lifetime. Usually it is only after a series of incarnations, during which the soul has been working upward, that the final stage is reached.

IV. NYAYA. Another of the six great systems of Hindu philosophy is *Nyaya*, which by analytic methods treats both the material and spiritual objects of human knowledge. It also promises beatitude, or final deliverance of the soul from rebirth or transmigration, to those who acquire truth by its methods.

It is not consistent with our purpose to describe at length this system of philosophy, but merely to call attention to a few interesting facts.

It gives so great prominence to the methods by which truth may be obtained that some writers have considered it merely a system of

logic, but it uses logic merely as a means for determining metaphysical truth and really sets forth a complete system of philosophy. The methods it explains are so thorough and scientific that they rival those of Western schools.

Let us compare its logical analysis for the presentation of an argument with our own. Our syllogism contains three propositions, namely, the *major premise*, the *minor premise* and the *conclusion*. The conclusion must follow from the premises; therefore, if the premises are true the conclusion is true. The major premise is a generalization or universal rule of which the minor premise is a cause and the conclusion is an application. Thus:

Every virtue is laudable. (Major premise.)

Kindness is a virtue. (Minor premise.)

Therefore, Kindness is laudable. (Conclusion.)

The Hindu syllogism, or regular argument, on the other hand, contains five members: the *proposition* to be proved; the *reason*, or means of proving the proposition; the *example*, or familiar illustration of the fact to be proved, or, inversely, an example illustrating the impossibility of the contrary of the fact to be proved; the *application*, or restatement of the fact to be proved; and the *conclusion*. Thus:

(a) This hill is fiery. (Proposition.)

(b) Because it smokes. (Reason.)

(c) As a chimney smokes from its fire, or (inversely) not as a lake from which vapor arises. (Example.)

(d) Accordingly the hill is smoking. (Re-statement.)

(e) *Therefore*, The hill is fiery. (Conclusion.)

Fallacies, or deceptive reasonings, in our logic are as numerous as there are conditions of proof, but we recognize about five general classes: *formal* fallacies, *verbal* fallacies, *material* fallacies, fallacies of *irrelevancy* and fallacies of *induction*. The Nyaya philosophy recognizes five kinds of fallacies, viz.: the erratic; the contradictory; the equally available on both sides of the argument; that which itself stands in need of proof, and that is brought forward not at a time when it might have answered.

Of the founder of the system, said to be one Gotama, or Gautama, no more is known than is usually known of the writers of Hindu antiquity, and that is nothing.

V. VAISHESHEKA. Under the name *Vaisheshika*, another author of whom again little is known except his name Kanada, sets forth a system of philosophy which is closely connected with the Nyaya. It agrees with the latter in its method of reasoning, but gives less consideration to that and concerns itself largely with its own doctrine of atomic individualities, or *visheshas*, from which the system takes its name. This atomic individuality rests in eternal substances, such as the organ of affection, soul, time, space, ether, earth, water, light and air; it is the last final difference, the *vishesha*.

Such differences are endless ; and two stones of the same substance, though homogeneous with each other, differ in so far only as they exclude each other.

Kanada's work is divided into ten books, each of which contains two daily lessons, each of these being subdivided into sections each containing two or more sutras on the same topic.

VI. MIMANSA. The Mimansa proper is not concerned with the absolute or human mind, in the origin and processes of thought and the emancipation of soul, but confines itself to giving a correct interpretation of those passages in the Veda which refer to the Brahmanic ritual, to solving doubts about sacrificial rites, and reconciling apparent discrepancies in the Vedic texts. For this reason the Mimansa is by some not considered a genuine system of philosophy, but the scientific way in which it handles the subjects, not in the order of the Vedas, but independently thereof and with an insistence on certain developments and important logical results of established principles, raises it far above the rank of a mere commentary, and gives it an importance it would otherwise not possess.

The founder of the system is said to have been Jaimini, though who he was or when he lived we do not know. The Mimansa is contained in twelve books, making sixty chapters, most of which contain several sutras, though some contain only one.

VII. VEDANTA. Vedanta concerns itself with the investigation of Brahman, the Supreme Spirit, and the relation in which the universe, but more especially the human soul, stands to it.

The Vedanta seeks to explain the universe as a development from one ultimate source or principle, and therein it differs from the other two schools. The core of the Vedanta is that the human soul has developed from the Supreme Spirit, the *Brahman*, or *paramatman*; therefore, that the human soul is identical with Brahman; that the worldly incorporation of the soul is merely the result of ignorance of the identity of the individual soul with the Brahman; that the escape or emancipation of the soul from the burden of transmigration may be obtained by removing this ignorance, which naturally enough may be accomplished by following the Vedantic system.

Brahman, or paramatman, is the one and only cause of the world, the creator and the creation, the doer and the deed. It is one, self-existent, supreme. At the consummation of all things the whole universe, material and spiritual, will be received back into it. From Brahman, individual souls emanate as the innumerable sparks emanate from a fire. The soul is neither born, nor does it die; it is of divine substance, therefore infinite, immortal, intelligent, sentient, true.

From this individual being arises ignorance, which consists in regarding the world as

a reality capable of existence without Brahman and which has a twofold power, enveloping and projecting. By the former the soul is subjected to such vicissitudes as pleasure, pain, etc.; by the latter it produces out of the darkness which then prevails the five subtle elements. From these come the gross elements, the origin of all of which and of all living things is traced through cause and effect with a minuteness which we can merely mention. Living beings are classified as *viviparous*, or produced from the womb, as men and beasts; *oviparous*, or produced from eggs, as birds and snakes; *produced by sweat*, as gnats and lice, and those *germinating*, as creepers and other plants.

The soul when existing in the body is enclosed in a succession of "sheaths." The interior sheath is composed of *buddhi*, associated with the organs of perception; the second sheath, of *manas*, associated with the organs of action; and the third, of the vital airs, also associated with the organs of action. These three sheaths constitute the subtle body of the soul and attend it in all its transmigrations; and the entirety of such subtle bodies constitutes the Supreme soul, "the soul which is a thread" or which passes like a thread through the universe. The fourth, or exterior sheath, is composed of the gross elements, and the totality of the gross bodies is the gross body of the deity. As this whole bodily development is the result of ignorance, the removal of that

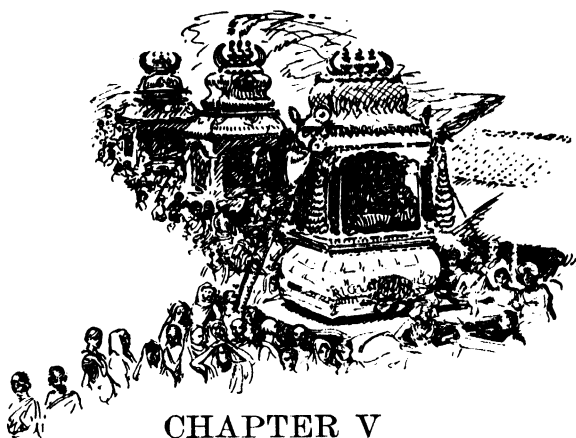
ignorance will free the soul and enable it to return and be again absorbed in Brahman.

In order to fit the mind to properly meditate and thus free the soul, various moral duties are enjoined which do not differ materially from those which we have described above in speaking of Yoga. These moral duties and methods of carrying them out were not largely a part of the original *Vedanta*, but have been since added by later commentators.

The oldest work on this philosophy is attributed to Vyasa, the reputed arranger of the Vedas and inspired author of the *Mahabharata* and other works. It is written in sutra style, and is called the *Brahma-Sutra*. There are four lectures, each divided into four chapters, each chapter containing a number of sutras, which amount in all to five hundred fifty-eight.



A HINDU
EMBROIDERY WORKER



CHAPTER V

RELIGION ; VEDIC PERIOD

INTRODUCTORY. We have considered at some length the three great systems of philosophy created by the ancient Hindus, and in so doing necessarily have anticipated some things that properly belong to this chapter and the two succeeding ones. It must be remembered that philosophy and religion go hand in hand, and that it is not given us always to tell which is one and which the other.

In considering the religion of India, we are studying it in its literary aspect and therefore not confining ourselves to the religious sects of to-day, but trying to gain a comprehensive view of Hinduism from the times of greatest antiquity.

We notice that Hinduism naturally divides itself into three great epochs, which properly may be named the *Vedic*, the *Epic* and the

Puranic periods, from the great literary masterpieces of those ages, respectively. All that can be said on the chronological limits of those epochs has been mentioned in Chapter III.

II. THE VEDAS. The word *Veda*, which literally means *knowledge*, is variously used to designate the most ancient sacred literature of the Hindus, comprising more than a hundred books, or any one of the four great collections or classes of the books. In the last sense there are four Vedas, viz.: the *Rig-Veda*, the oldest and most important, containing more than a thousand hymns; the *Yajur-Veda*, the liturgies and rituals in verse and prose; the *Sama-Veda*, containing hymns, many of which appear in the *Rig-Veda*, but which are here set to music; the *Atharva-Veda*, cruder and in more popular style than the preceding, containing prayers and hymns, but also charms, curses, spells, etc. The first three are collectively called *trayi*, or threefold, and all are believed to be of divine origin.

III. A FEW GENERAL DEFINITIONS. Each of the four Vedas has two divisions, a *Sanhita*, or collection of hymns (*mantras*), and a portion called *Brahmana*. A *mantra* is a prayer, a praise, a thanksgiving, or an adoration addressed to a deity; it asks a question or returns an answer; it directs inquiries or deliberates; blesses or curses, exults or laments, etc. When a *mantra* is in verse intended for loud recitation, it is called *Rich*; and as such mantras are

numerous in the oldest Veda it is called the *Rig-Veda*, the *praise-Veda*. When the mantra is in prose and must then be muttered inaudibly, it is called *Yajur* (*sacrifice*), and as the second Veda contains many mantras of that character it is called the *Yajur-Veda*, the sacrifice Veda. If the mantras are metrical and intended to be sung or chanted, then it is called *Saman*, hence *Sama-Veda*. For the mantras in the fourth Veda no particular name is used.

The author of the mantra, or as the Hindus think, the inspired seer who received it, is called its *Rishi*, but in later years the word was applied to any prominent author, inspired or not. The object with which the mantra is concerned is its *devata*.

The Brahmana of a Veda is that part of it which gives commandments or explanations; that is, it gives instructions for sacrifices, explains their origin and tells how the mantras should be used. In other words, the Brahmana is the origin of the Vedic ritual.

Shruti is the word used to designate all those writings which are held sacred, so that both mantras and Brahmanas were included within it, and at a later period, the *Upanishads*.

IV. THE GODS OF THE VEDAS. The *Rig-Veda* is probably the oldest literary document in existence, but the Hindus as shown by these hymns even then had advanced into the class of civilized peoples. The mantra probably originated at a much earlier time. However that may be, the Hindu of the *Rig-Veda* hymns

felt a pious subjection to the elements and a deep veneration for them; to them he addressed his supplications. They are real and individual, not representatives of a higher being, and the believer applied to them for practical material assistance. The most important of the elemental gods is *Agni*, a deification of the altar fire, the fire of the sun and of the lightning which received the deepest veneration of the Hindu. *Agni* is represented as a red god with two faces, from the mouths of which fire is pouring, and with eight hands in which he holds the emblems of his divinity, as he rides upon a sheep. He is the intercessor between gods and men.

The clear firmament is *Indra*, who wields the thunderbolt, brings the rain, overcomes enemies and pays his friends with booty. He is golden in color, and rides in a golden car drawn by golden and red horses. In later mythology he falls into second rank and is little worshiped. Here he is considered a sensuous deity, living in a celestial paradise, surrounded by his musicians (*Gandharvas*) and his beautiful nymphs, the *Apsarases*. He is often represented as six handed and riding on an elephant.

The storm-gods are the *Maruts*, companions of *Indra*. They cause the mountains to quake and the earth to tremble. They rend trees and devour the forest like wild elephants. The forests bow down before them through fear. Rain comes in their wake.

The sun appears to the Hindu as *Surya*, whose wife in later mythology gives birth to the twin *Ashwins*, the heavenly physicians. But the invigorating influence of the dawn and all the phenomena connected with the beginning of the day form the subject of some of the best portions of the *Rig-Veda* and show the special delight with which they paid their reverence to *Ushas*, one of the most pleasing goddesses of the ancient Hindu. She is called the "affluent," the "giver of food" and the "bringer of opulence," the giver of "riches with horses and cattle." She grants "posterity and troops of slaves;" she is "endowed with intellect," is the "truthful one." When she appears, "the winged birds flock around from the borders of the sky," and "men who have to earn their bread, quit their homes." She "rides in a golden chariot," which is "ample and beautiful" and drawn by "ruddy oxen." She is associated with many other gods, both in her connections and in the offerings made to her. *Indra* "generates the sun and dawn" and "appoints them to their office," which is that of dispelling darkness, but though in the morning *Surya* honors *Urhas*, yet during the day his ascending becomes fatal to her, "slays her," "breaks her chariot," and "her shattered chariot reposing on the banks of the river *Vipas*, she departs afar."

In the *Rig-Veda*, *Vishnu* is a representation of the sun, who "strides through the seven regions of the earth" and "in three ways

plants his step," viz.: at morning, noon and night. He was not then regarded as supreme, or even as the equal of the other deities. He is said to have "established the heavens and the earth" and as "being beyond mortal comprehension," but he is said to have derived his power from Indra and to join in praises to that god. His rise to a god of first importance came in the Epic Period.

Varuna, the sun from the time of setting to its rising, the god of night, the "ever-going" who "grants a cool place of rest to all moving creatures on the closing of the eye" of day, is praised alone in the *Rig-Veda*, but also in company with Indra and other elemental deities. He is extolled as the guardian of immortality, as the cherisher of truth, the forgiver of sins, the all-powerful controller of mankind. "No one rules for the twinkling of an eye apart from him." He is the punisher of the wicked, the awarder of punishments for the wicked. Besides, he "sets free the water of the clouds" and "rules over the waters that are in heaven and earth." In later mythology his character changes. He is represented as riding on a sea monster and in one of his four hands holding a snaky cord with which to bind offenders.

Yama, the first mortal to die, became king and judge of the dead and had his abode in the sky. He is represented as green but wearing red garments as he sits astride a buffalo, holding in one hand a club and in another a noose.

V. GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE RELIGION OF THE MANTRAS. That these gods of the *Rig-Veda* were real personalities to the worshiper and that their interest in him was direct and positive is abundantly proved. Thus:

Without whom men do not conquer, whom they when fighting call on for help; who is a match for every [foe], who moves even what is immovable: he, O men, is Indra.

Him who has worshiped him with oblation Pushan forgets not: he is the first that acquires wealth.

Ye two released Cyavana from old age, ye brought a swift horse to Pedu; ye rescued Atri from distress and darkness; ye placed Jahusha in freedom.

Sin and evil are often mentioned, and the gods are praised because they destroy sinners and evil-doers; but a sinner as the hymns conceive him is one who does not address praise to those elemental deities nor make sacrifice to them. The sinner is the foe, the robber of the pious man, upon whom the pious may retaliate in kind because he has adored Agni and the other gods and hence can commit no evil act. Yet this spirit of revenge does not appear to indicate a contentious spirit, for among the Hindus themselves there was a feeling of real brotherhood, as the hymns indicate.

Originally the worship of elementary beings such as we have described was undoubtedly simple and harmless, and in the greater number of the *Rig-Veda* hymns but one offering is made to the gods, the juice of the *Soma*, or moon-plant, a species of milkweed (*Asclepias*

acida) which, fermented, made an exhilarating and inebriating beverage that was supposed to invigorate even the gods and increase their power. It was presented to the gods in ladles or was sprinkled over the sacred *Kusha* grass. The use of clarified butter poured on the sacrificial fire may likewise have been a part of these primitive ceremonials.

But there are other hymns in the *Rig-Veda* that show a departure from this simplicity of thought and ceremonial. The thinker and the mystic are at work and the circle of the deities is widened by the introduction of some of the things which were at first mere agents of worship. Particularly is this true of the plant Soma, which ceasing to be an offering to the gods, becomes a god itself, and subject to worship. The worshipers drank the Soma juice and sang, "We have drunk the Soma; we have become immortal; we have entered into the light; we have known the gods. What can an enemy now do to us, or what can the malice of any mortal effect?" As a god Soma is the friend, helper and soul of Indra; the destroyer of foes; the dispeller of the darkness; the sustainer of the earth; the thousand-eyed, the most heroic of heroes.

Animal sacrifice, more mysterious in its effects than anything we have mentioned, appears in some of the hymns, as in this from the second book:

When thou didst neigh at the moment of thy birth,
springing from the water or from the mists of heaven,

then didst thou have the wings of a falcon and the limbs of a deer. Glorious is thy great birth, O horse. Trita harnessed the horse which was given by Yama. Indra first mounted him, and Gandharva seized his reins. Vasus, you made the horse from the sun. Thou, horse, art Yama; thou art Aditya, Trita by a mysterious act; thou art associated with Soma. The sages have said there are three bindings of thee in heaven [etc.].

That this worship of the elements was not wholly satisfactory; that there was an anxious effort to penetrate into the mysteries of creation and thereby, however unconsciously, to mark the beginning of the philosophical creed, we have outlined in an earlier chapter. For instance, this is taken from the oldest Veda:

Who saw the primeval Being at the time of his being born? What is that which being unsubstantial sustains that which has substance? From earth are the breath and blood, but where is the soul? Who went to ask about this from the one who knows? Immature of mind and undiscerning, I inquire of those things which are hidden even from the gods. What was the wood, what was the tree, out of which they fashioned the heaven and the earth? Inquire, we sages, what was that on which he took his stand when establishing the worlds?

Again, in another prayer we read:

Then there was neither being nor non-being; there was no atmosphere and no sky beyond. What covered all, and where, by what protected? Was there a fathomless abyss of waters? Death was not, nor was there immortality, nor distinction of day or night. But THAT One breathed, without breath, by inner power; than it truly nothing whatever else existed besides. . . . Who knows exactly, and who shall here declare whence and why this creation took place? The gods are sub-

sequent to the production of this world, then who can know whence it proceeded, or whence this varied world arose, or whether it made itself or not? He who in the highest heaven is the overseer of this universe, he knows—or perhaps even he does not know.

From the time these inquiries commenced the thinkers were trying to reconcile the worship of the elemental powers with the idea of a Supreme Being, with the results seen in the Brahmana portion of the Vedas; or to carry the inquiry into the principle of creation from the elementary religion of the oldest Vedas, with the results which are shown in the *Upanishad*.

VI. THE BRAHMANAS. Composing the second part of each Veda are the Brahmanas, and it is through these that the mystical allegories alluded to above are brought into a systematic form. First, they show the gradual development of caste and a departure from the worship of the elements. A single epithet given to a god by a poet in one of the mantras will be in a Brahmana prolonged and elaborated into a legend that is realistic enough to appear historical. Growing out of these legends is a lengthy ritual which requires a special priesthood to administer it, so far has it proceeded from the simple worship of the elements. There are references to priests in some of the mantras of the *Rig-Veda*, but the full complement of sixteen required in some of the great artificial occasions are not called for except in the later Vedas.

The mantras of the *Rig-Veda* glorify especially the visible manifestations, while the Brahmanas dwell upon the ethical qualities of the elemental gods. Truth and untruth, right and wrong, in a ritualistic sense, are frequently emphasized in the description of battles fought between gods and demons, and in some of the rites these qualities are symbolized as things to be practiced or abhorred. The whole ritual becomes a magical operation; the gods are in the background; the priests and the ritual are in the foreground. The gods are like figures in a puppet show, to be pulled by ritualistic strings in the hands of priests.

Again, the Brahmanas tend to rank the gods as superior one to another in a manner that is not practiced in the mantras, except possibly to show a slight predilection for some one as against his compeers. For instance, some of the Brahmanas distinctly speak of Indra as the ruler of the gods, while in others the sun is called superior and by rites of varying importance the superiority of one over another is brought out. A decided effort was made to find some sort of unity among the gods; to find the chief god, or some universal force behind the gods.

By these two things, then, the emphasis of ethical qualities and the ranking of the gods, the Brahmanas mark a distinct religious advancement, although they do not attempt definitely to answer the great questions raised by the devoted mystics.

VII. THE UPANISHADS. The *Upanishads* belong to Vedic literature and contain the mystical doctrine of the Hindus on the nature of a Supreme Being, its relation to the human soul, and the processes of creation. Object and aim are the same as those of the systems of philosophy which we have already discussed, and may be considered the forerunners of them.

Written at different periods, the *Upanishads* vary in the proportion of ritualistic and allegorical material and spiritualistic theorizing, but the best and shortest are confined almost to an effort to give an intelligible explanation of the doctrine of the soul. The following will give some idea of the way the subjects are presented:

Nachiketas, having come to the abode of Yama, has been granted three boons and for the third asks that Yama instruct him whether after the death of man the soul exists in connection with some other man. After some hesitation Yama explains that the soul and Brahman are one, but that a man attains immortality only by understanding the nature of Brahman, of his own soul and of the unity of the two; know the soul as the rider and the body as the car; know intellect as the charioteer and the *manas* (organ of volition) as the rein. The senses, they say, are the horses; the objects, their roads; and the rider is the soul endowed with body senses and *manas*. Thus say the wise. If the charioteer is unwise and his *manas* always unbridled, his senses are uncontrolled, like vicious horses; but if he is wise, and his *manas* always bridled, his senses are controlled, like good horses. He who, always impure, is unwise, and whose *manas* is unbridled, does not attain that abode of immortality but comes to the world of

birth and death; he, however, who, always pure, is wise, and whose *manas* is bridled, he attains that abode whence he is not born again. The man who has a wise charioteer, and whose *manas* is bridled, reaches the other shore of the road, the highest abode of Vishnu. Subtler, indeed, than the objects are the senses; subtler than the senses is *manas*; higher than *manas*, intellect; and subtler than intellect, the great one, the soul. Beyond the great one is that which is unmanifested, and beyond the unmanifested is Purusha, the Supreme Spirit. But beyond Purusha, there is nothing; he is the goal, the highest resort. This highest spirit is the soul hidden in all created beings; it is not manifest, but is beheld by those who can see what is subtle, with an attentive and subtle intellect.

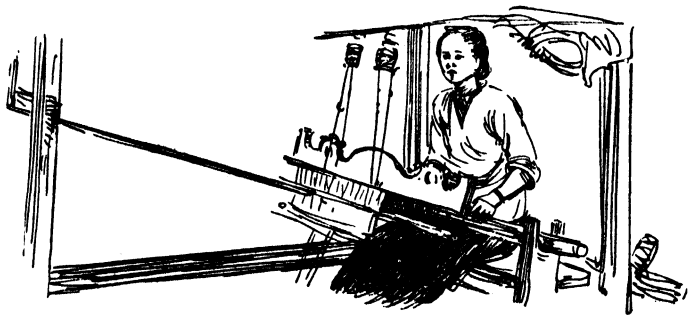
The relative position of the teachings of the Vedas and the doctrine of the *Upanishads* is shown by this extract from one of the latter:

Two sciences must be known, the higher and the inferior. The inferior is the knowledge of the *Rig-Veda*, the *Yajur-Veda*, the *Sama-Veda* and the *Atharva-Veda*, the knowledge of pronunciation, the ritual, grammar, explanation of Vedic texts, prosody and astronomy. But the higher knowledge is that by which that imperishable Brahman is comprehended. That which is invisible, unseizable, without origin or descent, without either color, eye or ear, without hand or foot, eternal, manifold, all pervading, very subtle, undecaying—the wise behold it as the cause of created beings.

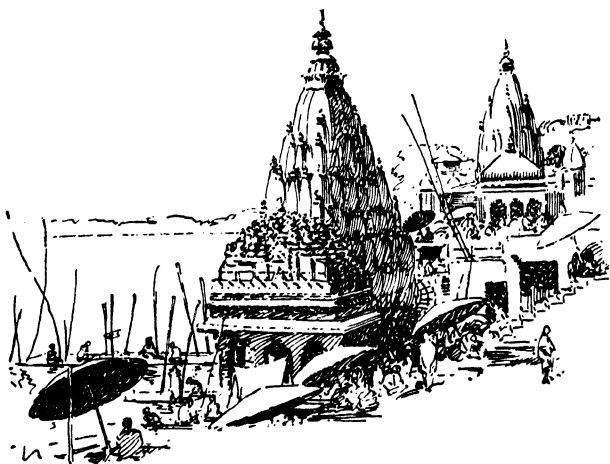
Again: the performers of the Vedic sacrifices are said to attain Indra's heaven for their pious work; but this state of bliss is said to be unstable and perishable. These "fools" drop from their heaven as soon as it has faded away. Fancying that pious acts ordained by the Vedas and codes of law are the highest objects of man,

these ignorant people do not know that there is something else that leads to eternal bliss. Having enjoyed their reward on the happy summit of paradise, they enter again this world, or one that is even lower. Those, on the contrary, who practice penance and faith, and, with subdued desire, live in the forest, under the vow of a religious mendicant, they, free from sin, enter through the sun to that abode where resides that immortal spirit, that spirit, indeed, of "undecaying nature."

It must be remembered that though the *Upanishads* were not supposed to have been given quite in the same manner as the Vedas, yet they are looked upon as inspired writings. In some of them mention is made of their divine origin. Thus, in the concluding section of one are found these sentences: "This knowledge of Brahman imparted to Prajapati (a lord of creation), Prajapati imparted it to Manu, and Manu to mankind."



BURMESE WOMAN WEAVING



CHAPTER VI

RELIGION ; EPIC PERIOD

A TWOFOLD DEVELOPMENT. During the Epic Period of religious development we may trace the twofold creed or, rather, the two creeds of which we saw the beginnings in the Vedic Period. The popular creed, the one that requires less of its devotees, centers round its imaginary gods, two of whom, Vishnu and Shiva, are rising to a position of commanding prominence. Brahma, still by some considered superior to both, gradually disappears into the more philosophical creed which we have seen originated in the *Upanishads*, and which is ultimately to become divided and perfected in the three systems of philosophy we have already studied.

II. VISHNU. We have seen the Vishnu of the Vedas; let us take a glance at him as he appears in the Epic Period. The real mythological character of Vishnu as he now appears was given him in the great epics, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, and later in the *Puranas*.

At different epochs his position in the triad, the *Trimurti*, as the three great gods Brahman, Vishnu and Shiva are called, changed, but as Brahman waned in power and influence and popular estimation, Vishnu took his place and contended with Shiva for first place in the minds of the generality of the Hindus who could not follow the cultivated classes into the domains of philosophy. In some passages of the epics he acknowledges his inferiority to Shiva and pays homage to him, but yet in other places in the *Mahabharata* he is given the supreme position which he holds to-day in the minds of his sect.

In one respect, at least, the myths of Vishnu give to him a remarkable characteristic which, though not wholly absent from Shiva, yet is especially significant in the former. Whenever in the history of the world there has been great trouble or disorder of a physical or moral kind, Vishnu has descended "in a small portion of his essence" to set the disorders right. These descents, which are called *Avatars*, have varied in number according to different accounts, but more frequently they are given as ten. When Vishnu appears he is born of human parents or assumes the form of

some animal, or superhuman being, and always he possesses miraculous powers.

Vishnu is represented as dark in color, with four hands, in which he holds a conch-shell, blown in battle; a disk, emblem of power; a mace, symbol of punishment; and either a lotus, indicative of creative power, or a sword, the Nandaka. On his breast shines the jewel, Kaustubha. Sometimes he is represented as Narayana, which was his name in the Fish Avatar, and then he lies upon Shesha, his thousand-headed serpent of infinity, who supports the world on one of his heads. The god Brahman is held in a lotus flower, which grows from Vishnu's navel, while at his feet is his wife, Lakshmi. He has other representations for his various incarnations: as Krishna, for example, he is a youth or an adult in a dancing posture, playing a flute.

The ten Avatars mentioned are the following:

1. *The Fish Avatar.* At the end of the last mundane age a demon stole the Vedas from the side of Brahman, but Vishnu saw the deed and determined to kill the demon. While a royal saint, Manu, was taking his daily ablutions in a river, a little fish came into his hand and begged to be spared and put into a jar. Manu consented, but the fish grew so rapidly that the next morning it had to be transferred to a pond, in another day to a lake and a third day to the ocean. By this time Manu had recognized Vishnu and after he had paid his

adoration, the god foretold a deluge, required Manu to go into a great ship that should come to him and take with him in it the seven Rishis and all the plants and seeds of created things. Manu obeyed, and when the flood had covered the earth Vishnu appeared again in the shape of a golden fish with a horn ten thousand miles long. To this horn Manu attached his boat and while riding therein was instructed by the fish god in his philosophical doctrines. When the flood had subsided the fish god killed the demon and restored the Vedas to Brahman.

2. *The Tortoise Avatar.* When the gods felt themselves growing old and desired the beverage *amrita*, the drink of immortality, Vishnu assumed the form of a tortoise and told them to secure the help of the demons and churn the milk sea with Mount Mandara as a churning stick and the serpent Shesha as a rope. With the gods at the head of the serpent, the demons at the tail and the tortoise god supporting the mountain, the *amrita* was recovered, but many marvelous beings appeared, and the gods and demons fell into a combat in which the latter were defeated.

3. *The Boar Avatar.* When at the time of creation the earth was immersed in water, Vishnu assumed the form of a giant boar and lifted out the earth. The story of this incarnation appears in a variety of forms, which gradually transform it to an appearance for righting some wrong or for destroying some influences hostile to the Brahminic caste.

4. *The Man-Lion Avatar.* The brother demon of the one killed by Vishnu in his fish incarnation resolved to be revenged upon the world and to obtain dominion over it. Accordingly, he fasted and practiced austerities until he deceived even Brahman himself and was rewarded with the promise that he should become a supreme ruler and that neither in his home nor out of it, neither on earth nor in heaven, neither by day nor by night should he meet with death by any manner of weapon, or at the hands of any created being.

This demon had a favorite son whom he tried to convert into an enemy of Vishnu and through him to gain the revenge he wished. But the son became a true ascetic and a sincere worshiper of Vishnu and thereby incurred the bitter enmity of his father, who at last decided to slay his own obstinate offspring. One day in a temple after a savage quarrel with his son, the demon struck a pillar with his fist, exclaiming, "If your god Vishnu is everywhere, why is he not present in this pillar?" Weary of the demon's wickedness, Vishnu appeared at that very moment in the form of a terrible monster with the head of a lion and the body of a man, and attacked the demon with great ferocity. After a long and terrible combat Vishnu with his finger nails tore out the demon's heart. The son was appointed to rule over the demons, and at the end of his reign, which continued for a very long time, he obtained final liberation.

5. *The Dwarf Avatar.* Bali, the grandson of the wise demon last mentioned, became so powerful that the gods feared for their sovereignty and besought Vishnu to aid them. Accordingly, he appeared to the demon ruler in the form of a very attractive dwarf, who so delighted Bali that he promised to grant any request the little man should make. Vishnu's request appeared a very simple one: that he might have as much land as he could cover in three steps. Nevertheless, the priests objected, fearing the dwarf. Bali persisted, and Vishnu took one step and covered the earth, a second and covered the space between the earth and sky. Here the demons interfered, but after a sharp struggle the followers of Vishnu overpowered them, and the dwarf took the third step and covered the heavens. Thus was Bali relegated to the nether regions, the only place left for him. There Bali resigned himself to his fate, and when reproached by the dwarf for allowing the demons to attempt to stop his progress, replied in words which show the value the Hindus place on a promise:

If, renowned chief of the gods, you consider the word which I uttered to be deceitful, I now do what is sincere, and in which can be no deception—place your third step on my head. Fallen from my position, I fear not the infernal regions, or binding in bonds, or misfortune difficult to escape, or loss of wealth, or your restraint, so much am I afflicted by a bad name.

For this righteousness he was rewarded by Vishnu with the promise that after residing

temporarily in one of the best palaces in the infernal regions he should be born again.

6. *The Parashu-Rama Avatar.* Arjuna Kartavirga had obtained as reward for his piety a thousand arms and dominion over the earth, until the gods, alarmed for their safety, again begged Vishnu to succor them. This time he was born as the fifth son, Rama, of the pious Jamadagni and his wife Renuka. For some impropriety of conduct Renuka was killed by her husband, and his first four sons incurred his wrath. But by the intercession of Rama, the fifth son, Renuka was restored to life, and the four sons were taken again into the good graces of their father. Soon after this Arjuna came to the hermitage of Jamadagni and was royally entertained, for the hermit had a wonderful cow that not only supplied milk and butter in unlimited quantities, but also gave her master anything he wished. When Arjuna left, false to all the laws of hospitality, he carried with him the wonderful cow and her calf. At the time this occurred Rama was away from home, but when he returned he seized his wonderful ax (the *Mahabharata* says *bow*), set out after the robber and slew him and his army. In revenge, the sons of Arjuna attacked the hermitage and slew Jamadagni. In retaliation for this, Vishnu decided to exterminate the whole Kshatriya caste, and "thrice seven times" he attempted to kill all who had attained the age of adolescence, but enough escaped to keep up the line of kings. The

accounts of this Avatar in the *Puranas* and the *Mahabharata* differ materially.

7. *The Rama Avatar, or Ramachandra Avatar.* Ravana, a king of Ceylon, a monster with ten heads and twenty arms, because of the austerities he practiced had received from Brahman the promise that neither gods nor demons should take his life. His oppressions alarmed the gods, who went to Brahman for assistance. The latter remembered that Ravana was not immune from human vengeance, and Vishnu was persuaded to become incarnate. Just at this time a Hindu king, Dasaratha, who had three wives but no son, performed the great horse-sacrifice. In response, a divine being appeared who gave to the King and his three wives a wonderful beverage, of which each drank a fourth. One wife bore Rama; another, the twins Lakshmana and Satrugna, and the third, Bharata. The first son, Rama, received a half, the twins a fourth and the fourth son a fourth of the ethereal essence of Vishnu.

Rama's expedition in which he first revealed his divine mission was undertaken with his brother and always faithful companion Lakshmana, to rid a hermitage of the fiends who infested it. The journey was successful, though not till the heavenly brothers had performed many wonderful exploits. Next Rama proceeded to the kingdom of King Janaka and there won his wife, Sita, daughter of the King, by bending and finally breaking the great

bow of Shiva, which was so large and heavy that no mortal could move it. On his way home from this expedition he met the Parasu-Rama, who had just heard of Rama's feat of bending the bow of Shiva. Parusha-Rama challenged Rama to bend a bow which Jamadagni had given his divine son. This was done with little difficulty, and Rama would have killed the challenger but, remembering his own divine origin, was satisfied with taking away his power and depriving him of hope of heaven. This account of this meeting is given in the *Ramayana*.

By means of a stratagem, the mother and the hunch-backed nurse of Bharata secured for him from his father the appointment as heir apparent and for Rama a banishment to the forest for fourteen years. When Dasaratha discovered what he had done he died of grief, and Bharata assumed the throne. Rama, rather than make his father appear to have broken his word, went into exile with Lakshmana and began a series of wonderful adventures which finally resulted in the destruction of the demon Ravana, the object of this incarnation. In the wilderness Rama had innumerable successful conflicts with the demons and met Ravana's sister, a woman whose "fingernails are like winnowing baskets." She fell in love with Rama, and when the latter proved blind to her blandishments she flew into a rage and attacked Sita. Lakshmana interfered and cut off the nose and ears of the demon-sister,

who immediately rushed to Ravana, and while begging for vengeance sought to make it certain by inspiring in her brother a passion for Sita. Ravana proceeded to the forest with a companion who personated a golden deer and enticed both Rama and Lakshmana away, leaving Sita unprotected. Ravana carried her off to his capital. When Rama returned he learned by supernatural means where to look for Sita and spent the rest of his exile preparing to recover her. By means of a long campaign and many miraculous events in which bears and monkeys of divine origin assisted, Sita was recovered chaste and unharmed, and Ravana and his armies were destroyed. The story of this incarnation appears briefly in the *Mahabharata* and the *Puranas*, and is told in great detail in the *Ramayana*.

8. *The Krishna Avatar and Balarama Avatar.* The full history of these two incarnations, which are usually treated as one, is remarkably interesting, for it shows how mortal heroes develop into gods, is the basis of a great many of the Hindu legends, and affects largely the beliefs of the present sect of Vishnu worshippers.

A demon king of the moon-race, Kansa, had deposed and imprisoned his father and become so violent an oppressor of the earth that the gods gathered in council and again called on Vishnu for assistance. He plucked out two hairs and promised the gods that those two hairs should become incarnate as Krishna and

Balarama, sons of Devaka, wife to Vasudeva, a relative of Kansa. In some way the latter learned that the eighth child of Devaka would be an incarnation of Vishnu, so he placed both parents in confinement and made the husband promise to deliver to him every child Devaka should bring forth. This he did faithfully, and six children were given to Kansa. Before his birth, Balarama, the seventh, was transferred by supernatural agency to another wife of Vasudeva, and the report was spread that Devaka had miscarried. When the eighth child, Krishna, was born, the child of a cowherd was substituted and Krishna given to the cowherd. The substitute suffered a temporary death at the hands of Kansa, who dashed its head against a pillar, but Krishna grew up unsuspected at the cowherd's with his friend, brother and helper, Balarama, whom Vasudeva had transported thither for safety, for he had now been released, 'as Kansa thought the danger over.

Krishna's miraculous performances began early. As an infant he destroyed a female demon who suckled and meant to destroy him; as a little boy he overturned a heavy wagon and pulled down two large trees, to the amazement of the cowherds, who then recognized his divinity and moved to another country more certainly to protect him. Before he was seven he killed a serpent monster in the river. Then Balarama killed two demons that infested the forests, and Krishna performed the miracle

that is still commemorated in his festivals. Having incurred the enmity of Indra by persuading some shepherds to worship a mountain instead of the god, Krishna protected the shepherds from the deluge sent by the enraged Indra by plucking the mountain up by its roots and for seven days and seven nights holding it over their heads as an umbrella. Indra was thus convinced of Krishna's divinity, for none but a god could perform so prodigious a task, and came and worshiped him. The daughters of the cowherds were beautiful maidens, and Krishna's sports among them are celebrated in an annual festival held even now during autumn, and were made the subjects of story and verse for writers long after the age of the *Puranas*.

Krishna and Balarama were invited to a feast by Kansa, who hoped to compass their death by means of his two chief boxers. Although they were informed of the treachery planned, by the messenger whom Kansa sent, they accepted the invitation and after an adventurous journey met and killed both the boxers and Kansa himself. Krishna immediately released the father of Kansa and restored him to the throne, but had to fight through a long war with the father-in-law of Kansa and a king who invaded the country. After three wars he married Revati, by whom he had two sons, but carried off violently a fair maid with whose betrothed he had to wage a long war.

Among other exploits was the one in which he went to Indra's heaven and restored to Aditi the earrings of which a demon king had robbed her. By carrying off a wonderful tree from the garden of Indra he brought on a war with that god, but was finally allowed to take the tree to Dwaraka, where he married sixteen thousand one hundred maidens whom he had rescued. According to the *Purana* which bears his name, Krishna was shot in the sole by a hunter who thought he was aiming at a deer. Little of these legends appear in the *Mahabharata*, but they occupy much space in the *Puranas*.

9. *The Buddha Avatar*. This incarnation is but briefly alluded to even in the *Puranas*, but it forms the basis for a connection or compromise between Buddhism and Hinduism.

10. *The Kalki Avatar, or The Kalkin Avatar*. "When the practices taught in the Vedas and the institutes of the law shall have ceased and the close of the present age shall be nigh," then will Vishnu be born once again, endowed with eight superhuman faculties. Then will he "destroy all the barbarians and thieves and all whose minds are devoted to iniquity."

III. SHIVA. The third god of the Trimurti (Brahman, the creator; Vishnu, the preserver; and Shiva, the destroyer) is unknown in the Vedas, but is well-established in the Epic poems as well as in the *Puranas*.

Among his principal achievements is his conflict with the god Brahma, who originally had five heads, but when he spoke disrespectfully to Shiva the latter cut off one head with the nail of his left thumb. At another time his father-in-law, Daksha, performed a great sacrifice, but did not invite Shiva's daughter Sati and her husband. They went, however, but Sati received such treatment that she threw herself into the sacrificial flames, and Shiva cut off the head of Daksha, who would have remained headless had not the gods interceded until Shiva consented to replace the lost head with that of a ram. Again, when Shiva was engaged in his savage austerities, the gods instigated Kama, the Hindu Cupid, to excite in Shiva the desire to procreate a son, but the angry god caught Kama and reduced his body to ashes. Shiva has a thousand names by which he is called: Lord, Great Lord, Con-ferrer of Happiness, The Terrible, The Very Terrible, etc.

He is represented as having five heads and three eyes, one in the center of his forehead to indicate his power of contemplation. His hair, clotted together, is brought over his forehead to represent a horn. On his head he carries the symbol of the Ganges, because when that river fell from heaven, he saved the earth by breaking the fall with his hair. Round his neck is a garland of human skulls. His throat is dark blue from the poison he swallowed when the gods churned the milk-sea to obtain the drink

of immortality. He carries a club or pole ornamented at the top with a breastbone and ribs surrounding it, and one or two human heads. His weapons are Khinkhira, of which we have no description, a bow, a thunderbolt and an ax. When riding, his vehicle is the bull Nandi.

IV. UMA. The "female energy" of Siva, incarnate as his wife, is the goddess known by the name of Uma, Durga, Kali, Devi, Parvati, or some other one of the many that under different circumstances are applied to her. She has a double character. In her great classic we read, "By Devi, this whole universe with what is movable and immovable, has been created, and when propitious she who bestows blessings leads men to their eternal bliss; for she, the eternal goddess, is the highest wisdom, the cause of eternal bliss." On the other hand, she is more frequently represented as delighting in the slaughter of her foes; she is styled the Black Goddess of Terror; she frequents cemeteries and presides over terrible sprites; she is fond of bloody sacrifices, and prefers to be worshiped on the darkest nights.

She is frequently mentioned in the Epics and the *Puranas*, and her exploits are those of a man warrior, a creature of terrible revenges. "The Sable Goddess is represented," one writer has said, "holding the severed head of Chanda in her hand with the heads of his soldiers formed into a garland suspended from her neck, and their hands wreathed into a covering for her loins." Sometimes, however, she

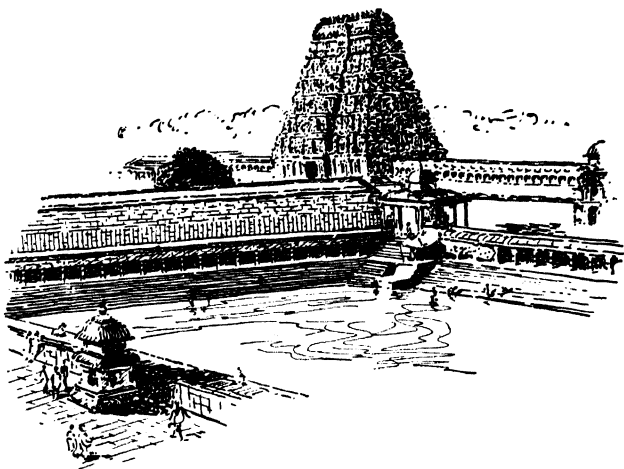
is represented as riding on a bull, with a trident in her hand, a serpent as a bracelet and a half moon on her forehead; but most frequently perhaps as "eight-handed, two of her hands being empty, pointing upward and downward; one right hand holding something like a caduceus, its corresponding left hand a cup; the next right and left hands a crooked sword and a shield with an embossed flower or fruit; the superior right hand with an agricultural implement and the left with the noose to strangle her victims. Her person is richly dressed and ornamented; between her full breasts a five-headed serpent uprears itself; she has a necklace of human heads; her eardrops are elephants; and a roll of snakeheads peeps over her coronet; her forehead is marked either with Shiva's third eye or her own symbol, and her open mouth shows her teeth and tusks, giving her a fierce and threatening appearance.

V. THE VIEWS OF THE EPICS. As we study the great epics more closely from another viewpoint, we confine ourselves here to considering merely their relation to the religion of the epoch. In the *Ramayana* the superiority of Vishnu is admitted freely, but the *Mahabharata*, which was produced at successive times, represents them as rivals for the highest position. Yet the claims of Vishnu seem on the whole to be preferred, while Shiva's are rather reluctantly admitted. Moreover, the Epic poems doubted the native immortality of the

gods, a fact that was never questioned in the Vedic period. It will be remembered that one of the Avatars of Vishnu was for the express purpose of obtaining the Amrita, or beverage of immortality, for the minor gods, who feared extinction. The epics then view the minor gods as being first mortal and afterward acquiring immortality, a fact which at once relegates them in the popular mind to a position far beneath that of Vishnu and Shiva.

In the Epic creed, the union of the individual soul with the Supreme Spirit may be aided by penances, postures, etc., as systematized in the Yogi philosophy. There could be no union of the individual with the Supreme unless the former were entirely free from sin, and one life seemed too short a period to accomplish this. Accordingly, the doctrine of metempsychosis was invented, and though the beginnings of it were seen in some of the *Upanishads*, its fantastic development belongs to the Epic period, when it began to affect the daily life of the nation.





CHAPTER VII

RELIGION ; PURANIC PERIOD

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS. To the Puranic period belongs the decline in the Hindu religion, so far at least as the popular creed is concerned, though there may be an advance in the philosophical creed, which became the religion of the cultivated classes. But the latter do not influence the worship of the masses, who follow the gods of the sect to which they belong, as we shall show hereafter. Their creed to-day is supposed to be based upon the Vedas, but it has deteriorated immeasurably from that simple cult, though now and then in the empty ceremonies of the varied sects one may see some little reminder of the symbolic worship of Vedic scriptures.

While the simplicity of Vedic ideas gave way to the more worldly notions of the epics, there still remained in the latter some decided remnants of the divine element that characterized the Vedas, but in the *Puranas* and *Tantras* almost nothing of it is preserved; they are the textbooks of the modern sects, but are far from being as pleasing, either in style or content, as the earlier works.

II. THE PURANAS. The Puranas are eighteen in number, and differ so much one from another that it is practically impossible to give a definition that will apply to all. Taken together, however, we may say that they contain some speculations on the nature of matter and soul, individual as well as supreme; small codes of law; descriptions of places and pilgrimages; a vast ritual relating to modern worship of the gods; numerous legends, and a few scientific tracts of no value.

As we have said, not every *Purana* contains all of those things, but a scholarly Hindu commentator has given as the "five characteristic marks" of a *Purana*, primary cosmogony, or creation; secondary cosmogony, or the destruction and renovation of worlds; genealogy of gods and patriarchs; reigns of Manus, and the history of the princes of the solar and lunar reigns. Even these "marks" do not apply collectively to all the *Puranas*.

Undoubtedly there were *Puranas* before the existing ones were written, but there seems no reason to think that any of the eighteen are

older than the third century of the Christian Era, while the youngest may have been written as late as the twelfth century after Christ. They have none of the high merits that characterize the Vedas or the Epics, and read more as though they were the work of interested priests and disciples who sought to obtain control over the populace by perverting established beliefs to the selfish interests of teachers. A fifteenth century commentator on the *Puranas* speaks as follows: "Women and Shudras, though they, too, are in want of knowledge, have no right to the Veda, for they are deprived of reading it because not invested with the sacred cord; but the knowledge of law and that of the Supreme Spirit arises to them by means of the *Puranas* and other books." Unfortunately, they are now not only the authority of women and Shudras, but of most of the men of the other castes as well.

One purpose of the *Puranas* was evidently to create a sectarian belief, and in most instances each of them shows unmistakably the sect for which it was intended. Of the eighteen, Professor Wilson assigns eight to the followers of Vishnu, six to the sect of Shiva, one to the devotees of Durga, Shiva's wife, and one as "dividing its homage between Shiva and Vishnu with tolerable impartiality; it is not connected, therefore, with any sectarian principles, and may have preceded their introduction."

Professor Wilson also says: "The invariable form of the *Puranas* is that of a dialogue in which some person relates its contents in reply to the inquiries of another. This dialogue is interwoven with others, which are repeated as having been held on other occasions between different individuals, in consequence of similar questions having been asked. The immediate narrator is commonly, though not constantly, Lomaharshana, or Romaharshana, the disciple of Vyasa, who is supposed to communicate what was imparted to him by his preceptor, as he had heard it from some other sage. . . . Lomaharshana is called Suta, as if it were a proper name, although it is more correctly a title; and Lomaharshana was 'a Suta,' that is, a bard or panegyrist, who was created, according to the *Vishnu Purana*, to celebrate the exploits of princes, and who, according to the *Vayu* and *Padma Puranas*, has a right by birth and profession to narrate the *Puranas* in preference even to the Brahmins."

Besides the eighteen *Great Puranas*, as they are sometimes called, there are the same number of less important treatises called *Upapuranas*, "differing little in extent or subject from some of those to which the title *Purana* is ascribed."

III. THE TANTRAS. A *Tantra* is literally "an instrument of faith," and as such its efficacy is deemed all-powerful by the followers of the sect, by whom it is considered sacred,

namely, the worshipers of the female energy of the god Shiva.

A *Tantra* is said to comprise five subjects—the creation and destruction of the world, the worship of the gods, the attainment of all objects, magical rites for the acquirement of superhuman faculties, and four modes of union with the spirit by meditation. A variety of other subjects is admitted into many of them, although some contain but one topic. They always assume the form of a dialogue between Shiva and his wife in one of her many forms, but mostly as Uma or Parvati, in which the goddess questions the god as to the mode of performing various ceremonies and the mantras to be used in them. These he explains at length and under a solemn caution that they involve a great mystery, on no account whatever to be divulged to the profane.

The followers of the *Tantras* believe that faith in them will free a person from most atrocious sins, and consider them a fifth Veda of equal antiquity with the other four. This belief is absurd, but it is not possible to give the writings a date, though it is not probable that they were finished earlier than the second century after Christ. The *Tantras* are very numerous, but have not been studied as extensively by Europeans as the other sacred books.

IV. MODERN SECTS. Nearly all of the Hindus of the present day, exclusive of the cultured classes, belong to some one of numerous

sects which may be referred to three great classes, all of which consider their faith to come direct from the Vedas; and all regard the great Epics, the *Code of Manu* and the *Puranas* as sacred books. These sects, however, differ widely in the character and manner of worship, the means by which they expect to obtain release and rest, and all have taken their origin rather from the *Puranas* than from anything anterior to them.

The three great classes are the *Vaishnavas*, or followers of Vishnu; the *Shaivas*, or followers of Shiva; and the *Shaktas*, or followers of Durga, the wife of Shiva. Outside of these three classes are a number of minor sects, whose votaries, however, are not at all numerous and of which we need only mention the worshipers of Agni, god of fire; of Surya, the sun-god; and of Ganesha, the god of wisdom.

V. THE VAISHNAVAS. The common link which binds together the great variety of sects in this class is their common belief that Vishnu is the greatest of all the gods; their differences lie in the manner of worship and in the character they ascribe to Vishnu. It is impossible to give any account of these multifarious sects, for since medieval times they have appeared and disappeared, formed new alliances and changed their doctrines until the subject is too complex for a novice to understand. The geographical location of the devotees appears to have been a large factor in their differentiation and might serve as a basis of classification, but

we will attempt nothing of the sort and will mention a few only of the many, hoping that the peculiarities mentioned will prove interesting and show to what absurd depths the original fine concepts of the Hindus have fallen.

In the twelfth century Ramanuja, a celebrated reformer said to have been an incarnation of Shesha, the sacred serpent of Vishnu, founded the sect known by his name and now most numerous in Southern India. The sect addresses its worship to Vishnu or his wife Lakshmi in some one of their numerous incarnations, and accordingly is separated into many subdivisions. The great peculiarity of the ascetics of this sect is the scrupulous privacy in which they eat; if at any time from the beginning of the preparation of the food until it is all consumed a stranger so much as looks at the food, it is at once buried in the ground. The members of the sect distinguish themselves by two perpendicular white lines from the beginning of the eyebrows to the roots of the hair and in the center a red line, the three connected by a white line across the root of the nose. They wear a necklace of wood of the holy basil and carry a rosary of the seeds of the same plant or of the lotus.

The *Ramanandas*, a very numerous sect in the vicinity of the Ganges, is an offshoot of the preceding group, from which it differs principally in the less exacting nature of its requirements concerning food and in slight variations of doctrine. Ramananda, the founder, lived

somewhere from the twelfth to the fourteenth century, when he seceded from the Ramanujas because he felt himself ill-treated when he failed to comply with some of their minute requirements.

The *Kabir Panthis* is a highly important sect of upper and central India, where it was founded perhaps in the fourteenth century by Kabir, the most celebrated of the twelve disciples of Ramananda. According to the doctrine of this sect there is but one God, the creator of the world; but, in opposition to the Vedas, he has a body formed of the five elements of matter, and differs from man only in his ineffable purity and irresistible power, eternal and free from all defects. The pure man is his living semblance, and after death becomes his equal and associate. For seventy-two ages God was alone. Then, desiring to renew the world, his desire took the shape of a female, Maya, the goddess Illusion, with whom he begot the great Trimurti. Maya solicited them one after the other, and Brahman and Sita, frightened by her advances, yielded, and she produced three females, whom she married to the great triad to produce the world. As Vishnu declined to associate with Maya, he is most respected by the Kabir Panthis. They have an elevated moral code as compared with many of the other sects, wear no distinguishing marks, worship no deity and perform none of the usual Hindu rites and ceremonies. However, they conform outwardly to the manners

and customs of the caste and tribe to which they belong and may even pretend to worship as their neighbors do. About the only reason for including them in the Vaishnavas is that they are an offshoot from the Ramanandas. Their principal establishment was at Benares.

The *Rudra Sampradayis* live in great numbers in Western India, and are scattered all over the country. They have a regular line of teachers reaching back to the middle of the fifteenth century and their founder, Vallabha Swamin. The great chiefs of this sect are known most commonly by the names of *Maharajah* (great king) and *Guru*, and claim their descent from the founder, although they have sadly degenerated and have little claim to the unbounded respect which they receive. They adore Vishnu in his incarnation of Krishna, the creator of Maya, and through her of the minor gods and some three hundred millions of cowherdesses who are the particular attendants of Krishna. The Guru was originally considered the mistress of Krishna, and later the incarnation of Krishna, and so deserving of worship. The "body, organs of sense, life, heart and other faculties, the wife, house, family" of the sectary, all belonged to the Guru. Enormous abuses crept in through this tenet, and the licentiousness of the Maharajas was unbridled until exposed by the English. In the temples of the sect are images of Krishna in the form of a chubby, dark-hued boy, richly decorated, that eight times a day

receive the homage of their adorers. The sect marks itself with two vertical lines across the forehead meeting in a semicircle at the root of the nose, and with a red spot on the forehead between them. Their bodies are marked, and they carry necklaces, like the Ramanujas.

The *Brahma Sampradayins* deny the absorption of the human soul into the universal spirit and the loss of independent existence after death, differing vitally in this from the doctrine of the other Vaishnavas and Shaivas. They declare there are three ways to worship Vishnu; by marking the body with his symbols by means of a hot iron; by giving his name to children and points of interest; and by practicing virtue in word and thought and deed. Their frontal mark is like that of the Ramanujas, except that between the vertical white lines is one of black terminating in a round mark of yellow.

The *Vaishnavas* sect of Bengal, said to be about one-third of the population, was founded toward the close of the fifteenth century. In one respect they differ decisively from the other Vishnu sects. They hold to the doctrine of faith, or *Bhakti*, which they consider much more efficacious indeed than meditation, than knowledge, than the subjection of passion, than charity or virtue. From this idea they deduce an equality of castes, so that the humblest person may enter the sect and receive all the rewards offered to the devout. Twice a day they pay homage to the idol of Krishna,

and their chief ritual is the frequent repetition of the name Krishna, for which one of their chiefs set the remarkable example of living in a thicket for several years and repeating the name three hundred thousand times daily. They consider their Gurus as sacred as Vishnu. "When Vishnu is in anger," they say, "the Guru is our protector; but when the Guru is in anger we have none." Their frontal mark is two vertical white lines from the roots of the hair to the beginning of the eyebrows, meeting at the bridge of the nose and extending to the tip. They wear a close necklace of basil stalk in three strings and carry a rosary of one hundred eight beads.

VI. THE SHAIVAS. The followers of Shiva are not as numerous as those of Vishnu, and belong more to the learned and speculative classes. Shiva has no pleasing incarnations, no popular literature, nor are his numerous temples regarded with special veneration; and yet a large number of sects acknowledge his superiority. His symbol is the linga, which, however, is usually of an inoffensive character, and the votaries of many of the sects are distinguished by an impression of it on the arms, forehead, or body or by a symbol worn upon the head.

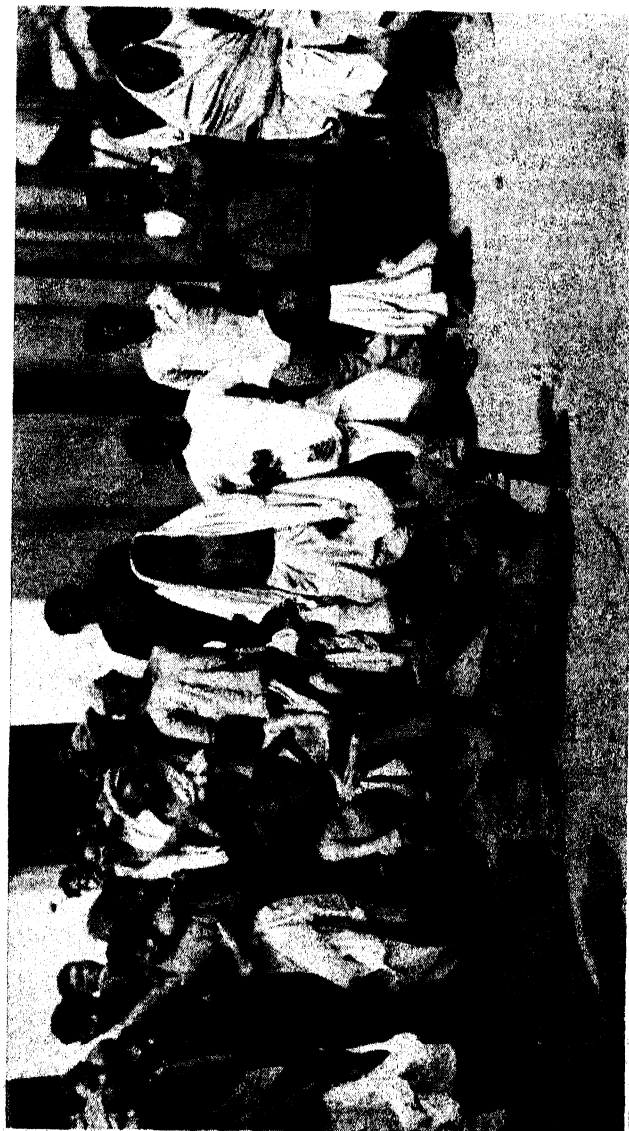
The *Dandins* represent the fourth order of mendicant life, and carry a small staff with several projections upon it, and a piece of cloth dyed red, attached to it. A Dandin shaves his head, wears only a cloth about his loins and

lives upon food already prepared, which once a day he obtains from the Brahmans and carries about with him in a small clay pot. He is not necessarily of the Shaiva sect, but those who worship that god in his form as the Terrible make, when they are initiated, a small incision on the inner part of the knee to obtain blood for sacrifice.

The Yogins, of whose philosophy we have heard in a preceding section, belong largely to this sect and some of them have their ears pierced at the time of their initiation. They officiate as priests of Shiva, mark the forehead with a transverse line of ashes and smear the body with the same substance; they profess to tell fortunes, and some give entertainments and exhibit tame animals.

The performances of the ascetics and devotees of other sects are sometimes ridiculous, and often horrifying and disgusting: some go naked in all weathers; others eat whatever is given them, no matter how vile; some hold a hand aloft until it becomes withered and cannot be lowered; others close the fist till the nails grow through the hands; still others hold their faces to the sky until the rigid muscles refuse to return to their natural positions, and the ascetic must forever gaze upward.

VII. THE SHAKTAS. In this great division of the sects, the votaries of each group pay homage to the divine principle of power or energy which the gods of the Trimurti threw off and which in the Puranic Period became incarnate



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FAKIR PRAYING IN STREET IN CALCUTTA

MENDICANT DEVOTEES DISPLAYING THEIR WORSHIP IN PUBLIC ARE COMMON SIGHTS IN INDIA.

as *sakti*, or goddesses in the form of the wives of the three great gods ; but as in the growth of modern religion, the wives of Vishnu and Brahma have ceased almost altogether to be worshiped. The Shaktas are now devotees of the wife of Shiva, the many-named goddess, Uma, Durga or Devi. Shiva is the Destroyer, but his wife takes on even more destructive qualities, her attribute of wisdom almost being lost to sight while she becomes the embodiment of all that is terrific. She can be propitiated only by the sacrifice of life and by ceremonies of the grossest kind. Devotees are chiefly among the lower classes, and are most numerous in Bengal. Two rituals, known as the left-handed and the right-handed, are in existence, and their use separates the sects at once into two great classes. The worship of one class is comparatively pure, while the other is the most licentious and disgusting that the strange, perverted minds among the Hindus have devised. The celebrations of the rites are usually indulged in by both sexes at the same time, with Shiva and Devi personated by a man and woman to whom meat and wine are offered in sufficient quantities so that when afterward distributed among the votaries the ceremonies terminate in the wildest orgies. The same persons regard similar orgies at any other time and under any other circumstances as extremely reprehensible, and thus illustrate again the depths of perversion to which a religion may be prostituted by ignorant, fanatical devotees.

The frontal mark of these sects consists of semi-circular lines of vermilion on the forehead and a red line down the forehead terminating in a round red spot on the bridge of the nose. They carry a small rosary of coral beads, which they conceal in the hand or in a small bag or purse of red cloth. In worshipping they wear red silk about the loins and decorate their breasts with crimson flowers.

The *Thugs*, a sect of Devi worshipers who made their living by murder and robbery and who at one time were widely distributed over India, have been suppressed by the British. They went about in scattered bands of fifty or more, meeting at appointed places as though strangers. Here they learned where to strike for booty and were not infrequently hired to put offensive people out of the way. Three usually worked together in the actual strangling, and the whole band shared in the booty. They were intensely superstitious, and would not make an attack unless Devi showed her approval by favorable omens. After the person was strangled and robbed, his body was mutilated and buried by the use of a pickaxe, their sacred weapon. This sect spread among the Mohammedans and their devotees who, joining in the worship of Devi, reconciled their conduct with the principles of their religion by seeing in Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed, one of the incarnations of Devi.

VIII. PATALA AND NARAKA. The *Puranas* recognize and describe a nether world which

they call Patala and divide into seven distinct regions one below the other, each ten thousand miles in depth. The soils are successively white, black, purple, yellow, sandy, stony and gold; and in each are located beautiful palaces where dwell numerous demi-gods of various kinds, including also the great snake gods. These regions have all the charms of a beautiful world, and were visited by mortals whose frequent meetings with the delightful snake girls is a common theme in profane literature and is sometimes mentioned in the sacred books.

But the real hell of the Hindus is Naraka, or rather, that is the name of any one of the twenty-one hells Manu mentions, or the collective name of the whole. They are places of confinement and torture for the impious. The *Puranas*, after telling of twenty-eight hells and relegating each class of sinners to its particular place of punishment and exact kind of torture, mentions "hundreds of thousands of other hells."

IX. OM. The mystical word *Om* is of great importance in all phases of Hinduism. Its original meaning as it appears in the Vedas is that of an emphatic assent. Later it seems to have acquired a meaning which implies *protection, preservation, salvation*; yet even with these synonyms we are not able to give the mystic value it has in sacred writings and sacrificial rites. Whatever its real derivation and acquired meaning, it is an essential part of

nearly all Hindu ceremonies. The teacher speaks it at the beginning of a lesson from the *Veda*; the pupil utters it at the end.

Manu says: "A *Brāhman* at the beginning and end of a lesson on the *Veda* must always pronounce the syllable *Om*; for unless *Om* precede, his learning will slip away from him; and unless it follow nothing will be long retained." When the *Puranas* came to be written, *Om* was used as their introductory word.

Manu also says: "Brahma extracted from the three Vedas the letter *a*, the letter *u* and the letter *m*, which combined result in *Om*." Again he says: "All rites ordained in the *Veda*, such as burnt and other sacrifices, pass away; but the syllable *Om* must be considered as imperishable, for it is a symbol of Brahman himself, the Lord of Creation."

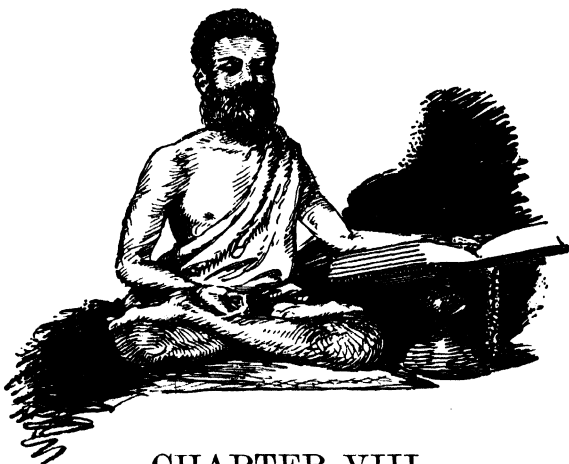
In one of the *Upanishads* occurs this passage:

The supreme and inferior Brahman are both the word *Om*; hence the wise follows by this support the one or the other of the two. If he meditates upon its one letter (*a*) only, he is quickly born on the earth; then carries the verses of the *Rig-Veda* to the world of man; and if he is devoted there to austerity, the duties of a religious student and faith he enjoys greatness. But if he meditates in his mind on its two letters (*a* and *u*) he is elevated by the verses of the *Yajur-Veda* to the intermediate region; he comes to the world of the moon and having enjoyed there power, returns again to the world of man. If, however, he meditates on the supreme Spirit by means of its three letters (*a*, *u* and *m*), he is produced in light in the sun; thus is he liberated from sin.

The *Puranas* make of *a* a name for Vishnu; of *u*, a name of his consort, Shri, and of *m*, a designation of their joint worshiper. Or, they see in *a u m*, the Trimurti, Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva, each sect, of course, seeing in the combination of these three letters *Om*, their particular god of the triad.



NATIVE BELLE
OF CALCUTTA



CHAPTER VIII

THE VEDAS

KINDS OF POETRY. The three divisions of poetry which we recognize in English are all represented voluminously in Sanskrit, viz.: epic, lyric and didactic. Besides these there are the dramas, which are written in prose but with both lyric and didactic poems included.

II. POETIC MEASURES. In Sanskrit poems little attention, if any, is paid to rhymes, nor is there a meter enforced by accent, as in English. The metrical swing is obtained as in Latin and Greek, by the quantity of the syllable; that is, by the time required in its utterance. If long and short syllables occur in a regular order in lines of equal length, a regular rhythm is established which corresponds in a measure to that compelled by our accented syl-

lables. For instance, much of the verse in which the Sanskrit Epics are written consists of lines composed of sixteen syllables, the *śloka* meter, wherein the arrangement of the syllables gives a fine musical movement, a slow and majestic rhythm.

To imitate this in English translations is a difficult matter, but it is accomplished by finding some meter that gives the same general effects without attempting to reproduce the Hindu rhythm.

The Hindu scholar, Romesh C. Dutt, whose English translations of the Epics we shall use for illustrations later on, says of the English meter which he adopted: "I have recited a verse in this English meter and a *Sloka*, in presence of listeners who have a better ear for music than myself, and they have remarked the close resemblance. . . . It would be too much to assume that even with the help of this similarity in meters I have been able to transfer into my English that sweep and majesty of verse which is the charm of Sanskrit and which often sustains and elevates the simplest narration and plainest ideas."

The poetry of the Epics is grandly simple, without ornate embellishments, while later Sanskrit verse, such as that of Kalidasa, is richly ornate and beautiful, sparkling with figures of speech. Arthur W. Ryder, whose beautiful versions of Kalidasa's work we shall have occasion to quote, uses a rhymed English stanza, as best adapted to bring out the pecu-

liar beauties of the Sanskrit poems and dramas of his favorite author.

We are forced to content ourselves with a very limited acquaintance with those wonderful poems of most extraordinary length written in a remarkable language which scholars declare cannot be mastered in less than fifteen years of unremitting study.

III. THE VEDAS. In our discussion of Hindu philosophy and religion we have had occasion so frequently to refer to the Vedas and their contents that we are already somewhat acquainted with them. To know them thoroughly would be the work of a lifetime, and valueless labor at that. The essential thing for us is to realize what they stand for in Sanskrit literature and in Hindu life, and those facts appear to have been sufficiently exemplified.

Moreover, it does not seem advisable to quote to any great extent from them. Enough will be shown from the Epics and the later Sanskrit poetry to give some notion of the character and vast extent of the Sanskrit literature and the nature of the sources of Hindu philosophy and religion. Having described the Vedas a little more fully, we will leave the subject to such scholars as wish to go more deeply into it.

IV. THE "RIG-VEDA." The first and most important, as well as one of the oldest books in existence, is the *Rig-Veda*. To the Hindu mind it dates from eternity, was "seen" by the Rishis who taught it and is really the founda-



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. INDIAN LADY AND NATIVE JEWELRY

THE WEARER OF THIS ELABORATE JEWELRY IS OF THE UPPER CASTE.
THE JEWELRY IS MOSTLY OF SILVER, AND THE SHAWL IS OF THE
FINEST LAMB'S WOOL.

tion of the others, not only in subject-matter but also in forms of expressions. In many cases the hymns of the later Vedas are taken bodily from the *Rig-Veda*, or consist of transposed lines or lines with transposed words.

As we have intimated, the *Rig-Veda*, old as it is, did not originate in its present form, at least, with a barbarous or nomadic people. Rather, indeed, were its writers in a comparatively high degree of enlightenment, for mention is frequently made of large towns and great cities, of mighty rulers and prodigious wealth. The people were advanced in agriculture, understood the handling of metals, wove beautiful garments, made armor of gold and of iron, designed and wrought delicately-traced ornaments of gold, and built heavy and costly cars. They had musical instruments and used them skillfully, and could use the needle in practical and artistic ways. The common vices were not unknown to them, but there seems to be no mention of the system of caste which ultimately wrought such havoc in progress.

Woman occupied a high position, as she always has in the Aryan race, and was the composer of some of the most beautiful hymns.

The Brahmana portion of the *Rig-Veda* consists of two works, in the first of which there are eight sections each containing five "lessons," the lessons combined containing two hundred eighty-five "portions." The second work contains thirty lessons, each of a number of "portions."

The following quotations will give some idea of the manner in which the works explain the meaning of the sacrificial rites and the manner in which they are to be carried out. The first relates to the ceremony of carrying the *Soma*:

The King Soma lived among the Gandharvas. The gods and Rishis deliberated as to how the king might be induced to return to them. Vach, the goddess of speech, said, "The Gandharvas lust after women. I shall transform myself into a woman, and you may sell me to them in exchange for Soma." The gods answered, "No, for how can we live without thee?" She said, "Sell me unto them. If you should want me, I will return to you." Thus they did. In the disguise of a big nude woman, she was sold in exchange for Soma. In imitation of this men drive away an immaculate cow of one year's age, this being the price at which they purchased the king Soma. The cow, however, may be re-bought for Vach returned to the gods. Hence the Mantras, after Soma has been bought, are to be repeated with a low voice. After Soma has been bought the goddess of speech is with the Gandharvas, but she returns as soon as the ceremony of carrying the sacred fire is performed.

Following are the speculations on the Yupa, or sacrificial post, and the meaning of the sacrificial animal:

Is the Yupa to remain standing before the fire, or is it to be cast into the fire? For him who desires cattle it may remain standing. Once upon a time cattle did not stand still to be taken by the gods for food. After having run away, the cattle stood still and turning toward the gods, said repeatedly, "You shall not get us; No, No!" Thereupon the gods saw that Yupa-weapon which they erected. Thus they frightened the animals, which then returned to them. That is the reason that up to this day the sacrificial animals are turned to face the Yupa,

to which they are tied. Then they stood still to be taken by the gods for their food.

The man who is initiated into the sacrificial mysteries offers himself to all deities. Agni represents all deities, and Soma represents all deities. When the man offers himself to Agni and Soma he releases himself from being offered to all deities. Some say the animal to be offered to Agni and Soma must be of two colors, because it belongs to two deities. But this precept should not be attended to.

A fat animal is to be sacrificed, because the animals are fat and the man is lean. When the animal is fat, the sacrificer thrives through its marrow.

Some say, "Do not eat of the animal offered to Agni and Soma. Who eats of this animal eats human flesh, because the man releases himself from being sacrificed by means of the animal." But this precept, too, should not be attended to. The animal offered to Agni and Soma was an offering to Indra, because Indra slew Vritra through Agni and Soma. Both then said to him, "Thou hast slain Vritra through us: Let us choose a boon from thee." "Choose for yourselves," answered Indra. But they chose this boon from him, and thus they receive now as their food the animal which is sacrificed the day previous to the Soma feast. This is their everlasting portion chosen by them; hence one ought to take pieces of it and eat them.

V. THE "YAJUR-VEDA." The different schools of thought which arose from the Rig-Veda caused the other Vedas to be written. The *Yajur-Veda* is marked by a dissension in its own schools more important than those existing between the other Vedas; in fact, there are two *Yajur-Vedas*.

The *Black Yajur-Veda* is the older, and it is not orderly in its arrangement, the Mantras and Brahmanas being mixed confusedly to-

gether, but in subject matter it does not differ materially from the other three great Vedas.

In the *White Yajur-Veda* the defective arrangement is remedied, and though it contains little new matter, it is much superior.

A legend is given to account for the two works: After Vyasa had given the *Yajur-Veda* to one of his disciples, the latter, having committed some offense, asked his companions to assist him in expiation. One of them declared that the offending disciple should perform the expiatory act alone, a proposal which so enraged the suppliant that he cursed his ungenerous friend so effectively that he disgorged all the texts he had learned. The other disciples meantime had been transformed into a covey of partridges who picked up, swallowed and retained the tainted texts. Later the first disciple obtained in answer to a prayer to the sun other texts which were unknown to his teacher.

Two of the principal sacrifices of which they treat are common to both *Yajur-Vedas*, viz.: the sacrifice to be performed at the new and full moon and the great horse sacrifice, in which six hundred nine animals, both wild and tame, were tied to twenty-one sacrificial posts. This Veda, too, mentions a symbolical mansacrifice that is mentioned in no other.

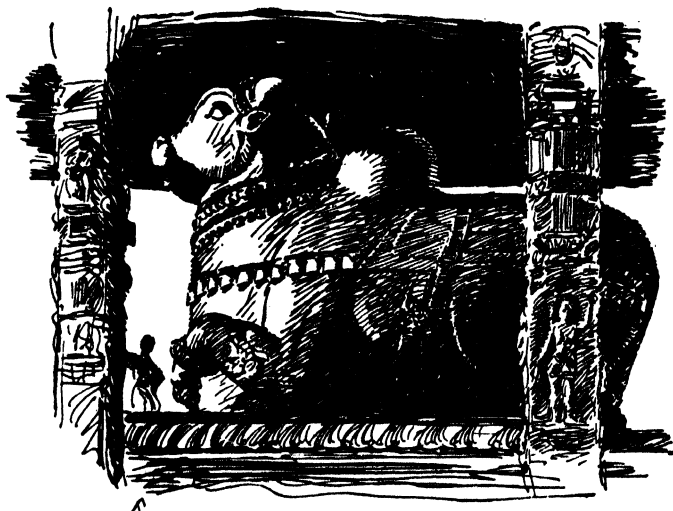
The *Sanhita* portion of the *Black Yajur-Veda* contains about two thousand two hundred "portions," while that of the *White Yajur-*

Veda has a few less than two thousand "portions" (*Kandikas*).

VI. THE "SAMA-VEDA." The chief function of the *Sama-Veda* is to give full directions for those sacrifices that are made wholly or in part from the juice of the *soma* plant. The great sacrifice consists of seven stages, only the first of which, however, is obligatory on those who expect to profit by the sacrifices. During the performance of these ceremonies verses of the *Sama-Veda* are intoned in a manner exactly according to the descriptions of the sacred books.

VII. THE "ATHARVA - VEDA." Professor Whitney, who was one of the editors of the standard translation of the *Atharva-Veda*, says: "The most prominent characteristic of this Veda is the multitude of incantations it contains; these are pronounced either by the person who is himself to be benefited, or, more often, by the sorcerer for him, and are directed to the securing of the greatest variety of desirable ends. Most frequently, perhaps, long-life or recovery from grievous sickness is the object sought; then a talisman, such as a necklace, is sometimes given, or in very numerous cases, some plant endowed with marvelous virtues is to be the immediate external means of the cure; further, the attainment of wealth or power is aimed at, the downfall of enemies, increase in love or in play, the removal of petty pests, and so on, even down to the growth of hair on a bald pate."

The natives who follow this Veda claim that the three other Vedas enable a man to fulfill the religious law, but that the *Atharva-Veda* helps him to attain eternal bliss.



THE BULL OF TANJORE



CHAPTER IX

THE "RAMAYANA"

TWO GREAT CLASSIC EPICS. In our discussion of the philosophy and religion of the Hindus we have made reference frequently to the two great epics to which both philosophy and religion are so deeply indebted. It remains now to view the two separately as literature and to attempt to give some adequate idea of what the great works are.

There are numberless other epics in Sanskrit, but none of anything like equal importance or to which we can give space. To know the literature of the Hindus would be the work of a lifetime, and no small portion of it would be devoted to the Epics. The *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* in themselves would require days of reading, as will be seen from the following description and quotations.

II. THE "RAMAYANA." We have already given in our description of the *Rama-Avatar* of Vishnu a bare outline of the events which are described at so great length in the *Ramayana*. The reader might do well to refer to that description as the foundation upon which to build his concept.

The *Ramayana* itself consists of twenty-four thousand couplets, or *slokas*, which are collected in seven books. To us this seems interminably long, but it is short compared to the *Mahabharata*. Two sets of manuscripts, varying materially in many minor details, are extant; one is evidently considerably older than the other, while both are probably older than the *Mahabharata*. The *Ramayana* is quite unmistakably in the main the work of one person, while the *Mahabharata* is the growth of ages. The reputed author of the former is Valmiki, who is said to have taught the poem to the sons of Rama, who, in a supplement are described as repeating it all in twenty-five days to the assembled princes.

The entire *Ramayana* has been translated into English, but a better means of becoming acquainted with it is by the condensed translation of Romesh Dutt, who gives the finest scenes and principal events with connecting prose narratives, in about two thousand verses.

The whole tenor of the epic is subdued and calm. It depicts those softer and deeper emotions which are our everyday experience

and which, after all, are the chief concern of our existence.

There are many tender passages; such, for instance, as that in which the author describes the love of Rama for his people and their touching loyalty to him, the loyalty which has always been a remarkable characteristic of the Hindu:

As a father to his children to his loving men he came,
 Blessed our homes and maids and matrons till our children
 lisped his name,
 For our humble woes and troubles Rama hath the ready
 tear,
 To our humble tale of suffering Rama lends his willing
 ear.

The ideal life of the ancient Hindu was piety, endurance and devotion. Romesh Dutt says: "Every Aryan boy in India was taken away from his parents at an early age and lived the hard life of an anchorite under his teacher for twelve or twenty-four or thirty-six years before he entered the married life and settled down as a householder. Every Aryan boy assumed the rough garment and the staff and girdle of a student, lived as a mendicant and begged his food from door to door, attended on his preceptor as a menial, and thus trained himself in endurance and suffering as well as in the traditional learning of the age. . . .

. . . It is the truth and endurance of Rama under sufferings and privations which impart the deepest lessons to the Hindu character, and is the highest ideal of the Hindu

life. Devotion and self-abnegation are still more essentially a part of his ideal of a woman's life. Sita holds a place in the hearts of the women of India which no other creation of a poet's imagination holds among any other nation on earth. There is not a Hindu woman whose earliest and tenderest recollections do not cling round the story of Sita's sufferings and Sita's faithfulness, told in nursery, taught in the family circle, remembered and cherished through life." As Sita herself says in the epic:

For my mother often taught me and my father often
spake,
That her home the wedded woman doth beside her husband
make,
As the shadow to the substance, to her lord is faithful
wife,
And she parts not from her consort till she parts with
fleeting life!
Therefore bid me seek the jungle and in pathless
forests roam,
Where the wild deer freely ranges and the tiger makes
his home,
Happier than in father's mansions in the woods will
Sita rove,
Waste no thought on home or kindred, nestling in her
husband's love!

III. BOOK ONE. *The Bridal of Sita* is the subject of the first book of the original text. It has been told in brief under the section relating to the *Rama-Avatar* of Vishnu.

IV. BOOK TWO. *The Banishment*. The events described in this book occupy scarcely

two days and are concerned with a description of Rama's princely virtues, and then, in sharp contrast, with the dark intrigues which end in his long banishment for fourteen years.

V. BOOK THREE. *The Death of the King.* This book narrates the first six days of Rama's wandering with Sita and the faithful Lakshmana. Thousands of devoted pilgrims still follow annually every step of his supposed progress. Of the hill where he met Valmiki, the supposed author of the poem, a writer has said:

"We have often looked on that green hill: it is the holiest spot of that sect of the Hindu faith who devote themselves to this incarnation of Vishnu. The whole neighborhood is Rama's country. Every headland has some legend, every cavern is connected with his name; some of the wild fruits are still called Sita-phal, being the reputed food of the exile. Thousands and thousands annually visit the spot, and round the hill is raised a path on which the devotee, with naked feet, treads, full of pious awe."

The King, Dasa-ratha, grieved for his banished son, pined away and died. One of the most touching passages in the poem is the sad tale told by the dying monarch:

TALE OF THE HERMIT'S SON

Wise Sumitra chariot-driver came from Ganga's sacred
wave,
And unto Ayodhya's monarch, banished Rama's message
gave,

Dasa-ratha's heart was shadowed by the deepening shade
of night,

As the darkness of the eclipse glooms the sun's meridian
light!

On the sixth night,—when his Rama slept in Chitra-
kuta's bower,—

Memory of an ancient sorrow flung on him its fatal power,
Of an ancient crime and anguish, unforgotten, dark and
dread,

Through the lapse of years and seasons casting back its
death-like shade!

And the gloom of midnight deepened, Dasa-ratha sinking
fast,

To Kausalya sad and sorrowing spake his memories of
the past:

“Deeds we do in life, Kausalya, be they bitter, be they
sweet,

Bring their fruit and retribution, rich reward or suffer-
ing meet,

Heedless child is he, Kausalya, in his fate who doth not
scan

Retribution of his *karma*, sequence of a mighty plan!

Oft in madness and in folly we destroy the mango grove,
Plant the gorgeous gay *palasa* for the red flower that we
love,

Fruitless as the red *palasa* is the *karma* I have sown,
And my barren lifetime withers through the deed which
is my own!

Listen to my tale, Kausalya, in my days of youth re-
nowned,

I was called a *sabda-bedhi*, archer prince who shot by
sound,

I could hit the unseen target, by the sound my aim could
tell,—

Blindly drinks a child the poison, blindly in my pride I
fell!

I was then my father's Regent, thou a maid to me un-
known,

Hunting by the fair Sarayu in my car I drove alone,

Buffalo or jungle tusker might frequent the river's brink,
Nimble deer or watchful tiger stealing for his nightly
 drink,
Stalking with a hunter's patience, loitering in the forests
 drear,
Sound of something in the water struck my keen and
 listening ear,
In the dark I stood and listened, some wild beast the
 water drunk,
'Tis some elephant, I pondered, lifting water with its
 trunk.
I was called a *sabda-bedhi*, archer prince who shot by
 sound,
On the unseen fancied tusker dealt a sure and deadly
 wound,
Ah! too deadly was my arrow and like hissing cobra fell,
On my startled ear and bosom smote a voice of human
 wail,
Dying voice of lamentation rose upon the midnight high,
Till my weapons fell in tremor and a darkness dimmed
 my eye!
Hastening with a nameless terror soon I reached Sarayu's
 shore,
Saw a boy with hermit's tresses, and his pitcher lay
 before,
Weltering in a pool of red blood, lying on a gory bed,
Feebly raised his voice the hermit, and in dying accents
 said:
'What offense, O mighty monarch, all-unknowing have
 I done,
That with quick and kingly justice slayest thus a hermit's
 son?
Old and feeble are my parents, sightless by the will of fate,
Thirsty in their humble cottage for their duteous boy
 they wait,
And thy shaft that kills me, monarch, bids my ancient
 parents die,
Helpless, friendless, they will perish, in their anguish
 deep and high!

Sacred lore and life-long penance change not mortal's
earthly state,
Wherefore else they sit unconscious when their son is
doomed by fate,
Or if conscious of my danger, could they dying breath
recall,
Can the tall tree save the sapling doomed by woodman's
axe to fall?
Hasten to my parents, monarch, soothe their sorrow and
their ire,
For the tears of good and righteous wither like the forest
fire,
Short the pathway to the *asram*, soon the cottage thou
shalt see,
Soothe their anger by entreaty, ask their grace and par-
don free!
But before thou goest, monarch, take, O take thy tortur-
ing dart,
For it rankles in my bosom with a cruel burning smart,
And it eats into my young life as the river's rolling tide
By the rains of summer swollen eats into its yielding
side.'
Writhing in his pain and anguish thus the wounded
hermit cried,
And I drew the fatal arrow, and the holy hermit died!
Darkly fell the thickening shadows, stars their feeble
radiance lent,
As I filled the hermit's pitcher, to his sightless parents
went,
Darkly fell the moonless midnight, deeper gloom my
bosom rent,
As with faint and falt'ring footsteps to the hermits slow
I went.
Like two birds bereft of plumage, void of strength, de-
prived of flight,
Were the stricken ancient hermits, friendless, helpless,
void of sight,
Lisping in their feeble accents still they whispered of
their child,

Of the stainless boy whose red blood Dasa-ratha's hands
defiled!
And the father heard my footsteps, spake in accents soft
and kind:
'Come, my son, to waiting parents, wherefore dost thou
stay behind,
Sporting in the rippling water didst thou midnight's
hour beguile,
But thy faint and thirsting mother anxious waits for thee
the while,
Hath my heedless word or utterance caused thy boyish
bosom smart,
But a feeble father's failings may not wound thy filial
heart,
Help of helpless, sight of sightless, and thy parents' life
and joy,
Wherefore art thou mute and voiceless, speak, my brave
and beauteous boy!'
Thus the sightless father welcomed cruel slayer of his son,
And an anguish tore my bosom for the action I had done,
Scarce upon the sonless parents could I lift my aching
eye,
Scarce in faint and faltering accents to the father make
reply.
For a tremor shook my person and my spirit sank in
dread,
Straining all my utmost prowess, thus in quavering voice
I said:
'Not thy son, O holy hermit, but a Kshatra warrior born,
Dasa-ratha stands before thee by a cruel anguish torn,
For I came to slay the tusker by Sarayu's wooded brink,
Buffalo or deer of jungle stealing for his midnight drink,
And I heard a distant gurgle, some wild beast the water
drunk,—
So I thought,—some jungle tusker lifting water with its
trunk,
And I sent my fatal arrow on the unknown, unseen prey,
Speeding to the spot I witnessed,—there a dying hermit
lay!

From his pierced and quivering bosom then the cruel
dart I drew,
And he sorrowed for his parents as his spirit heaven-
ward flew,
Thus unconscious, holy father, I have slayed thy stainless
son,
Speak my penance, or in mercy pardon deed unknowing
done!’
Slow and sadly by their bidding to the fatal spot I led,
Long and loud bewailed the parents by the cold uncon-
scious dead,
And with hymns and holy water they performed the
funeral rite,
Then with tears that burnt and withered, spake the her-
mit in his might :
*‘Sorrow for a son beloved is a father’s direst woe,
Sorrow for a son beloved, Dasa-ratha, thou shalt know!
See the parents weep and perish, grieving for a slaugh-
tered son,
Thou shalt weep and thou shalt perish for a loved and
righteous son!
Distant is the expiation,—but in fullness of the time,
Dasa-ratha’s death in anguish cleanses Dasa-ratha’s
crime!’*
Spake the old and sightless prophet; then he made the
funeral pyre,
And the father and the mother perished in the lighted
fire,
Years have gone and many seasons, and in fullness of the
time,
Comes the fruit of pride and folly and the harvest of my
crime!
Rama, eldest born and dearest, Lakshman, true and faith-
ful son,
Ah! forgive a dying father and a cruel action done,
Queen Kaikeyi, thou hast heedless brought on Raghu’s
race this stain,
Banished are the guiltless children and thy lord and king
is slain!

Lay thy hands on mine, Kausalya, wipe thy unavailing
tear,
Speak a wife's consoling accents to a dying husband's ear,
Lay thy hands on mine, Sumitra, vision fails my closing
eyes,
And for brave and banished Rama wings my spirit to the
skies!"

Hushed and silent passed the midnight, feebly still the
monarch sighed,
Blest Kausalya and Sumitra, blest his banished sons,
and died.

VI. BOOK FOUR. *The Meeting of the Princes.* Bharata objects to reigning in place of his brother, but is finally persuaded by Rama, in a speech impressively full of kindly and wise advice to a ruler. Bharata finally returns to Ayodhya and becomes king, but shows his tenure to be only temporary by placing Rama's sandals upon the throne.

VII. BOOK FIVE. *On the Banks of the Godavari.* The further wanderings of Rama and his residence on the banks of the Godavari River occupy this book. Within a hundred miles of the modern city of Bombay, Rama built his forest dwelling and lived a peaceful life with Sita and his brother Lakshmana. In fitting contrast to the exciting events to follow, this book closes with the following beautiful description of a winter morning in India:

WINTER IN PANCHAVATI

Came and passed the golden autumn in the forest's
gloomy shade,
And the northern blasts of winter swept along the silent
glade,

When the chilly night was over, once at morn the prince
of fame

For his morning's pure ablutions to the Godavari came.
Meek-eyed Sita softly followed with the pitcher in her
arms,

Gallant Lakshman* spake to Rama of the Indian winter's
charms:

"Comes the bright and bracing winter to the royal Rama
dear,

Like a bride the beauteous season doth in richest robes
appear,

Frosty air and freshening zephyrs wake to life each mart
and plain,

And the corn in dewdrop sparkling makes a sea of
waving green,

But the village maid and matron shun the freezing
river's shore,

By the fire the village elder tells the stirring tale of yore!
With the winter's ample harvest men perform each pious
rite,

To the Fathers long departed, to the Gods of holy might,
With the rite of *agrayana* pious men their sins dispel,

And with gay and sweet observance songs of love the
women tell,

And the monarchs bent on conquest mark the winter's
cloudless glow,

Lead their bannered cars and forces 'gainst the rival and
the foe!

Southward rolls the solar chariot, and the cold and
widowed North

Reft of 'bridal mark' and joyance coldly sighs her
sorrows forth,

Southward rolls the solar chariot, Himalaya, 'home of
snow,'

True to name and appellation doth in whiter garments
glow,

Southward rolls the solar chariot, cold and crisp the
frosty air,

*Lakshmana here drops the final *a* because of poetic necessity.

And the wood of flower dimantled doth in russet robes
appear!
Star of Pushya rules December and the night with rime
is hoar,
And beneath the starry welkin in the woods we sleep no
more,
And the pale moon mist-enshrouded sheds a faint and
feeble beam,
As the breath obscures the mirror, winter mist obscures
her gleam,
Hidden by the rising vapor faint she glistens on the
dale,
Like our sun-embrowned Sita with her toil and penance
pale!
Sweeping blasts from western mountains through the
gorges whistle by
And the *saras* and the curlew raise their shrill and
piercing cry,
Boundless fields of wheat and barley are with dewdrops
moist and wet,
And the golden rice of winter ripens like the clustering
date,
Peopled marts and rural hamlets wake to life and cheer-
ful toil,
And the peaceful happy nations prosper on their fertile
soil!
Mark the sun in morning vapors—like the moon sub-
dued and pale—
Brightening as the day advances piercing through the
darksome veil,
Mark his gay and golden luster sparkling o'er the dewy
lea,
Mantling hill and field and forest, painting bush and
leaf and tree,
Mark it glisten on the green grass, on each bright and
bending blade,
Lighten up the long drawn vista, shooting through the
gloomy glade!

Thirst-impelled the lordly tusker still avoids the freezing
drink,
Wild duck and the tuneful *hansa* doubtful watch the
river's brink,
From the rivers wrapped in vapor unseen cries the wild
curlew,
Unseen rolls the misty streamlet o'er its sandbank soaked
in dew,
And the drooping water-lily bends her head beneath the
frost,
Lost her fresh and fragrant beauty and her tender petals
lost!
Now my errant fancy wanders to Ayodha's distant
town,
Where in hermit's barks and tresses Bharat wears the
royal crown,
Scorning regal state and splendor, spurning pleasures
loved of yore,
Spends his winter day in penance, sleeps at night upon
the floor,
Aye! perchance Sarayu's waters seeks he now, serene and
brave,
As we seek, when dawns the daylight, Godavari's limpid
wave!
Rich of hue, with eye of lotus, truthful, faithful, strong
of mind,
For the love he bears thee, Rama, spurns each joy of
baser kind,
'False he proves unto his father who is led by mother's
wile,'—
Vain this ancient impious adage—Bharat spurns his
mother's guile,
Bharat's mother Queen Kaikeyi, Dasa-ratha's royal
spouse,
Deep in craft, hath brought disaster on Ayodha's royal
house!"
"Speak not thus," so Rama answered, "on Kaikeyi cast
no blame,

Honor still the righteous Bharat, honor still the royal
dame,
Fixed in purpose and unchanging still in jungle wilds I
roam,
But thy accents, gentle Lakshman, wake a longing for
my home !
And my loving mem'ry lingers on each word from Bharat
fell,
Sweeter than the draught of nectar, purer than the
crystal well,
And my righteous purpose falters, shaken by a brother's
love,
May we meet again our brother, if it please the Gods
above !"
Waked by love, a silent tear-drop fell on Godavari's
wave,
True once more to righteous purpose Rama's heart was
calm and brave,
Rama plunged into the river 'neath the morning's
crimson beam,
Sita softly sought the waters as the lily seeks the stream,
And they prayed to Gods and Fathers with each rite and
duty done,
And they sang the ancient *mantra* to the red and rising
Sun,
With her lord, in loosened tresses Sita to her cottage
came,
As with RUDRA wanders UMA in Kailasa's hill of fame !

VIII. BOOK SIX. *Sita Lost*. The Hindu idea is that our misfortunes are inevitably the results of our misdeeds; calamities are visited upon us only as the punishment of sin. Across Sita's mind passed a foul suspicion of Lakshmana. The incident is related thus, as the poem continues :

LAKSHMAN'S DEPARTURE

“Heardst that distant cry of danger?” questioned Sita
in distress,
“Woe, to me! who in my frenzy sent my lord to
wilderness,
Speed, brave Lakshman, help my Rama, doleful was his
distant cry.
And my fainting bosom falters and a dimness clouds my
eye!
To the dread and darksome forest with thy keenest
arrows speed,
Help thy elder and thy monarch, sore his danger and
his need,
For perchance the cruel Rakshas gather round his lone-
some path,
As the mighty bull is slaughtered by the lions in their
wrath!”
Spake the hero: “Fear not, Sita! Dwellers of the azure
height
Rakshas nor the jungle-rangers match the peerless
Rama’s might,
Rama knows no dread or danger, and his mandate still
I own,
And I may not leave thee, Lady, in this cottage all alone!
Cast aside thy causeless terror; in the sky or earth
below,
In the nether regions, Rama knows no peer or equal foe,
He shall slay the deer of jungle, he shall voice no
dastard cry,
’Tis some trick of wily Rakshas in this forest dark and
high!
Sita, thou hast heard my elder bid me in this cottage stay,
Lakshman may not leave thee, Lady, for his duty—to
obey,
Ruthless Rakshas roam the forest to revenge their leader
slain,
Various are their arts and accents; chase thy thought of
causeless pain!”

Sparkled Sita's eye in anger, frenzy marked her speech
and word,

For a woman's sense is clouded by the danger of her
lord :

"Markest thou my Rama's danger with a cold and
callous heart,

Courtest thou the death of elder in thy deep deceitful
art,

In thy semblance of compassion doest thou hide a cruel
craft,

As in friendly guise the foeman hides his death-com-
pelling shaft,

Following like a faithful younger in this dread and
lonesome land,

Seekest thou the death of elder to enforce his widow's
hand ?

False thy hope as foul thy purpose ! Sita is a faithful
wife,

Sita follows saintly Rama, true in death as true in life !"

Quivered Lakshman's frame in anguish and the tear
stood in his eye,

Fixed in faith and pure in purpose, calm and bold he
made reply :

"Unto me a Queen and Goddess,—as a mother to a son,—
Answer to thy heedless censure patient Lakshman
speaketh none,

Daughter of Videha's monarch,—pardon if I do thee
wrong,—

Fickle is the faith of woman, poison-dealing is her
tongue !

And thy censure, trust me, Lady, scathes me like a burn-
ing dart,

Free from guile is Lakshman's purpose, free from sin is
Lakshman's heart,

Witness ye my truth of purpose, unseen dwellers of the
wood,

Witness, I for Sita's safety by my elder's mandate stood,
Duteous to my queen and elder, I have toiled and worked
in vain,

Dark suspicion and dishonor cast on me a needless stain!
Lady! I obey thy mandate, to my elder now I go,
Guardian Spirits of the forest watch thee from each
secret foe,
Omens dark and signs of danger meet my pained and
aching sight,
May I see thee by thy Rama, guarded by his conquering
might!"

Ravana's wooing and triumph are thus described:

RAVAN'S WOOING

"Listen, Brahman!" answered Sita,—unsuspecting in
 her mind
 That she saw a base betrayer in a hermit seeming
 kind,—
 "I am born of royal Janak, ruler of Videha's land,
 Rama prince of proud Kosala by his valor won my
 hand.
 Years we passed in peaceful pleasure in Ayodha's
 happy clime,
 Rich in every rare enjoyment gladsome passed our happy
 time,
 Till the monarch Dasa-ratha,—for his days were almost
 done,—
 Wished to crown the royal Rama as his Heir and Regent
 son.
 But the scheming Queen Kaikeyi claimed a long-forgotten
 boon,
 That my consort should be exiled and her son should fill
 the throne,
 She would take no rest or slumber, nourishment of drink
 or food,
 Till her Bharat ruled the empire, Rama banished to the
 wood!
 Five and twenty righteous summers graced my good and
 gracious lord,
 True to faith and true to duty, true in purpose, deed and
 word,

Loved of all his loyal people, rich in valor and in fame,
For the rite of consecration Rama to his father came.

Spake Kaikeyi to my husband:—"List thy father's
promise fair,

Bharat shall be ruling monarch, do thou to the woods
repair,"—

Ever gentle, ever duteous, Rama listened to obey,
And through woods and pathless jungles we have held
our lonely way.

This, O pious-hearted hermit, is his story of distress,
And his young and faithful brother follows him in
wilderness,

Lion in his warlike valor, hermit in his saintly vow,
Lakshman with his honored elder wanders through the
forest now.

Rest thee here, O holy Brahman, rich in piety and fame,
Till the forest-ranging brothers greet thee with the forest
game,

Speak, if so it please thee, father, what great *rishi* claims
thy birth,

Wherefore in this pathless jungle wand'rest friendless
on this earth."

"Brahman nor a righteous *rishi*," royal Ravan made
reply,

"Leader of the wrathful Rakshas, Lanka's lord and king
am I,

He whose valor quells the wide-world, Gods above and
men below,

He whose proud and peerless prowess Rakshas and
Asuras know!

But thy beauty's golden luster, Sita, wins my royal heart,
Be a sharer of my empire, of my glory take a part,

Many queens of queenly beauty on the royal Ravan
wait,

Thou shalt be their reigning empress, thou shalt own my
regal state!

Lanka girt by boundless ocean is of royal towns the best,
Seated in her pride and glory on a mountain's towering
crest,

And in mountain paths and woodlands thou shalt with
thy Ravan stray,
Not in Godavari's gorges through the dark and dreary
day,
And five thousand gay-dressed damsels shall upon my
Sita wait,
Queen of Ravan's true affection, proud partaker of his
state!"

Sparkled Sita's eye in anger and a tremor shook her
frame,
As in proud and scornful accents answered thus the
royal dame :

"Knowest thou Rama great and godlike, peerless hero in
the strife,
Deep, uncompassed, like the ocean?—I am Rama's
wedded wife!

Knowest thou Rama proud and princely, sinless in his
saintly life,
Stately as the tall *Nyagrodha*?—I am Rama's wedded
wife!

Mighty-armed, mighty-chested, mighty with his bow and
sword,
Lion midst the sons of mortals,—Rama is my wedded
lord!

Stainless as the Moon in glory, stainless in his deed and
word,
Rich in valor and in virtue,—Rama is my wedded lord!
Sure thy fitful life is shadowed by a dark and dreadful
fate,
Since in frenzy of thy passion courtest thou a warrior's
mate,
Tear the tooth of hungry lion while upon the calf he
feeds,
Touch the fang of deadly cobra while his dying victim
bleeds,
Aye, uproot the solid mountain from its base of rocky
land,
Ere thou win the wife of Rama stout of heart and strong
of hand!

Pierce thy eye with point of needle till it racks thy
tortured head,
Press thy red tongue cleft and bleeding on the razor's
shining blade,
Hurl thyself upon the ocean from a towering peak and
high,
Snatch the orbs of day and midnight from their spheres
in azure sky,
Tongues of flaming conflagration in thy flowing dress
enfold,
Ere thou take the wife of Rama to thy distant dungeon
hold,
Ere thou seek to insult Rama unrelenting in his wrath,
O'er a bed of pikes of iron tread a softer, easier path!"

IX. BOOK SEVEN. *In the Nilgiri Mountains.* This book recounts the wanderings of Rama in the Nilgiri Mountains. The monkeys and bears who aided him in his quest may be assumed to represent the aboriginal races of the vicinity, for whom the Hindus always felt and expressed contempt.

X. BOOK EIGHT. *Sita Discovered.* Hanuman discovers Sita in Ceylon, having been obliged to fly through the air across the strait separating the mainland from the island. Sita, deaf to all the enticements of Ravana, is imprisoned in a garden of asoka trees, but having received the token from Rama, she returns one to Rama with an assurance of her unswerving chastity and faithfulness.

XI. BOOK NINE. *The Council of War.* This Council was held by Ravana, who was thoroughly intimidated by the deeds of Hanuman, who had managed to burn down a large part of the city before he left it. All the councilors

but the youngest brother of Ravana advised war and drowned the cries of opposition. Although the second brother disapproved of war, yet when Ravana had decided for it, he manfully stood by his senior, while the youngest was promptly driven from the camp with indignity.

XII. BOOK TEN. *The War in Ceylon.* The war between Rama and Ravana was filled with heroic combats, but as similar battles are described much more vividly in the *Mahabharata*, we will not quote, but leave our impression of the *Ramayana* that which it best merits—the epic description of domestic virtues. The war was a succession of sallies by the besieged, which invariably resulted in defeat for them, and in the last, the death of Ravana.

XIII. BOOK ELEVEN. *Rama's Return and Consecration.* The eleventh book is taken up largely with the return to Ayodhya of Rama in his aerial car, and the happiness enjoyed by the Hindus during his reign:

*And 'tis told by ancient sages, during Rama's happy
reign,
Death untimely, dire diseases, came not to his subject
men,
Widows wept not in their sorrow for their lords untimely
lost,
Mothers wailed not in their anguish for their babes by
YAMA crost,
Robbers, cheats, and gay deceivers tempted not with
lying word,
Neighbor loved his righteous neighbor and the people
loved their lord!*

*Trees their ample produce yielded as returning seasons
went,
And the earth in grateful gladness never failing harvest
lent,
Rains descended in their season, never came the blighting
gale,
Rich in crop and rich in pasture was each soft and
smiling vale,
Loom and anvil gave their produce and the tilled and
fertile soil,
And the nation lived rejoicing in their old ancestral toil!*

But it is from the earlier part of the book that we will quote at length, for in it interest largely centers:

ORDEAL BY FIRE

For she dwelt in Ravan's dwelling,—rumor clouds a
woman's fame—
Righteous Rama's brow was clouded, saintly Sita spake
in shame:
"Wherefore spake ye not, my Rama, if your bosom
doubts my faith,
Dearer than a dark suspicion to a woman were her death!
Wherefore, Rama, with your token came your vassal
o'er the wave,
To assist a fallen woman and a tainted wife to save,
Wherefore with your mighty forces crossed the ocean in
your pride,
Risked your life in endless combats for a sin-polluted
bride?
Hast thou, Rama, all forgotten?—Saintly Janak saw my
birth,
Child of harvest-bearing furrow, Sita sprang from
Mother Earth,
As a maiden true and stainless unto thee I gave my hand,
As a consort fond and faithful roved with thee from
land to land!

But a woman pleadeth vainly when suspicion clouds her
name,

Lakshman, if thou lov'st thy sister, light for me the
funeral flame,

When the shadow of dishonor darkens o'er a woman life,
Death alone is friend and refuge of a true and trustful
wife,

When a righteous lord and husband turns his cold
averted eyes,

Funeral flame dispels suspicion, honor lives when wo-
man dies!"

Dark was Rama's gloomy visage and his lips were firmly
sealed,

And his eye betrayed no weakness, word disclosed no
thought concealed,

Silent heaved his heart in anguish, silent drooped his
tortured head,

Lakshman with a throbbing bosom funeral pyre for Sita
made,

And Videha's sinless daughter prayed unto the Gods
above,

On her lord and wedded consort cast her dying looks of
love!

*"If in act and thought," she uttered, "I am true unto
my name,*

*Witness of our sins and virtues, may this Fire protect
my fame!*

*If a false and lying scandal brings a faithful woman
shame,*

*Witness of our sins and virtues, may this Fire protect
my fame!*

*If in life-long loving duty I am free from sin and
blame.*

*Witness of our sins and virtues, may this Fire protect
my fame!"*

Fearless in her faith and valor Sita stepped upon the
pyre,

And her form of beauty vanished circled by the clasp-
ing
fire,

And an anguish shook the people like the ocean tempest-
tost,
Old and young and maid and matron wept for Sita true
and lost,
For bedecked in golden splendor and in gems and rich
attire,
Sita vanished in the red fire of the newly lighted pyre!
Rishis and the great *Gandharvas*, Gods who know each
secret deed,
Witnessed Sita's high devotion and a woman's lofty
creed,
And the earth by ocean girdled with its wealth of teeming
life,
Witnessed deed of dauntless duty of a true and stainless
wife!

WOMAN'S TRUTH VINDICATED

Slow the red flames rolled asunder, God of Fire incar-
nate came,
Holding in his radiant bosom fair Videha's sinless
dame,
Not a curl upon her tresses, not a blossom on her brow,
Not a fiber of her mantle did with tarnished luster
glow!
Witness of our sins and virtues, God of Fire incarnate
spake,
Bade the sorrow-stricken Rama back his sinless wife to
take:
"Ravan in his impious folly forced from thee thy faith-
ful dame,
Guarded by her changeless virtue, Sita still remains the
same,
Tempted oft by female Rakshas in the dark and dismal
wood,
In her woe and in her sadness true to thee hath Sita
stood,
Courtied oft by royal Ravan in the forest far and lone,
True to wedded troth and virtue Sita thought of thee
alone,

Pure is she in thought and action, pure and stainless,
true and meek,
I, the witness of all actions, thus my sacred mandate
speak!"

Rama's forehead was unclouded and a radiance lit his
eye,
And his bosom heaved in gladness as he spake in ac-
cents high:

"Never from the time I saw her in her maiden days of
youth,
Have I doubted Sita's virtue, Sita's fixed and changeless
truth,
I have known her ever sinless,—let the world her virtue
know,
For the God of Fire is witness to her truth and change-
less vow!

Ravan in his pride and passion conquered not a woman's
love,
For the virtuous like the bright fire in their native
radiance move,
Ravan in his rage and folly conquered not a faithful
wife
For like ray of sun unsullied is a righteous woman's life,
Be the wide world now a witness,—pure and stainless
is my dame,
Rama shall not leave his consort till he leaves his
righteous fame!"

In his tears the contrite Rama clasped her in a soft
embrace,
And the fond forgiving Sita in his bosom hid her face!

XIV. BOOK TWELVE. *Sacrifice of the Horse.*
The real epic may be said to end with the re-
turn of Rama, but a supplement is added
detailing the fate of Sita in such a way as to
leave with the reader a feeling of sadness.
Sita was unable to escape suspicion, and the
comments made by the people on the course of

the king in taking back the wife who had spent so much time in the palace of Ravan induced him to send his loving and faithful wife to live once more in the forests. She went to the hermitage of Valmiki and there gave birth to the twins Lava and Kusha, who grew up as hermit boys under the tutelage of Valmiki. Then Rama gave a great Horse Sacrifice, and the twins came there and recited in twenty-five days the entire twenty-four thousand couplets of the poem. This wonderful feat of memory is indicative of the manner in which the Epics were preserved by the ancient people. When the boys had finished the tale :

Flashed upon the contrite Rama glimpses of the dawning truth,
And with tears of love paternal Rama clasped each minstrel youth,
Yearned his sorrow-stricken bosom for his pure and peerless dame,
Sita banished to the forest, stainless in her righteous fame!
In his tears repentant Rama to Valmiki message sent,
That his heart with eager longing sought her from her banishment :
"Pure in soul! before these monarchs may she yet her virtue prove,
Grace once more my throne and kingdom, share my forgotten love,
Pure in soul! before my subjects may her truth and virtue shine,
Queen of Rama's heart and empire may she once again be mine!"

The ending of the tale, which it should be remembered has been outlined and divided into

books according to the condensed and very trustworthy translation of Romesh Dutt, is as follows:

SITA LOST

Morning dawned; and with Valmiki, Sita to the gathering came,
Banished wife and weeping mother, sorrow-stricken, suffering dame,
Pure in thought and deed, Valmiki, gave his troth and plighted word,—
Faithful still the banished Sita in her bosom held her lord!
“Mighty Saint,” so Rama answered as he bowed his humbled head,
“Listening world will hear thy mandate and the word that thou hast said,
Never in his bosom Rama questioned Sita’s faithful love,
And the God of Fire incarnate did her stainless virtue prove!
Pardon, if the voice of rumor drove me to a deed of shame,
Bowling to my people’s wishes I disowned my sinless dame,
Pardon, if to please my subjects I have bade my Sita roam,
Tore her from my throne and empire, tore her from my heart and home!
In the dark and dreary forest was my Sita left to mourn,
In the lone and gloomy jungle were my royal children born,
Help me, Gods, to wipe this error and this deed of sinful pride,
May my Sita prove her virtue, be again my loving bride!”
Gods and Spirits, bright Immortals to that royal *Yajna* came,
Men of every race and nation, kings and chiefs of righteous fame,

Softly through the halls of splendor cool and scented
breezes blew,

Fragrance of celestial blossoms o'er the royal chambers
flew.

Sita saw the bright Celestials, monarchs gathered from
afar,

Saw her royal lord and husband bright as heaven-
ascending star,

Saw her sons as hermit-minstrels beaming with a radiance
high,

Milk of love suffused her bosom, tear of sorrow filled her
eye!

Rama's queen and Janak's daughter, will she stoop her
cause to plead,

Witness of her truth and virtue can a loving woman
need?

Oh! her woman's heart is bursting, and her day on earth
is done,

And she pressed her heaving bosom, slow and sadly
thus begun:

*"If unstained in thought and action I have lived from
day of birth,*

*Spare a daughter's shame and anguish and receive her,
Mother Earth!*

If in duty and devotion I have labored undefiled,

*Mother Earth! who bore this woman, once again receive
thy child!*

*If in truth unto my husband I have proved a faithful
wife,*

*Mother Earth! relieve thy Sita from the burden of this
life!"*

Then the earth was rent and parted, and a golden
throne arose,

Held aloft by jeweled Nagas as the leaves enfold the
rose,

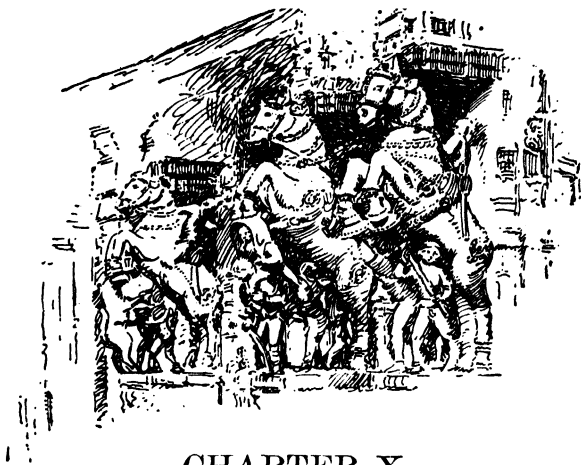
And the Mother in embraces held her spotless sinless
Child,

Saintly Janak's saintly daughter, pure and true and
undefiled,

Gods and men proclaim her virtue! But fair Sita is no
more,
Lone is Rama's loveless bosom and his days of bliss are
o'er!



BUDDHIST PRIESTS



CHAPTER X

THE "MAHABHARATA"

ORIGIN AND GENERAL CHARACTER. Hindu tradition attributes this greatest of the world's epics, if length be taken into consideration, to Vyasa, but the word means *the arranger*, and probably it is only a general term applied to those who contributed to the epic. Moreover, by internal evidence we are convinced that it could not have been written by one person or even in one age. It contains a leading narrative which originally may have been produced by one man and based upon historical events, but this narrative is so disintegrated and overwhelmed by other matter which has been injected into it and added to it that it has been an exceedingly difficult task to exhume and put together the real story, which occupies less than a quarter of the nearly

one hundred thousand lines that make up the interminable work.

The added matter consists of episodes of ancient and mythological history that have no connection with the main narrative; more purely mythological narratives dealing with the creation of the world and the gods who rule the universe; didactic material relating to law, religion, morals and philosophy. In fact, the *Mahabharata* became an encyclopedia which is supposed to contain all that an educated Hindu, especially of the Kshatriya caste, need to know. It says of itself, "There is no narrative on earth that is not founded on this epos. . . . The twice-born, though, knowing the four Vedas and their supplementary sciences, has no wisdom unless he knows this great epos. . . . It is the great manual of all that is moral, useful and agreeable." To us it discloses a world that has disappeared, an ancient and forgotten people, and brings them before our eyes in vivid processions.

The wars which form the subject of the main narrative occurred probably between the twelfth and fourteenth centuries before Christ, and the original tale must have been put together some centuries after that, and subsequently lost. What we have now was put into its present form a little before the beginning of our era.

II. STYLE. Of the general style of the *Mahabharata*, Romesh Dutt says:

The poetry of the *Mahabharata* is plain and unpolished, and scarcely stoops to a simile or a figure of speech unless the simile comes naturally. The great deeds of godlike kings sometimes suggest to the poet the mighty deeds of gods; the rushing of warriors suggests the rushing of angry elephants in the echoing jungle; the flight of whistling arrows suggests the flight of sea-birds; the sound and movement of surging crowds suggests the heaving of billows; the erect attitude of a warrior suggests a tall cliff; the beauty of a maiden suggests the soft beauty of the blue lotus. When such comparisons come naturally to the poet, he accepts them and notes them down, but he never seems to go in quest of them; he is never anxious to beautify and decorate. He seems to trust entirely to his grand narrative, to his heroic characters, to his stirring incidents, to hold millions of listeners in perpetual thrall. The majestic and sonorous Sanskrit meter is at his command, and even this he uses carelessly, and with frequent slips, known as *arsha* to later grammarians. The poet certainly seeks for no art to decorate his tale; he trusts to the lofty chronicle of bygone heroes to enchain listening mankind.

III. CHARACTERS. The same author says of the heroes encountered in the book:

In the *Mahabharata* each hero has a distinct individuality, a character of his own, clearly discernible from that of other heroes. No work of the imagination that could be named, always excepting the *Iliad*, is so rich and so true as the *Mahabharata* in the portraiture of human character—not in torment and suffering, as in Dante, not under overwhelming passions, as in Shakespeare—but human character in its calm dignity of strength and repose, like those immortal figures in marble which the ancients turned out, and which modern sculptors have vainly sought to reproduce. The old Kuru monarch, Dhritarashtra, sightless and feeble, but majestic in his ancient grandeur; the noble grandsire Bhishma,

“death’s subduer” and unconquerable in war; the doughty Drona, venerable priest and vengeful warrior; and the proud and peerless archer Karna have each a distinct character of his own which cannot be mistaken for a moment. The good and loyal Yudhishtir, the “tiger-waisted” Bhima and the “helmet-wearing” Arjun are the Agamemnon, the Ajax and the Achilles of the Indian Epic. The proud and unyielding Duryodhan and the fierce and fiery Duhshasan stand out foremost among the wrathful sons of the feeble old Kuru monarch. Krishna possessing a character higher than that of Ulysses; unmatched in human wisdom, ever striving for righteousness and peace, is thorough and unrelenting in war when war has begun. And the women of the Indian Epic possess characters as marked as those of the men. The stately and majestic queen Gandhari, the loving and doting mother Pritha, the proud and scornful Draupadi, nursing her wrath till her wrongs are fearfully revenged, and the bright and brilliant and sunny Subhadra—these are distinct images penciled by the hand of a true master in the realm of creative imagination.

IV. A NATIVE’S ESTIMATE OF THE EPICS. Before becoming more intimate with the work, it will not be out of place to read the estimate a native places upon it, although the preceding chapters of our work on India must have made its position in Hindu literature unmistakable. Dutt says:

The people of modern India know how to appreciate their ancient heritage. It is not an exaggeration to state that the two hundred millions of Hindus of the present day cherish in their hearts the story of their ancient Epics. The Hindu scarcely lives, man or woman, high or low, educated or ignorant, whose earliest recollections do not cling round the story and the characters of the great Epics. The almost illiterate oil-manufacturer

or confectioner of Bengal spells out some modern translation of the *Mahabharata* to while away his leisure hour. The tall and stalwart peasantry of the Northwest know of the five Pandav brothers, and of their friend, the righteous Krishna. The people of Bombay and Madras cherish with equal ardor the story of the righteous war. . . . Mothers in India know no better theme for imparting wisdom and instruction to their daughters, and elderly men know no richer storehouse for narrating tales to children, than the stories preserved in the Epics. No work in Europe, not Homer in Greece or Vergil in Italy, not Shakespeare or Milton in English-speaking lands, is the *national* property of the nations to the same extent as the Epics of India are of the Hindus.

V. A MODERN HINDU. Romesh Chunder Dutt was born in Bengal in 1848 of a Hindu family standing high in the Kshatriya caste. In spite of violent family opposition, after graduating from the Presidency College in Calcutta he went to London, where he entered the English Civil Service and returning to India was one of the first of his race to rise to distinction in the English service. He was a scholarly man and an excellent writer in English, but his chief contributions to the learning of the world are his translations of the Hindu Epics. From these we drew for our account of the *Ramayana*, as we shall do again in this chapter for our outline of the longer epic. He died in 1909, after a long and brilliant career in politics and literature.

Of his translations from the *Mahabharata* he says that he had long contemplated the task and finally decided to undertake to give an adequate idea of the main narrative by brief

prose introductions to the several books and poetical translations of those parts which were considered the finest. Wherever his work is not as nearly literal as possible he makes note of the fact and tells exactly what changes he has made. He condenses the eighty-five thousand lines of the main narrative to about two thousand and thinks them not wholly adequate, though he is satisfied that they will convey to the English reader a more effective and sympathetic notion than the whole wandering narrative would give. What we can accomplish within our limited space by still further condensing his narrative remains to be seen.

VI. BOOK ONE. *The Tournament.* The scene is the ancient kingdom of the Kurus, who lived along the upper course of the Ganges; and the historical fact upon which the epic is based is a great war which took place between the Kurus and a neighboring tribe, the Panchalas.

Pandu and Dhrita-rashtra were brothers. Pandu died early, and his brother, becoming king of the Kurus, brought up with his own hundred sons the five sons of Pandu.

Yudhishtira, eldest son of Pandu, was a man of truth and piety; Bhima, the second, was a stalwart fighter; but Arjuna, the third son, was the mightiest warrior of them all. Nakula and Sahadeva, the two youngest, were twins.

The birth of each of these men and of others was like that of the old chiefs of the Greeks,

god-inspired; thus Yudhishtira was the son of Dharma (Virtue); Bhima, of Vayu (Wind); Arjuna, of Indra (the Rain-God); the twins were the sons of the Ashwin twins.

A tournament was held, and in the course of the day Karna appeared on the scene and proved a worthy rival of Arjuna. He was of unknown origin, believed by himself and all others the son of a simple charioteer, but really he was the son of Surya, the god of the sun.

As the rivalry of Hector and Achilles is the leading thought in the *Iliad*, so is the rivalry of Arjuna and Karna the leading thought of the narrative part of the *Mahabharata*.

The entrance of Arjuna to the tournament is thus described:

THE ADVENT OF ARJUN*

Gauntleted and jewel-girdled, with his bow of ample
height,
Archer Arjun pious-hearted to the gods performed a rite,
Then he stepped forth proud and stately in his golden
mail encased,
Like the sunlit cloud of evening with the golden rainbow
graced,
And a gladness stirred the people all around the listed
plain,
Voice of drum and blare of trumpet rose with *sankha's*
festive strain!
"Mark! the gallant son of Pandu, whom the happy
Pritha bore,
Mark! the heir of INDRA'S valor, matchless in his arms
and lore,

*The final *a* is dropped from the name because of poetic necessity.

Mark! the warrior young and valiant, peerless in his
skill of arms,

Mark! the prince of stainless virtue, decked with grace
and varied charms!"

Pritha heard such grateful voices borne aloft unto the
sky,

Milk of love suffused her bosom, tear of joy was in her
eye!

And where rested Kuru's monarch, joyous accents struck
his ear,

And he turned to wise Vidura seeking for the cause to
hear:

"Wherefore like the voice of ocean, when the tempest
winds prevail,

Rise the voices of the people and the spacious skies
assail?"

Answered him the wise Vidura, "It is Pritha's gallant
boy,

Godlike moves in golden armor, and the people shout
for joy!"

"Pleased am I," so spake the monarch, "and I bless my
happy fate,

Pritha's sons like fires of *Yajna* sanctify this mighty
State!"

Now the voices of the people died away and all was still,
Arjun to his proud preceptor showed his might and
matchless skill.

Towering high or lowly bending, on the turf or on his
car,

With his bow and glist'ning arrows Arjun waged the
mimic war,

Targets on the wide arena, mighty tough or wondrous
small,

With his arrows still unfailing, Arjun pierced them one
and all!

Wild-boar shaped in plates of iron coursed the wide-
extending field,

In its jaws five glist'ning arrows sent the archer
wondrous-skilled,

Cow-horn by a thread suspended was by winds unceasing
 swayed,
One and twenty well-aimed arrows on this moving mark
 he laid,
And with equal skill his rapier did the godlike Arjun
 wield,
Whirling round his mace of battle ranged the spacious
 tourney field!

The entrance and challenge of Karna are
told in the following lines:

THE ADVENT OF KARNA

Now the feats of arms are ended, and the closing hour
 draws nigh,
Music's voice is hushed in silence, and dispersing crowds
 pass by,
Hark! Like welkin-shaking thunder wakes a deep and
 deadly sound,
Clank and din of warlike weapons burst upon the tented
 ground!
Are the solid mountains splitting, is it bursting of the
 earth,
Is it tempest's pealing accent whence the lightning takes
 its birth?
Thoughts like these alarm the people for the sound is
 dread and high,
To the gate of the arena turns the crowd with anxious
 eye!
Gathered round preceptor Drona, Pandu's sons in ar-
 mor bright,
Like the five-starred constellation round the radiant
 Queen of Night,
Gathered round the proud Duryodhan, dreaded for his
 exploits done,
All his brave and warlike brothers and preceptor Drona's
 son,
So the gods encircled INDRA, thunder-wielding, fierce and
 bold,

When he scattered Danu's children in the misty days of old!

Pale, before the unknown warrior, gathered nations part in twain,

Conqueror of hostile cities, lofty Karna treads the plain,

In his golden mail accountred and his rings of yellow gold,

Like a moving cliff in stature, armed comes the chieftain bold,

Pritha, yet unwedded, bore him, peerless archer on the earth,

Portion of the solar radiance, for the Sun inspired his birth!

Like a tusker in his fury, like a lion in his ire,

Like the sun in noontide radiance, like the all-consuming fire,

Lion-like in build and muscle, stately as a golden palm,
Blessed with every manly virtue, peerless, dauntless,
proud and calm!

With his looks serene and lofty field of war the chief surveyed,

Scarce to Kripa or to Drona honor and obeisance made,
Still the panic-stricken people viewed him with unmoving gaze,

Who may be this unknown warrior, questioned they in hushed amaze!

Then in voice of pealing thunder spake fair Pritha's eldest son

Unto Arjun, Pritha's youngest, each, alas! to each unknown:

"All thy feats of weapons, Arjun, done with vain and needless boast,

These and greater I accomplish—witness be this mighty host!"

Thus spake proud and peerless Karna in his accents deep and loud,

And as moved by sudden impulse joyous rose the listening crowd,

And a gleam of mighty transport glows in proud Duryodhan's heart,
Flames of wrath and jealous anger from the eyes of Arjun start,
Drona gave the word, and Karna, Pritha's war-beloving son,
With his sword and with his arrows did the feats by Arjun done!

Karna's deeds were so wonderful that the proud Duryodhana welcomed him heartily and promised to grant anything he desired. Karna's wish was to fight Arjuna, whose anger flamed at once. Owing to a doubt cast upon Karna's birth, the fight did not then take place, but their bitter rivalry was confirmed. Duryodhana anointed Karna King of Anga. Later Bhima insulted Karna, on account of his humble lineage, and Duryodhana reproved his cousin thus:

"With such insults seek not, Bhima, thus to cause a warrior grief,
Bitter taunts but ill befit thee, warlike tiger-waisted chief,
Proudest chief may fight the humblest, for like river's noble course,
Noble deeds proclaim the warrior, and we question not their source!
Teacher Drona, priest and warrior, owns a poor and humble birth,
Kripa, noblest of Gautamas, springeth from the lowly earth,
Known to me thy lineage, Bhima, thine and of thy brothers four,
Amorous gods your birth imparted, so they say, in days of yore!
Mark the great and gallant Karna decked in rings and weapons fair.

She-deer breeds not lordly tigers in her poor and lowly
lair,
Karna comes to rule the wide earth, not fair Anga's
realms alone,
By his valor and his virtue, by the homage which I own,
And if prince or armed chieftain doth my word or deed
gainsay,
Let him take his bow and quiver, meet me in a deadly
fray!"

The result of the tournament was to make Duryodhana and Karna fast friends, the former grateful indeed to have by his side a man the equal of Arjuna in prowess.

VII. Book Two. *The Bride's Choice*. The princes grew more jealous of one another day by day, and when Yudhishtira, the oldest, was recognized as heir apparent, the anger of Duryodhana and his brothers was boundless. They formed a dark scheme to kill all the sons of Pandu, who were induced to go with their mother to visit Varanavata, a distant town. Here a house had been built of highly inflammable material, but the five brothers and the mother escaped from the fire-trap by an underground passage, retired into the forests and lived disguised as Brahmans. After a time they learned that the Princess of Panchala was to give a feast to the monarchs of Northern India, and in conformity to an ancient custom would choose her husband from among the assembled kings. The five sons of Pandu decided to attend the celebration.

The bride is thus delightfully described in the next few lines:

Human mother never bore her, human bosom never fed,
From the Altar sprang the maiden who some noble
 prince will wed!
Soft her eyes like lotus-petal, sweet her tender jasmine
 form,
And a maiden's stainless honor doth her gentle soul
 inform,
And her brother, mailed and armed with his bow and
 arrows dire,
Radiant as the blazing altar, sprang from Sacrificial
 Fire!
Fair the sister slender-waisted, dowered with beauty rich
 and rare,
And like fragrance of blue lotus, perfumes all the sweet-
 ened air.

Drupada, father of the bride, longing to
give her to Arjuna, made a huge bow none but
Arjuna could bend, established a target at a
great distance and between placed a whirling
discus. The man who could with the bow hit
the target through the discus was to win the
bride.

At the contest Karna came forward, but the
girl declined to wed one of his humble birth,
and he left the field angry and ashamed.
Princes and kings innumerable made the trial,
only to be laid low by the back-spring of the
bow when slightly bent. Then:

THE DISGUISED ARJUN

Hushed the merry sound of laughter, hushed each suitor
 in his shame,
Arjun, godlike son of Pritha, from the ranks of Brahmins
 came,
Guised as priest serene and holy, fair as INDRA's rainbow
 bright,

All the Brahmins shook their deerskins, cheered him in
their hearts' delight!
Some there were with sad misgivings heard the sound of
joyous cheer,
And their minds were strangely anxious, whispered
murmurs spake their fear:
"Wondrous bow which Sisupala, mighty Salya could not
strain,
Jarasandha, famed for prowess, strove to bend and string
in vain,
Can a Brahmin weak by nature, and in warlike arms
untrained,
Wield the bow which crowned monarchs, long-armed
chieftains have not strained?
Sure the Brahmin boy in folly dares a foolish thought-
less deed,
And amidst this throng of monarchs shame will be our
only meed,
Youth in youthful pride or madness will a foolish em-
prise dare,
Sager men should stop his rashness and the Brahmin's
honor spare!"
"Shame he will not bring unto us," other Brahmins
made reply,
"Rather, in this throng of monarchs, rich renown and
honor high,
Like a tusker strong and stately, like Himalay's tow-
ering crest,
Stands unmoved the youthful Brahmin, ample-should-
ered, deep in chest,
Lion-like, his gait is agile, and determined is his air,
Trust me, he can do an emprise who hath lofty will to
dare!
He will do the feat of valor, will not bring disgrace and
stain,
Nor is task in all this wide earth which a Brahmin tries
in vain,
Holy men subsist on wild fruits, in the strength of pen-
ance strong,

Spare in form, in spirit mightier than the mightiest
warlike throng!

Ask not if 'tis right or foolish when a Brahmin tries his
fate,

If it leads to woe or glory, fatal fall or fortune great,
Son of *rishi* Jamadagni baffled kings and chieftains high,
And Agastya stainless *rishi* drained the boundless ocean
dry,

Let this young and daring Brahmin undertake the
warlike deed,

Let him try and by his prowess win the victor's noble
meed!"

While the Brahmins deep revolving hopes and timid fears
expressed,

By the bow the youthful Arjun stood unmoved like
mountain crest,

Silent round the wondrous weapon thrice the mighty
warrior went,

To the God of Gods, ISANA, in a silent prayer he bent,

Then the bow which gathered warriors vainly tried to
bend and strain,

And the monarchs of the wide earth sought to string and
wield in vain,

Godlike Arjun, born of INDRA, filled with VISHNU'S
matchless might,

Bent the wondrous bow of Drupad, fixed the shining
darts aright,

Through the disc the shining arrows fly with strange and
hissing sound,

Hit and pierce the distant target, bring it thundering on
the ground!

Shouts of joy and loud applauses did the mighty feat
declare,

Heavenly blossoms soft descended, heavenly music
thrilled the air,

And the Brahmins shook their deerskins, but each ir-
ritated chief

In a lowly muttered whisper spake his rising rage and
grief,

Sankha's note and voice of trumpet Arjun's glorious
deed prolong,
Bards and heralds chant his praises in a proud and
deathless song!
Drupad in the Brahmin's mantle knew the hero proud
and brave,
'Gainst the rage of baffled suitors sought the gallant
prince to save,
With his twin-born youngest brothers left Yudhishtir,
peaceful, good,
Bhima marked the gathering tempest and by gallant
Arjun stood!
Like a queen the beauteous maiden smiled upon the
archer brave,
Flung on him the bridal garland and the bridal robe
she gave,
Arjun by his skill and prowess won Panchala's princess-
bride,
People's shouts and Brahmins' blessings sounded joyful
far and wide!

The anger of the princes was great, but by the interposition of Krishna the five sons of Pandu escaped in safety after an exciting combat, which is described in the poem at considerable length.

VIII. BOOK THREE. *The Imperial Sacrifice.* When the brothers returned, bringing with them Draupadi, the bride, they told their mother that they had received a wonderful gift that day. Having no notion of what the gift might be, the mother said, "Enjoy ye the gift in common." As a mother's command can never be disregarded by Hindus, Draupadi became the common wife of the five brothers.

The practice of brothers marrying a common wife prevails in Tibet and among Himalayan tribes, but it is prohibited in Hindu laws and institutes. This is the one incident to the contrary. But Draupadi may be regarded as the wife of Yudhishtira: Bhima was already married to a forest maiden, and already had a heroic son; Arjuna married the sister of Krishna, and had by her a son who became a hero in the war. Yudhishtira took no other wife but Draupadi, and she was crowned with him.

The jealous Duryodhana, hearing of the successes of his cousins, saw that he could not keep them from their share of the kingdom, which was accordingly parceled, Duryodhana taking the Eastern, cultivated and rich part, and leaving to Yudhishtira the Western part, which was then a wilderness. The brothers built their new capital, Indra-prastha, near the modern Delhi. Yudhishtira resolved to perform the great sacrifice and assume control over all the kings of ancient India. All were invited, including Duryodhana, his father and his brothers. Yudhishtira became Emperor, but only after bitter criticisms and quarrels. Krishna's parting blessing was this:

King of men! with sleepless watching ever guard thy
kingdom fair,
Like a father tend thy subjects with a father's love and
care,
Be unto them like the rain-drop nourishing the thirsty
ground,

Be unto them tree of shelter shading them from heat
around,
Like the blue sky ever bending be unto them ever kind,
Free from pride and free from passion rule them with
a virtuous mind!

IX. BOOK FOUR. *The Fatal Dice.* Duryodhana coming back from the great sacrifice intensely angry and jealous of Yudhishtira, planned to accomplish the latter's overthrow by a scheme which depended for its success upon his well-known passion for gambling. By the aid of Shakuni, a Hindu prince who was an expert with loaded dice, the Emperor was successively robbed of his gold, jewels, studs, elephants, cars, slaves male and female, his empire—everything. Incensed by his losses he gambled on, lost his brothers and himself and last the fair Draupadi. Thus the Emperor and his family became the bond slaves of Duryodhana, and though the old king released them from actual slavery they were compelled to retire to the forest as homeless exiles.

X. BOOK FIVE. *Woman's Love.* The exile lasted twelve years, and their wilderness existence was varied by many incidents. Krishna came, visited and consoled Draupadi and gave the brothers good advice. Draupadi was never satisfied, and as she reflected on her insults and wrongs she urged Yudhishtira to disregard the exactions laid upon him and to recover his kingdom. Bhima joined in vain in her appeals. When the great Rishi Vyasa came he advised Arjuna to worship and do penance in order to

secure celestial arms. This Arjuna did; he met the god Shiva in the guise of a hunter, pleased him by his prowess in combat and obtained his blessing and the *pashupata* weapon. Then Arjuna went to Indra's heaven and there secured other celestial weapons.

Duryodhana, in endeavoring to humiliate the Pandu brothers, fell into captivity to fierce aerial beings, from whom he was rescued by the exiles, which helped still further to exasperate him, as generosity always exasperates malice.

Draupadi was carried off by Jayadratha, a friend of Duryodhana, but was rescued by the exiled brothers, who chastised the captor severely.

This book is full of interesting tales and legends. Great saints visited Yudhishtira in his exile and told him stories of ancient times. The beautiful tale of Nala and Damayanti has been translated into a charming English narrative in verse by Dean Milman. The legend of Agastya, who drained the ocean; of the *Parashu-Rama Avatar* of Vishnu; of Manu and the deluge; of Rama and his deeds—these are woven into the account of the forest life of the exiles. One tale is the following, known by Hindu women high and low, rich and poor in all parts of India; and on a certain night in every year millions of Hindu women celebrate with solemn ceremonies a rite in commemoration of the woman whose love was not conquered by death:

In days of old, Aswapati, a pious and faithful king of fair Madra, became old in years, bowed in frame and worn with holy penance as he sang his sacred hymns and gave his oblations to the gods. Child had he none and bade fair to go down to the grave without offspring. Finally the purity of his life and his incessant pleading brought to his side a goddess, who promised him his heart's inmost desire. In course of time his wish was granted, and his wife gave birth to a beautiful lotus-eyed baby girl, who grew from childhood in brighter beauty, adding fresh sweetness and deeper love until youth came—

“In lovelier graces, as the buds their leaves unfold,
Slender waist and rounded bosom, image as of burnished
gold.”

When the time came for her to wed she had admirers in plenty but no suitors, for so surpassingly sweet and beautiful was she that none dared ask her hand. Then her father urged her to choose a loving husband so that he should earn no censure from either men or gods above. Savitri, the beauteous, bowed her head in submission and traveled far and wide in search of one whom she could love. When she returned the Rishi Narad sat with her father. The story is then continued as follows:

“Whence comes she,” so Narad questioned, “Whither
was Savitri led,

Wherefore to a happy husband hath Savitri not been
wed?”

“Nay, to choose her lord and husband,” so the virtuous
monarch said,

“Fair Savitri long hath wandered and in holy *tirthas*
stayed,

Maiden! speak unto the *rishi*, and thy choice and secret
tell.”

Then a blush suffused her forehead, soft and slow her
accents fell!

"Listen, father! Salwa's monarch was of old a king of
might,
Righteous-hearted Dyumat-sena, feeble now and void of
sight,
Foemen robbed him of his kingdom when in age he
lost his sight,
And from town and spacious empire was the monarch
forced to flight,
With his queen and with his infant did the feeble
monarch stray,
And the jungle was his palace, darksome was his weary
way,
Holy vows assumed the monarch and in penance passed
his life,
In the wild woods nursed his infant and with wild fruits
fed his wife,
Years have gone in rigid penance, and that child is now a
youth,
Him I choose my lord and husband, Satyavan, the Soul
of Truth!"

Thoughtful was the *rishi* Narad, doleful were the words
he said:
"Sad disaster waits Savitri if this royal youth she
wed,
Truth-beloving is his father, truthful is the royal dame,
Truth and virtue rule his actions, Satyavan his sacred
name,
Steeds he loved in days of boyhood and to paint them
was his joy,
Hence they called him young Chitraswa, art-beloving
gallant boy,
But O pious-hearted monarch! fair Savitri hath in sooth
Courtied Fate and sad disaster in that noble gallant
youth!"

"Tell me," questioned Aswapati, "for I may not guess
thy thought,
Wherefore is my daughter's action with a sad disaster
fraught,
Is the youth of noble luster gifted in the gifts of art,

Blest with wisdom and with prowess, patient in his
dauntless heart?"

"SURYA'S luster in him shineth," so the *rishi* Narad
said,

"BRIHASPATI'S wisdom dwelleth in the youthful prince's
head.

Like MAHENDRA in his prowess, and in patience like the
Earth,

Yet O king! a sad disaster marks the gentle youth from
birth!"

"Tell me, *rishi*, then thy reason," so the anxious monarch
cried,

"Why to youth so great and gifted may this maid be not
allied,

Is he princely in his bounty, gentle-hearted in his grace,
Duly versed in sacred knowledge, fair in mind and fair
in face?"

"Free in gifts like Rantideva," so the holy *rishi* said,

"Versed in lore like monarch Sivi who all ancient mon-
archs led,

Like Yayati open-hearted and like CHANDRA in his grace,
Like the handsome heavenly ASVINS fair and radiant in
his face,

Meek and graced with patient virtue he controls his
noble mind,

Modest in his kindly actions, true to friends and ever
kind,

And the hermits of the forest praise him for his right-
eous truth,

Nathless, king, thy daughter may not wed this noble-
hearted youth!"

"Tell me, *rishi*," said the monarch, "for thy sense from
me is hid,

Has this prince some fatal blemish, wherefore is this
match forbid?"

"Fatal fault!" exclaimed the *rishi*, "fault that wipeth
all his grace,

Fault that human power nor effort, rite nor penance can
efface,

Fatal fault or destined sorrow! for it is decreed on high,
On this day, a twelve-month later, this ill-fated prince
will die!"

Shook the startled king in terror and in fear and trembling
cried:

"Unto short-lived, fated bridegroom ne'er my child
shall be allied,

Come, Savitri, dear-loved maiden, choose another happier
lord,

Rishi Narad speaketh wisdom, list unto his holy word!

Every grace and every virtue is effaced by cruel Fate,

On this day, a twelve-month later, leaves the prince his
mortal state!"

"Father!" answered thus the maiden, soft and sad her
accents fell,

"I have heard thy honored mandate, holy Narad counsels
well,

*Pardon witless maiden's fancy, but beneath the eye of
Heaven,*

*Only once a maiden chooseth, twice her troth may not be
given,*

*Long his life or be it narrow, and his virtues great or
none,*

*Satyavan is still my husband, he my heart and troth
hath won,*

*What a maiden's heart hath chosen that a maiden's lips
confess,*

True to him thy poor Savitri goes into the wilderness!"

"Monarch!" uttered then the *rishi*, "fixed is she in mind
and heart,

From her troth the true Savitri never, never will depart,
More than mortal's share of virtue unto Satyavan is
given,

Let the true maid wed her chosen, leave the rest to
gracious Heaven!"

"*Rishi* and preceptor holy!" so the weeping monarch
prayed,

"Heaven avert all future evils, and thy mandate is
obeyed!"

Narad wished him joy and gladness, blessed the loving
youth and maid,
Forest hermits on their wedding every fervent blessing
laid.

Twelve-month in the darksome forest by her true and
chosen lord,

Sweet Savitri served his parents by her thought and
deed and word,

Bark of tree supplied her garments draped upon her
bosom fair,

Or the red cloth as in *asrams* holy women love to wear.

And the aged queen she tended with a fond and filial
pride,

Served the old and sightless monarch like a daughter
by his side,

And with love and gentle sweetness pleased her husband
and her lord,

But in secret, night and morning, pondered still on
Narad's word!

Nearer came the fatal morning by the holy Narad
told,

Fair Savitri reckoned daily and her heart was still and
cold,

Three short days remaining only! and she took a vow
severe

Of *triratra*, three nights' penance, holy fasts and vigils
drear.

Of Savitri's rigid penance heard the king with anxious
woe,

Spake to her in loving accents, so the vow she might
forego:

"Hard the penance, gentle daughter, and thy woman's
limbs are frail,

After three nights' fasts and vigils sure thy tender health
may fail,"

"Be not anxious, loving father," meekly thus Savitri
prayed,

"Penance I have undertaken, will unto the gods be
made."

Much misdoubting then the monarch gave his sad and
slow assent,
Pale with fast and unseen tear-drops, lonesome nights
Savitri spent.
Nearer came the fatal morning, and to-morrow he shall
die,
Dark, lone hours of nightly silence! Tearless, sleepless
is her eye! .
"Dawns that dread and fated morning!" said Savitri,
bloodless, brave,
Prayed her fervent prayers in silence, to the Fire obla-
tions gave,
Bowed unto the forest Brahmins, to the parents kind
and good,
Joined her hands in salutation and in reverent silence
stood.
With the usual morning blessing, "*Widow may'st thou
never be,*"
Anchorites and aged Brahmins blessed Savitri fervently,
O! that blessing fell upon her like the rain on thirsty
air,
Struggling hope inspired her bosom as she drank those
accents fair,
But returned the dark remembrance of the *rishi* Narad's
word,
Pale she watched the creeping sunbeams, mused upon her
fated lord!
"Daughter, now thy fast is over," so the loving parents
said,
"Take thy diet after penance, for thy morning prayers
are prayed,"
"Pardon, father," said Savitri, "let this other day be
done,"
Unshed tear-drops filled her eyelids, glistened in the
morning sun!
Satyavan, sedate and stately, ponderous axe on shoulder
hung,
For the distant darksome jungle issued forth serene and
strong,

But unto him came Savitri and in sweetest accents
prayed,

As upon his manly bosom gently she her forehead laid :

“Long I wished to see the jungle where steals not the
solar ray,

Take me to the darksome forest, husband, let me go to-
day !”

“Come not, love,” he sweetly answered with a loving
husband’s care,

“Thou art all unused to labor, forest paths thou may’st
not dare,

And with recent fasts and vigils pale and bloodless is
thy face,

And thy steps are weak and feeble, jungle paths thou
may’st not trace.”

“Fasts and vigils make me stronger,” said the wife with
wifely pride,

“Toil I shall not feel nor languor when my lord is by my
side,

For I feel a woman’s longing with my lord to trace the
way,

Grant me, husband ever gracious, with thee let me go
to-day !”

Answered then the loving husband, as his hands in hers
he wove,

“Ask permission from my parents in the trackless woods
to rove.”

Then Savitri to the monarch urged her longing strange
request,

After duteous salutation thus her humble prayer addrest.

“To the jungle goes my husband, fuel and the fruit to
seek,

I would follow if my mother and my loving father speak,
Twelve-month from this narrow *asram* hath Savitri
stepped nor strayed,

In this cottage true and faithful ever hath Savitri stayed,
For the sacrificial fuel wends my lord his lonesome way,
Please, my kind and loving parents, I would follow him
to-day.”

"Never since her wedding morning," so the loving king
replied,
"Wish or thought Savitri whispered, for a boon or object
sighed,
Daughter, thy request is granted, safely in the forest
roam,
Safely with thy lord and husband seek again thy cottage
home."
Bowling to her loving parents did the fair Savitri
part,
Smile upon her pallid features, anguish in her inmost
heart,
Round her sylvan greenwoods blossomed 'neath a cloud-
less Indian sky,
Flocks of pea-fowls gorgeous plumaged flew before her
wondering eye,
Woodland rills and crystal nullahs gently roll'd o'er
rocky bed,
Flower-decked hills in dewy brightness towering glittered
overhead,
Birds of song and beauteous feather trilled a note in
every grove,
Sweeter accents fell upon her, from her husband's lips
of love!
Still with thoughtful eye Savitri watched her dear and
fated lord,
Flail of grief was in her bosom but her pale lips shaped
no word,
And she listened to her husband still on anxious thought
intent,
Cleft in two her throbbing bosom as in silence still she
went!
Gaily with the gathered wild-fruits did the prince his
basket fill,
Hewed the interlaced branches with his might and prac-
ticed skill,
Till the drops stood on his forehead, weary was his
aching head,
Faint he came unto Savitri and in faltering accents said :

“Cruel ache is on my forehead, fond and ever faithful
wife,
And I feel a hundred needles pierce me and torment my
life,
And my feeble footsteps falter and my senses seem to
reel,
Fain would I beside thee linger for a sleep doth o’er me
steal.”
With a wild and speechless terror pale Savitri held her
lord,
On her lap his head she rested as she laid him on the
sward,
Narad’s fatal words remembered as she watched her
husband’s head,
Burning lip and pallid forehead and the dark and creep-
ing shade,
Clasped him in her beating bosom, kissed his lips with
panting breath,
Darker grew the lonesome forest, and he slept the sleep
of death!
In the bosom of the shadows rose a Vision dark and
dread,
Shape of gloom in inky garment and a crown was on his
head,
Gleaming Form of sable splendor, blood-red was his
sparkling eye,
And a fatal noose he carried, grim and godlike, dark and
high!
And he stood in solemn silence, looked in silence on the
dead,
And Savitri on the greensward gently placed her hus-
band’s head,
And a tremor shook Savitri, but a woman’s love is
strong,
With her hands upon her bosom thus she spake with
quivering tongue:
“More than mortal is thy glory! If a radiant god thou
be,

Tell me what bright name thou bearest, what thy message unto me."

"Know me," thus responded YAMA, "mighty monarch of the dead,

Mortals leaving earthly mansion to my darksome realms are led,

Since with woman's full affection thou hast loved thy husband dear,

Hence before thee, faithful woman, YAMA doth in form appear,

But his days and loves are ended, and he leaves his faithful wife,

In this noose I bind and carry spark of his immortal life,

Virtue graced his life and action, spotless was his princely heart,

Hence for him I came in person, princess, let thy husband part."

YAMA from the prince's body, pale and bloodless, cold and dumb,

Drew the vital spark, *purusha*, smaller than the human thumb,

In his noose the spark he fastened, silent went his darksome way,

Left the body shorn of luster to its rigid cold decay,

Southward went the dark-hued YAMA with the youth's immortal life,

And, for woman's love abideth, followed still the faithful wife.

"Turn, Savitri," outspake YAMA, "for thy husband loved and lost,

Do the rites due unto mortals by their Fate predestined crost,

For thy wifely duty ceases, follow not in fruitless woe,
And no farther living creature may with monarch YAMA go!"

"But I may not choose but follow where thou takest my husband's life,

For Eternal Law divides not loving man and faithful
wife,

For a woman's true affection, for a woman's sacred woe,
Grant me in thy godlike mercy farther still with him I go!
Fourfold are our human duties: first to study holy
lore,

Then to live as good householders, feed the hungry at
our door,

Then to pass our days in penance, last to fix our thoughts
above,

But the final goal of virtue, it is Truth and deathless
Love!"

"True and holy are thy precepts," listening YAMA made
reply,

"And they fill my heart with gladness and with pious
purpose high,

I would bless thee, fair Savitri, but the dead come not
to life,

Ask for other boon and blessing, faithful, true and vir-
tuous wife!"

"Since you so permit me, YAMA," so the good Savitri
said,

"For my husband's banished father let my dearest suit
be made,

Sightless in the darksome forest dwells the monarch
faint and weak,

Grant him sight and grant him vigor, YAMA, in thy
mercy speak!"

"Duteous daughter," YAMA answered, "be thy pious
wishes given,

And his eyes shall be restored to the cheerful light of
heaven,

Turn, Savitri, faint and weary, follow not in fruitless
woe,

And no farther living creature may with monarch YAMA
go!"

"Faint nor weary is Savitri," so the noble princess said,
"Since she waits upon her husband, gracious Monarch
of the dead,

What befalls the wedded husband still befalls the faithful wife,

Where he leads she ever follows, be it death or be it life!
And our sacred writ ordaineth and our pious *rishis* sing,

Transient meeting with the holy doth its countless blessings bring,

Longer friendship with the holy purifies the mortal birth,
Lasting union with the holy is the bright sky on the earth,
Union with the pure and holy is immortal heavenly life,
For Eternal Law divides not loving man and faithful wife!"

"Blessed are thy words," said YAMA, "blessed is thy pious thought,

With a higher purer wisdom are thy holy lessons fraught,
I would bless thee, fair Savitri, but the dead come not to life,

Ask for other boon and blessing, faithful, true and virtuous wife!"

"Since you so permit me, YAMA," so the good Savitri said,

"Once more for my husband's father be my supplication made,

Lost his kingdom, in the forest dwells the monarch faint and weak,

Grant him back his wealth and kingdom, YAMA, in thy mercy speak!"

"Loving daughter," YAMA answered, "wealth and kingdom I bestow,

Turn, Savitri, living mortal may not with King YAMA go!"

Still Savitri, meek and faithful, followed her departed lord,

YAMA still with higher wisdom listened to her saintly word,

And the Sable King was vanquished, and he turned on her again,

And his words fell on Savitri like the cooling summer rain,

“Noble woman, speak thy wishes, name thy boon and purpose high,
What the pious mortal asketh gods in heaven may not deny!”

“Thou hast,” so Savitri answered, “granted father’s realm and might,
To his vain and sightless eyeballs hast restored their blessed sight,
Grant him that the line of monarchs may not all untimely end,
Satyavan may see his kingdom to his royal sons descend!”

“Have thy object,” answered YAMA, “and thy lord shall live again,
He shall live to be a father, and his children too shall reign,
For a woman’s troth abideth longer than the fleeting breath,
And a woman’s love abideth higher than the doom of Death!”

Vanished then the Sable Monarch, and Savitri held her way
Where in dense and darksome forest still her husband lifeless lay,
And she sat upon the greensward by the cold unconscious dead,
On her lap with deeper kindness placed her consort’s lifeless head,
And that touch of true affection thrilled him back to waking life,
As returned from distant regions gazed the prince upon his wife,

“Have I lain too long and slumbered, sweet Savitri, faithful spouse,
But I dreamt a Sable Person took me in a fatal noose!”
“Pillowed on this lap,” she answered, “long upon the earth you lay
And the Sable Person, husband, he hath come and passed away,

Rise and leave this darksome forest if thou feelest light
and strong,
For the night is on the jungle and our way is dark and
long."

Rising as from happy slumber looked the young prince
on all around,
Saw the wide-extending jungle mantling all the darksome
ground,
"Yes," he said, "I now remember, ever loving faithful
dame,
We in search of fruit and fuel to this lonesome forest
came,
As I hewed the gnarled branches, cruel anguish filled my
brain,
And I laid me on the greensward with a throbbing pierc-
ing pain,
Pillowed on thy gentle bosom, solaced by thy gentle love,
I was soothed, and drowsy slumber fell on me from skies
above.
All was dark and then I witnessed, was it but a fleeting
dream,
God or Vision, dark and dreadful, in the deepening
shadows gleam,
Was this dream, my fair Savitri, dost thou of this Vision
know,
Tell me, for before my eyesight still the Vision seems to
glow!"

"Darkness thickens," said Savitri, "and the evening
waxeth late,
When the morrow's light returneth I shall all these scenes
narrate,
Now arise, for darkness gathers, deeper grows the gloomy
night,
And thy loving anxious parents trembling wait thy
welcome sight,
Hark, the rangers of the forest! how their voices strike
the ear,
Prowlers of the darksome jungle! how they fill my breast
with fear!

Forest-fire is raging yonder, for I see a distant gleam,
And the rising evening breezes help the red and radiant
beam,
Let me fetch a burning fagot and prepare a friendly
light,
With these fallen withered branches chase the shadows
of the night,
And if feeble still thy footsteps,—long and weary is our
way,—
By the fire repose, my husband, and return by light of
day.”

“For my parents, fondly anxious,” Satyavan thus made
reply,
“Pains my heart and yearns my bosom, let us to their
cottage hie,
When I tarried in the jungle or by day or dewy eve,
Searching in the hermitages often did my parents grieve,
And with father’s soft reproaches and with mother’s
loving fears,
Chid me for my tardy footsteps, dewed me with their
gentle tears!
Think then of my father’s sorrow, of my mother’s woe-
ful plight,
If afar in wood and jungle pass we now the livelong
night,
Wife beloved, I may not fathom what mishap or load
of care,
Unknown dangers, unseen sorrows, even now my parents
share!”

Gentle drops of filial sorrow trickled down his manly
eye,
Fond Savitri sweetly speaking softly wiped the tear-drops
dry:

“Trust me, husband, if Savitri hath been faithful in her
love,
If she hath with pious offerings served the righteous
gods above,
If she hath a sister’s kindness unto brother men per-
formed,

If she hath in speech and action unto holy truth con-
formed,
Unknown blessings, mighty gladness, trust thy ever
faithful wife,
And not sorrows or disasters wait this eve our parents'
life!"

Then she rose and tied her tresses, gently helped her lord
to rise,
Walked with him the pathless jungle, looked with love
into his eyes,
On her neck his clasping left arm sweetly winds in soft
embrace,
Round his waist Savitri's right arm doth as sweetly
interlace,
Thus they walked the darksome jungle, silent stars looked
from above,
And the hushed and throbbing midnight watched
Savitri's deathless love!

XI. BOOK SIX. *Cattle Lifting*. Under the conditions of their banishment, the sons of Pandu must pass twelve years in exile and then one year in concealment. If they were discovered during this last twelvemonth, they must go into exile for another twelve years.

They passed the twelve years and, disguising themselves, entered into menial service with Virata, King of Matsya. Yudhishtira was a Brahman, skilled in dice; Bhima was a cook; Arjuna, for whom more concealment was necessary, wore conch-bangles and earrings and braided his hair as a eunuch in the apartments of the King, teaching music and dancing under the name of Brihannala; Nakula became keeper of the King's horses, and Sahadeva took charge of the King's cows; Draupadi

served as waiting woman to the Princess of Matsya. Thus, in these varied capacities the exiles concealed themselves successfully till near the close of the year.

Cattle lifting was common among the kings of ancient India, and the King of Trigartas and the King of the Kurus combined to drive off the numerous famous herds of Virata. While the latter had gone southeast to repel the Trigartas, the Kurus under Duryodhana entered the kingdom from the north and, as they had expected, found no army left to defend the capital.

However, the disguised Arjuna presented himself with his weapons which he had concealed wrapped up as corpses, and saved the cattle:

Kuru soldiers fled in terror or they slumbered with
the dead,
And the rescued lowing cattle with their tails uplifted
fled.

Virata on his return learned who the exiles were, and in gratitude offered his daughter to Arjuna for wife. His answer is as follows:

“Pardon, monarch,” answered Arjun, “but I may not
take as bride,
Matsya’s young and beauteous princess whom I love with
father’s pride,
She hath often met me trusting in the inner palace hall,
As a daughter on a father waited on my loving call!
I have trained her *kokil* accents, taught her maiden steps
in dance,
Watched her skill and varied graces all her native charms
enhance,

Pure is she in thought and action, spotless as my hero
boy,
Grant her to my son, O monarch, as his wedded wife and
joy!
Abhimanyu trained in battle, handsome youth of godlike
face,
Krishna's sister, fair Subhadra, bore the child of princely
grace,
Worthy of thy youthful daughter, pure in heart and
undefiled,
Grant it, sire, my Abhimanyu wed thy young and beau-
teous child!"

Matsya's monarch consented, and the wedding was celebrated in great splendor.

XII. BOOK SEVEN. *The Council of War.* Then, as the term of banishment had expired, Yudhishtira demanded the restoration of his kingdom. This was advised by the old Dhritarashtra, his queen and the aged and virtuous councilors, but the jealous Duryodhana was so filled with hatred that he could not be induced to give his consent. All negotiations proved futile, and preparations were made for a battle, one which proved the most sanguinary and disastrous that had ever occurred in Northern India, a real battle of nations, in which all the warlike races took part.

XIII. BOOK EIGHT. *Fall of Bhishma.* The "battle" consisted really of eighteen battles fought on eighteen consecutive days, and the fights of the first ten days are described in this book.

Duryodhana's army consisted of his own troops and those of ten allied kings, which,

conservatively estimated, numbered about a hundred thousand men. Yudhishtira's army numbered about seventy thousand men. His principal leaders were his father-in-law, the King of the Pancnalas and the King of the Matsyas. Krishna joined him as friend and advisor, and served as the charioteer of Arjuna.

When the armies were drawn up and Arjuna saw his revered elders, his friends and relatives among his foes, he was unwilling to fight, but Krishna explained to him the doctrine "that for every man, no matter to what caste he may belong, the zealous performance of his duty and the discharge of his obligations is his most important work." This explanation of the great principles of duty included in the *Bhagavat-gita* has been translated into many of the languages of Europe. Belief in one Supreme Deity is the underlying thought.

Duryodhana chose the grand old fighter Bhishma as the commander in chief of his army, and for ten days the latter held his own and inflicted serious loss on Yudhishtira's army. The book terminates with the fall of Bhishma.

XIV. BOOK NINE. *The Fall of Drona.* After Bhishma's death the Brahman chief Drona, teacher of the Kuru princes and the sons of Pandu, became the leader of the Kuru forces, and for five terrible days he held his own against the charging hosts of the opposing army. At length Drona slew his ancient

enemy, the King of the Panchalas, but was in turn killed by the latter's son.

Romesh Dutt did not attempt to translate literally any selection from the exceedingly long account of this horrible battle, but wrote a condensed narrative that tells the story with little if any loss of the original fire. From it we quote the story of Arjuna's revenge. His son Abhimanyu had been slain unfairly by Jayadratha, and Arjuna vowed to kill the slayer on the following day or himself give up his arms at nightfall and mount the funeral pyre:

Morning from the face of battle night's depending curtain drew,
Long and shrill his sounding *sankha* then the wrathful Arjun blew,
Kurus knew the vow of Arjun, heard the *sankha's* deathful blare,
As it rose above the red field, thrilled the startled morning air,
"Speed, my Krishna," out spake Arjun, as he held aloft his bow,
"For to-day my task is dreadful, cruel is my mighty vow!"
Fiery coursers urged by Krishna flew with lightning's rapid course,
Dashing through the hostile warriors and the serried Kuru force,
Brave Durmarsan faced the hero but he strove and fought in vain,
Onward thundered Arjun's chariot o'er the dying and the slain,
Fierce Duhsasan with his tuskers rushed into the line of war,
But the tuskers broke in panic, onward still went Arjun's car!

Drona then, the proud preceptor, Arjun's furious progress stayed,
Tear-drops filled the eye of Arjun as these gentle words he said:
"Pardon, father, if thy pupil shuns to-day thy offered war,
'Gainst his Abhimanyu's slayer Arjun speeds his battle-car,
Not against my great *acharya* is my wrathful bow-string drawn,
Not against a loved father fights a loving duteous son!
Heavy on this bleeding bosom sits the darkening load of woe,
And an injured father's vengeance seeks the slaughtered hero's foe,
Pardon then if sorrowing Arjun seeks a far and distant way,
Mighty is the vow of Arjun, cruel is his task to-day!"
Passing by the doughty Drona onward sped the fiery car,
Through the broken line of warriors, through the shattered ranks of war,
Angas and the brave Kalingas vainly crossed his wrathful way,
Proud Avantis from the regions where fair Chambal's waters stray,
Famed Avanti's fated princes vainly led their highland force,
Fell beneath the wrath of Arjun, stayed nor stopped his onward course,
Onward still with speed of lightning thundered Arjun's battle-car,
To the spot where Jayadratha stood behind the ranks of war!
Now the sun from highest zenith red and fiery radiance lent,
Long and weary was the passage, Arjun's foaming steeds were spent,
"Arjun!" said the faithful Krishna, "arduous is thy cruel quest,

But thy foaming coursers falter and they need a moment's
rest,"

"Be it so," brave Arjun answered, "from our chariot
we alight,

Rest a while the weary horses, Krishna, I will watch the
fight!"

Speaking thus the armed Arjun lightly leaped upon the
lea,

Stood on guard with bow and arrow by the green and
shady tree,

Krishna groomed the jaded horses, faint and feeble, red
with gore,

With a healing hand he tended wounds the bleeding
coursers bore,

Watered them beside a river by the zephyrs soft caressed,
Gave unto them welcome fodder, gave unto them needful
rest,

Thus refreshed, the noble coursers Krishna harnessed to
the car,

And the gleaming fiery Arjun rushed once more to fatal
war!

Came on him the Kuru warriors, darksome wave suc-
ceeding wave,

Standards decked with strange devices, streaming ban-
ners rich and brave,

Foremost was the glorious standard of preceptor Drona's
son,

Lion's tail in golden brilliance on his battle-chariot
shone,

Elephant's rope was Karna's ensign made of rich and
burnished gold,

And a bull bedecked the standard of the bowman Kripa
bold,

Peacock made of precious metal, decked with jewels rich
and rare,

Vrishasena's noble standard shone aloft serene and
fair,

Ploughshare of a golden luster shining like the radiant
flame,

Spoke the car of mighty Salya, Madra's king of warlike
fame,
Far and guarded well by chieftains shone the dazzling
silver-boar,
Ensign proud of Jayadratha brought from Sindhu's
sounding shore,
On the car of Somadatta shone a stake of sacrifice,
Silver boar and golden parrots, these were Salwa's proud
device,
Last and brightest of the standards, on the Prince Dury-
odhan's car,
Lordly elephant in jewels proudly shone above the
war!
Nine heroic Kuru chieftains, bravest warriors and the
best,
Leagued they came to grapple Arjun and on faithful
Krishna pressed,
Arjun swept like sweeping whirlwind all resistless in his
force,
Sought no foe and waged no combat, held his ever on-
ward course,
For he sighted Jayadratha midst the circling chiefs of
war,
'Gainst that warrior, grim and silent, Arjun drove his
furious car!
Now the day-god rolled his chariot on the western clouds
afame,
Karna's self and five great chieftains round brave
Jayadratha came,
Vainly strove the valiant Arjun struggling 'gainst the
Kuru line,
Charged upon the peerless Karna as he marked the day's
decline,
Krishna then a prayer whispered; came a friendly sable
cloud,
Veiled the red sun's dazzling brilliance in a dark and
inky shroud!
Karna deemed the closing darkness now proclaimed the
close of strife,

Failing in his plighted promise Arjun must surrender
life,
And his comrade chiefs rejoicing slackened in their
furious fight,
Jayadratha hailed with gladness thickening shades of
welcome night!
In that sad and fatal error did the Kuru chiefs combine,
Arjun quick as bolt of lightning broke their all un-
guarded line,
Like an onward sweeping wildfire shooting forth its
lolling tongue,
On the startled Jayadratha, Arjun in his fury flung!
Short the strife; as angry falcon swoops upon its help-
less prey,
Arjun sped his vengeful arrow and his foeman lifeless
lay,
Friendly winds removed the dark cloud from the red-
dening western hill,
And the sun in crimson luster cast its fiery radiance
still!
Ere the evening's mantling darkness fell o'er distant
hill and plain,
Proud Duryodhan's many brothers were by vengeful
Bhima slain,
And Duryodhan stung by sorrow waged the still unceas-
ing fight,
In the thick and gathering darkness torches lit the gloom
of night!
Karna furious in his anger for his Jayadratha slain,
And for brothers of Duryodhan sleeping lifeless on the
plain,
'Gainst the gallant son of Bhima drove his deep resound-
ing car,
And in gloom and midnight darkness waked the echoes
of the war!
Bhima's son, brave Ghatotkacha, twice the steeds of
Karna slew,
Twice the humbled steedless Karna from the dubious
battle flew,

Came again the fiery Karna, vengeance flamed within his heart,
Like the midnight's lurid lightning sped his fell and fatal dart,
Woeful was the hour of darkness, luckless was the starry sway,
Bhima's son in youth and valor lifeless on the red field lay!
Then was closed the midnight battle, silent shone the starry light,
Bhima knew nor rest nor slumber through the long and woeful night!

XV. BOOK TEN. *The Fall of Karna.* After the fall of Drona, Karna was chosen chief of the Kuru forces and held his own for two days. The long expected and long deferred combat between Arjuna and Karna came at last and it is the crowning incident of the *Mahabharata*. The two great warriors are equal and victory comes to one only by accident. In the following manner Romesh Dutt describes the combat:

Stronger by his elder's blessing Arjun mounts the battle-car,
Krishna drives the milk-white coursers to the thickening ranks of war
Onward came the fiery Karna with his chiefs and armed men,
Salya urged his flying coursers with the whip and loosened rein,
Often met and often parted, life-long rivals in their fame,
Not to part again the heroes, each before the other came,
Not to part until a chieftain by the other chief was slain,
Arjun dead or lifeless Karna pressed the Kuru-kshetra plain!

Long they strove, but neither archer could his gallant
foeman beat,
Though like surging ocean billows did the angry war-
riors meet,
Arjun's arrows fell on Karna like the summer's angry
flood,
Karna's shafts like hissing serpents drank the valiant
Arjun's blood,
Fierce and quick from his *Gandiva* angry accents Arjun
woke,
Till the bow-string strained and heated was by sudden
impulse broke!
"Hold," cried Arjun to his rival, "mind the honored
rules of war,
Warriors strike not helpless foemen thus disabled on the
car,
Hold, brave Karna, until Arjun mends his over-strained
bow,
Arjun then will crave for mercy nor from god nor mortal
foe!"
Vain he spake, for wild with anger heedless Karna
fiercely lowered,
Thick and fast on bowless Arjun countless arrows darkly
showered,
Like the cobra dark and hissing Karna's gleaming light-
ning dart,
Struck the helpless archer Arjun on his broad and
bleeding heart!
Furious like a wounded tiger quivering in the darksome
wood,
With his mended warlike weapon now the angry Arjun
stood,
Blazing with a mighty radiance like a flame in summer
night,
Fierce he fell on archer Karna with his more than mortal
might!
Little recked the dauntless Karna if his foe in anger rose,
Karna feared not face of mortal, dreaded not immortal
foes,

Nor with all his wrath and valor Arjun conquered him
in war,

Till within the soft earth sinking stuck the wheel of
Karna's car!

Stood unmoved the tilted chariot, vainly wrathful Salya
strove,

Urging still the struggling coursers Karna's heavy car to
move,

Vainly too the gallant Karna leaped upon the humid soil,
Sought to lift the sunken axle with a hard unwonted toil,
"Hold," he cried to noble Arjun, "wage no false and
impious war

On a foeman, helpless, carless,—thou upon thy lofty car."
Loudly laughed the helmed Arjun, answer nor rejoinder
gave,

Unto Karna pleading virtue Krishna answered calm and
grave:

"Didst thou seek the path of virtue, mighty Karna,
archer bold,

When Sakuni robbed Yudhishtir of his empire and his
gold,

Didst thou tread the path of honor on Yudhishtir's
fatal fall,

Heaping insults on Draupadi in Hastina's council hall?

Didst thou then fulfill thy duty when, Yudhishtir's exile
crost,

Krishna asked in right and justice for Yudhishtir's em-
pire lost,

Didst thou fight a holy battle when with six marauders
skilled,

Karna hunted Abhimanyu and the youthful hero killed?

Speak not then of rules of honor, blackened in your sins
you die,

Death is come in shape of Arjun, Karna's fatal hour is
nigh!"

Stung to fury and to madness, faint but frantic Karna
fought,

Reckless, ruthless and relentless, valiant Arjun's life
he sought,

Sent his last resistless arrow on his foeman's mighty
chest,
Arjun felt a shock of thunder on his broad and mailed
breast!
Fainting fell the bleeding Arjun, darkness dimmed his
manly eye,
Pale and breathless watched his warriors, anxious
watched the gods in sky,
Then it passed, and helmed Arjun rose like newly lighted
fire,
Abhimanyu's sad remembrance kindled fresh a father's
ire!
And he drew his bow *Gandiva*, aimed his dart with
stified breath,
Vengeance for his murdered hero winged the fatal dart
of death,
Like the fiery bolt of lightning Arjun's lurid arrow sped,
Like a rock by thunder riven Karna fell among the
dead!

After the death of Karna, Shalya led the Kuru troops on the eighteenth and last day, and himself was killed. The vengeful son of Drona inflicted a midnight slaughter on the Pandu camp, and Duryodhana left, fatally wounded by Bhima; but, having heard of the success of the midnight raid, he died happy.

XVI. BOOK ELEVEN. *Funeral Rites*. The death of Duryodhana is virtually the end of the war, and this book is filled with the lament of women and the funerals of the deceased.

Gandhari, "stainless Queen and stainless woman, ever righteous, ever good, stately in her mighty sorrow," walked over the battlefield lamenting for the slain, when her wander-

ing vision fell upon the body of her son Duryodhana. The epic proceeds:

Sudden anguish smote her bosom and her senses seemed
to stray,

Like a tree by tempest shaken senseless on the earth she
lay!

Once again she waked in sorrow, once again she cast her
eye

Where her son in blood empurpled slept beneath the
open sky,

And she clasped her dear Duryodhan, held him close
unto her breast,

Sobs convulsive shook her bosom as the lifeless form she
prest,

And her tears like rains of summer fell and washed his
noble head,

Decked with garlands still untarnished, graced with
nishkas bright and red!

“ ‘Mother!’ said my dear Duryodhan when he went unto
the war,

‘Wish me joy and wish me triumph as I mount the
battle-car,’

‘Son!’ I said to dear Duryodhan, ‘Heaven avert a cruel
fate,

Yato dharma stato jayah! Triumph doth on Virtue
wait!’

But he set his heart on battle, by his valor wiped his
sins,

Now he dwells in realms celestial which the faithful
warrior wins,

And I weep not for Duryodhan, like a prince he fought
and fell,

But my sorrow-stricken husband, who can his misfortunes
tell?

Ay! my son was brave and princely, all resistless in the
war,

Now he sleeps the sleep of warriors, sunk in gloom his
glorious star,

Ay! my son mid crowned monarchs held the first and
foremost way,
Now he rests upon the red earth, quenched his bright
effulgent ray,
Ay! my son the best of heroes, he hath won the war-
rior's sky,
Kshatras nobly conquer, Krishna, when in war they nobly
die!
Hark the loathsome cry of jackals, how the wolves their
vigils keep,
Maidens rich in song and beauty erst were wont to watch
his sleep,
Hark the foul and blood-beaked vultures flap their wings
upon the dead,
Maidens waved their feathery *pankhas* round Duryod-
han's royal bed,
Peerless bowman! mighty monarch! nations still his hests
obeyed,
As a lion slays a tiger, Bhima hath Duryodhan slayed!
Thirteen years o'er Kuru's empire proud Duryodhan
held his sway,
Ruled Hastina's ancient city where fair Ganga's waters
stray,
I have seen his regal splendor with these ancient eyes
of mine,
Elephants and battle-chariots, steeds of war and herds
of kine,
Kuru owns another master and Duryodhan's day is
fled,
And I live to be a witness! Krishna, O that I were
dead!
Mark Duryodhan's noble widow, mother proud of Laksh-
man bold,
Queenly in her youth and beauty, like an altar of bright
gold,
Torn from husband's sweet embraces, from her son's
entwining arms,
Doomed to life-long woe and anguish in her youth and
in her charms,

Rend my hard and stony bosom crushed beneath this
cruel pain,
Should Gandhari live to witness noble son and grandson
slain?
Mark again Duryodhan's widow, how she hugs his gory
head,
How with gentle hands and tender softly holds him on
his bed,
How from dear departed husband turns she to her
dearer son,
And the tear-drops of the mother choke the widow's
bitter groan,
Like the fiber of the lotus tender-golden is her frame,
O my lotus! O my daughter! Bharat's pride and Kuru's
fame!
If the truth resides in *Vedas*, brave Duryodhan dwells
above,
Wherefore linger we in sadness severed from his cherished
love,
If the truth resides in *Sastra*, dwells in sky my hero son,
Wherefore linger we in sorrow since their earthly task is
done?"

Pritha, mother of the Pandu brothers, confesses that Karna was her son, and all the brothers lament his death.

XVII. BOOK TWELVE. *Sacrifice of the Horse, and Conclusion.* The real Epic ends with the war and the funerals of the deceased. Most of that which follows is matter subsequently added by those who took occasion to put into the mouth of the venerable Bhishma upon his deathbed endless words of explanation, rules, legends and the whole cult of Krishna, in two long books. After Bhishma is dead and buried, Krishna takes up the tale and the endless exposition goes on.

Yudhishtira was crowned Emperor and made the sacrifice of the horse. By this ancient custom a horse was turned loose to wander at his will or to be guided by warriors of the King. In whatever country he was permitted to go without challenge, that country tacitly acknowledged the rule of the Emperor. If the horse was stopped it was a signal for war. When the horse was brought back from his wanderings he was sacrificed with great pomp and ceremony. Arjuna accompanied the horse and conquered everywhere, proclaiming the sovereignty of Yudhishtira.

What follows is really no part of the epic, but gives the personal history of the heroes who have figured in the poem. Dhrita-rashtra retires into a forest with his queen Gandhari and Pritha, the mother of the Pandu brothers. After a vision in which he sees the spirits of all the slain warriors, a forest fire comes up, and he and the two women die the holy death.

The two concluding books in the Original Epic, *The Great Journey* and the *Ascent to Heaven*, have been translated into English by Sir Edwin Arnold.

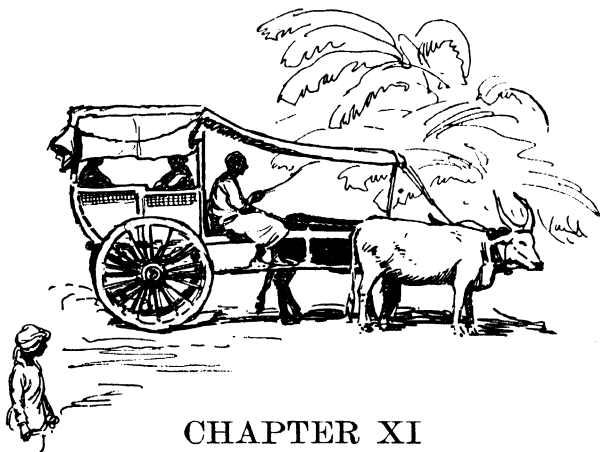
After Krishna's death and after the city of the Yadavas has been swallowed by the ocean, the Pandu brothers place Parikshit, grandson of Arjuna, on the throne and retire to the Himalayas. On the road Draupadi drops dead, then Sahadeva, then Nakula, then Arjuna and then Bhima. Yudhishtira, alone, in mortal form ascends to heaven in a celestial car. There he

meets with some trials, but after bathing in the celestial Ganges he rises with a celestial body, meets Krishna in the blazing glory of his heavenly form, and the brothers are immortals at last. Indra herself appears and introduces the heavenly forms of those who were dear on earth and who will continue to be dear in heaven:

These and other mighty warriors in the earthly battle
slain,
By their valor and their virtue walk the bright ethereal
plain,
They have cast their mortal bodies, crossed the radiant
gate of heaven,
For to win celestial mansions unto mortals it is given,
Let them strive by kindly action, gentle speech, endurance long,—
Brighter life and holier future unto sons of men belong.



A HINDU BARBER



CHAPTER XI

THE DRAMA AND KALIDASA

THE HINDU DRAMA. The dramas in Sanskrit are not very numerous, but some are of great excellence. They are more like modern English plays than they are like the Greek plays, as they pay no attention to the dramatic unities, time, place and action. Moreover, the plays have no particular religious significance and deal principally with the love of man and woman, but the subject-matter is borrowed in most instances from the legendary history of India.

Tragic elements may appear in the play, but a tragic ending is forbidden. Nothing disagreeable is permitted on the stage—there is no fighting, no embracing, no kissing! There were few stage properties in the old theaters, but special and elaborate music was played. There are few long speeches, and the inevitable

prologue is always divided between two characters. Female characters were carried by women. The strictness of the rules which governed dramatic composition tended to give a sort of uniformity to the plays and to make the characters represented less vital, though there is still opportunity for grace and beauty.

According to the Hindu dramatical canon there were two great classes of dramas, the major and the minor. Of the former there were ten species (the lowest, the farce comedy), and of the minor dramas, eight species. All invariably contain a prayer to some deity for a blessing on the audience, a mention of the author's name and so much of preliminary fact as is necessary for an understanding of the events. During any given act the stage is never empty, and the entrance of a character is always announced by one of the others on the stage. The piece closes with a benediction.

One hundred forty-four kinds of heroes are described—the gay, the thoughtless, the good-humored, the ambitious. The heroines are classified with equal minuteness. The hero has an opponent, the heroine a confidential companion. Two characters seem peculiar to the Hindu stage—both are companions. The first is a familiar friend and dependent on the hero—if a man, he is something of a parasite; if a woman, she is a courtesan. The second is a humble companion, like a clown, a fool or a court jester, and his business is to entertain



PORTRAIT OF MISS GOOLNAR, FAMOUS INDIAN
ACTRESS
BOMBAY

and excite mirth by being ridiculous in person, manners or clothes.

Another peculiarity is that only the hero and the principal characters speak Sanskrit; women and the inferior characters speak Prakrit; in fact, the idiom of each character is regulated by his rank.

One of the oldest Sanskrit dramas is the *Little Clay Cart*, of uncertain date. This has been beautifully translated by A. W. Ryder.

II. KALIDASA. Of the greatest dramatist of India and one of its greatest poets we know but little; in fact, there is more than a doubt possible when we say he lived about the fifth century after Christ. It is known that he was popular while living, and there are numberless legends connected with his name, but the mystery that surrounds him is merely an effect of that peculiarity of the Hindu character which caused literary works to be guarded with jealous care while the authors were allowed to be forgotten.

Arthur W. Ryder, a scholarly translator of Kalidasa's writings, gives the following legend, though not until he has prefaced it by saying that there is probably not a particle of truth in it:

According to this account, Kalidasa was a Brahman's child. At the age of six months he was left an orphan and was adopted by an ox-driver. He grew to manhood without formal education, yet with remarkable beauty and grace of manner. Now it happened that the Princess of Benares was a blue-stocking, who rejected one suitor

after another, among them her father's counselor, because they failed to reach her standard as scholars and poets. The rejected counselor planned a cruel revenge. He took the handsome ox-driver from the street, gave him the garments of a savant and a retinue of learned doctors, then introduced him to the princess, after warning him that he was under no circumstances to open his lips. The princess was struck with his beauty and smitten to the depths of her pedantic soul by his obstinate silence, which seemed to her, as indeed it was, an evidence of profound wisdom. She desired to marry Kalidasa, and together they went to the temple. But no sooner was the ceremony performed than Kalidasa perceived an image of a bull. His early training was too much for him; the secret came out, and the bride was furious. But she relented in response to Kalidasa's entreaties, and advised him to pray for learning and poetry to the goddess Kali. The prayer was granted; education and poetical power descended miraculously to dwell with the young ox-driver, who in gratitude assumed the name Kalidasa, servant of Kali.

Feeling that he owed this happy change in his very nature to his princess, he swore that he would ever treat her as his teacher, with profound respect but without familiarity. This was more than the lady had bargained for; her anger burst forth anew, and she cursed Kalidasa to meet his death at the hands of a woman. At a later date, the story continues, this curse was fulfilled. A certain king had written a half-stanza of verse, and had offered a large reward to any poet who could worthily complete it. Kalidasa completed the stanza without difficulty; but a woman whom he loved discovered his lines, and greedy of the reward herself, killed him.

So we return to our few facts: We know from his own writings that he lived part of his life in the city of Ujjain, which was at that time to India what Athens was to Greece or New York is to us. Among the men gathered

there in the reign of King Vikramaditya were nine distinguished individuals who were known as the "nine gems." Kalidasa was one of them.

III. KALIDASA'S GENIUS That in the estimate of scholars Kalidasa may rank as India's Shakespeare, even if he does not resemble the English poet and dramatist in style, breadth, knowledge or force, may be seen in the following quotations from Professor Lassen :

Kalidasa may be considered as the brightest star in the firmament of Hindu artificial poetry. He deserves this praise on account of the mastery with which he wields the language and on account of the consummate tact with which he imparts to it a more simple or more artificial form, according to the subject treated by him, without falling into the artificial diction of later poets or overstepping the limits of good taste ; on account of the variety of his creations, his ingenious conceptions, and his happy choice of subjects ; and not less on account of the complete manner in which he attains his poetical ends, the beauty of his narrative, the delicacy of his sentiment and the fertility of his imagination.

One of his own nationality, writing in the seventh century, says :

Where find a soul that does not thrill
In Kalidasa's verse to meet
The smooth, inevitable lines
Like blossom-clusters, honey sweet.

Arthur Ryder says in part :

Kalidasa's love-poetry rings as true in our ears as it did in his countrymen's ears fifteen hundred years ago. It is of love eventually happy, though often struggling for a time against external obstacles, that Kalidasa

writes. There is nowhere in his works a trace of that not quite healthy feeling that sometimes assumes the name "modern love." If it were not so, his poetry could hardly have survived; for happy love, blessed with children, is surely the more fundamental thing.

It is perhaps an inevitable consequence of Kalidasa's subject that his women appeal more strongly to a modern reader than his men. The man is the more variable phenomenon, and though manly virtues are the same in all countries and centuries, the emphasis has been variously laid. But the true woman seems timeless, universal. I know of no poet, unless it be Shakespeare, who has given the world a group of heroines so individual yet so universal; heroines as true, as tender, as brave as are Indumati, Sita, Parvati, the Yaksha's bride, and Shakuntala.

Kalidasa could not understand women without understanding children. It would be difficult to find anywhere lovelier pictures of childhood than those in which our poet presents the little Bharata, Ayus, Raghu, Kumara. It is a fact worth noticing that Kalidasa's children are all boys. Beautiful as his women are, he never does more than glance at a little girl.

Another pervading note of Kalidasa's writing is his love of external nature. No doubt it is easier for a Hindu, with his almost instinctive belief in reincarnation, to feel that all life, from plant to god, is truly one; yet none, even among the Hindus, has expressed this feeling with such convincing beauty as has Kalidasa. It is hardly true to say that he personifies rivers and mountains and trees; to him they have a conscious individuality as truly and as certainly as animals or men or gods.

Kalidasa's knowledge of nature is not only sympathetic, it is also minutely accurate. Not only are the snows and windy music of the Himalayas, the mighty current of the sacred Ganges, his possession; his too are smaller streams and trees and every littlest flower. It is delightful to imagine a meeting between Kalidasa and Darwin.

They would have understood each other perfectly; for in each the same kind of imagination worked with the same wealth of observed fact.

I have already hinted at the wonderful balance in Kalidasa's character, by virtue of which he found himself equally at home in a palace and in a wilderness. I know not with whom to compare him in this; even Shakespeare, for all his magical insight into natural beauty, is primarily a poet of the human heart. That can hardly be said of Kalidasa, nor can it be said that he is primarily a poet of natural beauty. The two characters unite in him, it might almost be said, chemically. Kalidasa understood in the fifth century what Europe did not learn until the nineteenth, and even now comprehends only imperfectly: that the world was not made for man, that man reaches his full stature only as he realizes the dignity and worth of life that is not human.

That Kalidasa seized this truth is a magnificent tribute to his intellectual power, a quality quite as necessary to great poetry as perfection of form. Poetical fluency is not rare; intellectual grasp is not very uncommon: but the combination has not been found perhaps more than a dozen times since the world began. Because he possessed this harmonious combination, Kalidasa ranks not with Anacreon and Horace and Shelley, but with Sophocles, Vergil, Milton.

IV. KALIDASA'S WORKS. There are seven works that are attributed to Kalidasa, six with certainty: three dramas, two epics and one lyric poem. The descriptive poem is not of great importance and may be disregarded. The three dramas are *Malavika and Agnimitra*, *Urvashi* and *Shakuntala*; the two epics are *The Dynasty of Raghu* and *The Birth of the War-God*; the lyric is *The Cloud-Messenger*.

V. "THE DYNASTY OF RAGHU." This is an epic which treats of those kings who traced

their origin to the sun. Rama, with whose life we are somewhat familiar from our study of the *Ramayana*, is the great hero. Kalidasa's poem consists of over six thousand lines gathered into nineteen cantos, the first nine of which concern the four immediate ancestors of Rama; the next six, Rama himself, and the last four, certain descendants of Rama.

In nine of the stanzas with which the first canto begins the poet speaks of himself more intimately than elsewhere. Here are four, as translated by Mr. Ryder:

How great is Raghu's solar line!
How feebly small are powers of mine!
As if upon the ocean's swell
I launched a puny cockle-shell.

The fool who seeks a poet's fame
Must look for ridicule and blame,
Like tiptoe dwarf who fain would try
To pluck the fruit for giants high.

Yet I may enter through the door
That mightier poets pierced of yore;
A thread may pierce a jewel, but
Must follow where the diamond cut.

The good who hear me will be glad
To pluck the good from out the bad;
When ore is proved by fire, the loss
Is not of purest gold, but dross.

We have space for only one more quotation. Dilipa, first of the Raghu line, was childless, but after long imploring he was granted a son, and the stanzas we take describe the happiness of the little family:

The king drank pleasure from him late and soon
With eyes that stared like windless lotus-flowers;
Unselfish joy expanded all his powers
As swells the sea responsive to the moon.

The rooted love that filled each parent's soul
For the other, deep as bird's love for the mate,
Was now divided with the boy; and straight
The remaining half proved greater than the whole.

He learned the reverence that befits a boy;
Following the nurse's words, began to talk;
And clinging to her finger, learned to walk:
These childish lessons stretched his father's joy,

Who clasped the baby to his breast, and thrilled
To feel the nectar-touch upon his skin,
Half closed his eyes, the father's bliss to win
Which, more for long delay, his being filled.

The baby hair must needs be clipped; yet he
Retained two dangling locks, his cheeks to fret;
And down the river of the alphabet
He swam, with other boys, to learning's sea.

Religion's rites, and what good learning suits
A prince, he had from teachers old and wise;
Not theirs the pain of barren enterprise,
For effort spent on good material, fruits.

VI. “THE BIRTH OF THE WAR-GOD.” Kalidasa's second epic contains about four thousand four hundred lines, and has for its subject the marriage of Shiva, the birth of his son and that son's victory over a powerful demon. The poem is divided into seventeen cantos, and as it lacks the customary closing prayer it is by some thought to be incomplete as it now exists.

From it we select two brief descriptions, which have been translated beautifully by Mr. Ryder: Shiva and Parvati are spending their honeymoon in the Himalaya palace. One day, after wandering over the mountains, they come to a peak at sunset, and there Shiva describes to his wife the evening glow:

See, my beloved, how the sun
With beams that o'er the water shake
From western skies has now begun
A bridge of gold across the lake.

Upon the very tree-tops sway
The peacocks; even yet they hold
And drink the dying light of day,
Until their fans are molten gold.

The water-lily closes, but
With wonderful reluctancy;
As if it troubled her to shut
Her door of welcome to the bee.

The steeds that draw the sun's bright car,
With bended neck and falling plume
And drooping mane, are seen afar
To bury day in ocean's gloom.

The sun is down, and heaven sleeps:
Thus every path of glory ends;
As high as are the scaled steeps,
The downward way as low descends.

Later he thus speaks of the advancing night:

The twilight glow is fading far
And stains the west with blood-red light,
As when a reeking scimitar
Slants upward on a field of fight.

And vision fails above, below,
 Around, before us, at our back;
 The womb of night envelops slow
 The world with darkness vast and black.

Mute while the world is dazed with light,
 The smiling moon begins to rise
 And, being teased by eager night,
 Betrays the secrets of the skies.

Moon-fingers move the black, black hair
 Of night into its proper place,
 Who shuts her eyes, the lilies fair,
 As he sets kisses on her face.

VII. “THE CLOUD-MESSENGER.” Kalidasa’s lyric has a fanciful plan that lends itself happily to the poet’s treatment. A demigod for some infraction of the rules set down by the gods is banished from his home in the Himalayas and compelled to spend a year of exile on a mountain-top of Central India. He can think of no way to send a word of comfort and encouragement to his wife until a passing cloud suggests to him the messenger, and in despair he begs the cloud to act for him. The poet uses one hundred fifteen four-line stanzas to accomplish his purpose, and has weakened the unity of the poem by the long and to us tiresome description of the places over which the cloud must fly to reach its destination. This fault, however, is more than redeemed by the exquisite imagery and graceful lines.

The sorrowing demigod thus pictures his wife:

The supremest woman from God's workshop gone—
Young, slender; little teeth and red, red lips,
Slight waist and gentle eyes of timid fawn,
An idly graceful movement, generous hips,
Fair bosom into which the sloping shoulder slips—

Like a bird that mourns her absent mate anew
Passing these heavy days in longings keen,
My girlish wife whose words are sweet and few,
My second life, shall there of thee be seen—
But changed like winter-blighted lotus-blooms, I ween.

Her eyes are swol'n with tears that stream unhidden;
Her lips turn pale with sorrow's burning sighs;
The face that rests upon her hand is hidden
By hanging curls, as when the glory dies
Of the suffering moon pursued by thee through nightly
skies.

The only consolations he has in her absence
are these, as taken from the message :

I see thy limbs in graceful-creeping vines,
Thy glances in the eyes of gentle deer,
Thine eyebrows in the ripple's dancing lines,
Thy locks in plumes, thy face in moonlight clear—
Ah, jealous! But the whole sweet image is not here.

And when I paint that loving jealousy
With chalk upon the rock, and my caress
As at thy feet I lie, I cannot see
Through tears that to mine eyes unbidden press—
So stern a fate denies a painted happiness.

And when I toss mine arms to clasp thee tight,
Mine own though but in visions of a dream,
They who behold the oft-repeated sight,
The kind divinities of wood and stream,
Let fall great pearly tears that on the blossoms gleam.

Himalaya's breeze blows gently from the north,
Unsheathing twigs upon the deodar

And sweet with sap that it entices forth—
I embrace it lovingly; it came so far,
Perhaps it touched thee first, my life's unchanging star!

VIII. THE MINOR DRAMAS. *Malavika and Agnimitra* is considered the first work of Kalidasa, as *Urvashi* was probably his last, and is inferior to his best.

King Agnimitra is an historical character of the second century before Christ, but the play cannot be called historical; it is a light and graceful story of court intrigue.

Malavika, a beautiful maid in the service of a jealous Queen, is seen by the King, who falls violently in love with her. By the aid of his intriguing friend, the clown, the King has a number of meetings with the maid, who returns his love. The meetings are twice discovered by the Queen, and the King gets out of the scrapes with what grace he can. The maid is imprisoned, but by the aid of the clown and her friend escapes, and the King determines to marry her. The Queen naturally makes violent objections, but when she discovers that the maid is really the Princess Malavika in disguise, she yields as gracefully as she can, and the King has another wife. The play, which is in five acts, is in plot a type of many another by different Hindu authors, who can always avoid a sad or tragic ending to the hero's love intrigues by opening his harem to another inmate.

The full title of Kalidasa's second minor drama is *The Tale of Urvashi Won by Valor*. It is in five acts, and is based upon a tale occurring in the *Rig-Veda*. There it appears that Puruvavas, a mortal, falls in love with the nymph Urvashi, who consents to live with him on earth under certain conditions; but when these are broken shortly after the birth of their son, she leaves him, though the man has not been at fault. Wandering disconsolate, Puruvavas finds her and entreats her by her duty as a wife, by her love for her son and even by threats of suicide to return to him. She is unrelenting, and tells him there can be no lasting love between mortal and immortal, and the tale remains a tragedy.

Kalidasa has changed this into another story of court intrigue with a happy termination, as the nymph relents and joins the harem of the King. The introduction of petty characters, of humorous scenes and devices to secure the interest of an audience have made the play entertaining, but spoiled the stern beauty of the legend.

IX. THE STORY OF SHAKUNTALA. The story of Shakuntala is found in the first book of the *Mahabharata*.

Once when Dushyanta the mighty was hunting he entered a deep wood and saw on the banks of the sacred Malini a beautiful hermitage, where he was told the holy hermit Kanva lived. Laying aside the insignia of royalty, he went in to visit the high-souled man, but

was unable to find that ascetic, though he called repeatedly.

At last in response to repeated shoutings a lovely maiden appeared and explained that her father had gone from the hermitage to gather fruit, but that his return was expected at any time.

The King did not see the hermit, but the radiant youth and beauty of the girl fascinated him, and he inquired who she was and how she could be the hermit's daughter. The maiden explained that she was the deserted child of a sage and a nymph who had abandoned their infant to the care of the birds (*shakuntas*), but that she had been found by the hermit and reared as a daughter, to whom he gave the name of Shakuntala.

The King loved the maiden and asked her to be his wife. To this Shakuntala consented, provided he would acknowledge the son to be born to them as the heir to the kingdom.

Dushyanta consented and they were married by the simple forest fashion of joining hands. Then after living together a brief period the King left her for the city, promising to return quickly with an army to take his bride to the royal palace.

No sooner had he gone than the austere Kanva returned and with his celestial vision discerned what had happened, although Shakuntala had been ashamed to tell him. He comforted her, assured her that she had committed no sin, and that her husband Dushy-

anta was a virtuous and noble man as well as a king. Moreover, he assured her that she would have a noble son who would become mighty in the world.

In time her boy was born, a marvelously strong and beautiful baby, upon whose little hands was the wheel that betokened royal lineage. At six he rode on the backs of lions, tigers and boars that ran in the woods near the hermitage, having tamed them and made them his playmates. For these wonderful acts he was nicknamed the All-Tamer.

When Kanva saw how more than human was the boy he advised Shakuntala to go to her husband, who had apparently deserted her. Reaching the palace she was recognized and taken to the King, to whom she declared the parentage of the sturdy boy.

But though the King remembered her, he denied it; called her a wicked hermit-woman and declined to have anything whatever to do with her.

Shakuntala, faint with shame and grief, stood rigid as a pillar. Her eyes grew dark with passion, her lips quivered, and her glances burned the King as with fire. She seemed to meditate a moment, and then broke forth, "O, shameless King, sacred is holy God and sacred is a holy promise. Do not break your promise, O King. Let your love be sacred. If you cling to a lie and do not believe me, alas! I must go away; there is no union with a man like you. For even with-

out you, Dushyanta, my son shall rule this foursquare earth adorned with kingly mountains."

When she had said so much to the King, Shakuntala started to go, but a bodiless voice from heaven spoke to the King: "Care for your son, Dushyanta. Do not despise Shakuntala. You are the boy's father. Shakuntala tells the truth."

These words convinced the King, and he joyfully proclaimed to the court and the people that the child was indeed his son. He clasped the boy to his breast, kissed his head and at the same time honored his mother and soothed her: "This union which I had with you was hidden from the world. Therefore I hesitated, O Queen, in order to save your reputation. As for the cruel words you said to me in an excess of passion, these I pardon you, my beautiful, great-eyed darling, because you love me." Then it was that he gave to the child the name Bharata.

X. THE DRAMA "SHAKUNTALA." Such is the substance of the original story. Kalidasa has changed it in three particulars. First, he introduces Durvasas, a sage, who is insulted by the King and who curses the monarch with a forcefulness which leaves him not morally responsible for his treatment of his forest wife; later the curse is modified, so that when the King sees a ring he has given Shakuntala his memory returns and he acknowledges her. Second, the dramatist makes Shakuntala go to

the King before the child is born, and after the rejection to return to the hermitage for six years. Third, Dushyanta is sent searching for his deserted wife, whom he finds through the instrumentality of the All-Tamer.

Then there are many additions to the epic story in the way of scenes, characters and incidents, and, in the seven acts, four, together with the greater part of the fifth, deal with things that do not appear at all in the epic. In the epic there are but three characters, Dushyanta, Shakuntala and Kanva, with the small boy just mentioned, while in the play there are more than twenty-five characters with speaking parts: Shakuntala has two charming girl-friends; the King has a clown, who accompanies him and intrigues for him; Kanva has two pupils; and Durvasas, the impious sage, is new; policemen and a fisherman furnish the comedy element; the father and mother of the gods, a heavenly nymph, and others, appear from time to time. The first four acts are at Kanva's hermitage; five and six, in the King's palace; seven, on a heavenly mountain. Ryder says:

But all the other characters sink into insignificance beside the heroine. Shakuntala dominates the play. She is actually on the stage in five of the acts, and her spirit pervades the other two, the second and the sixth. Shakuntala has held captive the heart of India for fifteen hundred years, and wins the love of increasing thousands in the West; for so noble a union of sweetness with strength is one of the miracles of art.

Though lovely women walk the world to-day
 By tens of thousands, there is none so fair
 In all that exhibition and display
 With her most perfect beauty to compare—

because it is a most perfect beauty of soul no less than of outward form. Her character grows under our very eyes. When we first meet her, she is a simple maiden, knowing no greater sorrow than the death of a favorite deer; when we bid her farewell, she has passed through happy love, the mother's joys and pains, most cruel humiliation and suspicion, and the reunion with her husband, proved at last not to have been unworthy. And each of these great experiences has been met with a courage and a sweetness to which no words can render justice.

XI. SELECTIONS FROM KALIDASA'S "SHAKUNTALA." As an example of the usual invocation, or prologue, to Hindu plays, we quote:

Eight forms has Shiva, lord of all and king;
 And these are *water*, first created thing;
 And *fire*, which speeds the sacrifice begun;
 The *priest*; and time's dividers, *moon* and *sun*;
 The all-embracing *ether*, path of sound;
 The *earth*, wherein all seeds of life are found;
 And *air*, the breath of life: may he draw near,
 Revealed in these, and bless those gathered here.

The stage-director. Enough of this! (*Turning toward the dressing-room.*) Madam, if you are ready, pray come here. (*Enter an actress.*)

Actress. Here I am, sir. What am I to do?

Director. Our audience is very discriminating, and we are to offer them a new play, called *Shakuntala and the Ring of Recognition*, written by the famous Kalidasa. Every member of the cast must be on his mettle.

Actress. Your arrangements are perfect. Nothing will go wrong.

Director (smiling). To tell the truth, madam,
Until the wise are satisfied,
I cannot feel that skill is shown;
The best-trained mind requires support,
And does not trust itself alone.

Actress. True. What shall we do first?

Director. First, you must sing something to please the ears of the audience.

Actress. What season of the year shall I sing about?

Director. Why, sing about the pleasant summer which has just begun. For at this time of year—

A mid-day plunge will temper heat;
The breeze is rich with forest flowers;
To slumber in the shade is sweet;
And charming are the twilight hours.

Actress (sings):

The siris-blossoms fair,
With pollen laden,
Are plucked to deck her hair
By many a maiden,
But gently; flowers like these
Are kissed by eager bees.

Director. Well done! The whole theater is captivated by your song, and sits as if painted. What play shall we give them to keep their good-will?

Actress. Why, you just told me we were to give a new play called *Shakuntala and the Ring*.

Director. Thank you for reminding me. For the moment I had quite forgotten.

Your charming song had carried me away
As the deer enticed the hero of our play.

(*Exeunt ambo.*)

Act One describes the hunt on which the King and the hermit maid meet.

Act Two shows the King in love.

Act Three contains the actual love-making by the King, with the aid of Shakuntala's friends.

Act Four describes Shakuntala's departure for the palace. This act is in two scenes.

Act Five is the tragic rejection of Shakuntala. On her way to the palace she has lost the ring given her by the King.

Act Six recounts the separation of Shakuntala and the King. In the first scene the ring has been found by a fisherman who has been taken by two policemen :

(Enter the chief of police, two policemen, and a man with his hands bound behind his back.)

The two policemen (striking the man). Now, pick-pocket, tell us where you found this ring. It is the King's ring, with letters engraved on it, and it has a magnificent great gem.

Fisherman (showing fright). Be merciful, kind gentlemen. I am not guilty of such a crime.

First policeman. No, I suppose the King thought you were a pious Brahman, and made you a present of it.

Fisherman. Listen, please. I am a fisherman, and I live on the Ganges, at the spot where Indra came down.

Second policeman. You thief, we didn't ask for your address or your social position.

Chief. Let him tell a straight story, Suchaka. Don't interrupt.

The two policemen. Yes, chief. Talk, man, talk.

Fisherman. I support my family with things you catch fish with—nets, you know, and hooks, and things.

Chief (laughing). You have a sweet trade.

Fisherman. Don't say that, master.

You can't give up a lowdown trade

That your ancestors began ;

A butcher butchers things, and yet

He's the tenderest-hearted man.

Chief. Go on. Go on.

Fisherman. Well, one day I was cutting up a carp. In its maw I saw this ring with the magnificent great gem.

And then I was just trying to sell it here when you kind gentlemen grabbed me. That is the only way I got it. Now kill me, or find fault with me.

Chief (smelling the ring). There is no doubt about it, Januka. It has been in a fish's maw. It has the real perfume of raw meat. Now we have to find out how he got it. We must go to the palace.

The two policemen (to the fisherman). Move on, you cutpurse, move on. *(They walk about.)*

Chief. Suchaka, wait here at the big gate until I come out of the palace. And don't get careless.

The two policemen. Go in, chief. I hope the King will be nice to you.

Chief. Good-bye. *(Exit.)*

Suchaka. Januka, the chief is taking his time.

Januka. You can't just drop in on a King.

Suchaka. Januka, my fingers are itching *(indicating the fisherman)* to kill this cutpurse.

Fisherman. Don't kill a man without any reason, master:

Januka (looking ahead). There is the chief, with a written order from the King. *(To the fisherman.)* Now you will see your family, or else you will feed the crows and jackals. *(Enter the chief.)*

Chief. Quick! Quick! *(He breaks off.)*

Fisherman. Oh, oh! I'm a dead man. *(He shows dejection.)*

Chief. Release him, you. Release the fishnet fellow. It is all right, his getting the ring. Our King told me so himself.

Suchaka. All right, chief. He is a dead man come back to life. *(He releases the fisherman.)*

Fisherman (bowing low to the chief). Master, I owe you my life. *(He falls at his feet.)*

Chief. Get up, get up! Here is a reward that the King was kind enough to give you. It is worth as much as the ring. Take it. *(He hands the fisherman a bracelet.)*

Fisherman (joyfully taking it). Much obliged.

Januka. He is much obliged to the King. Just as if he had been taken from the stake and put on an elephant's back.

Suchaka. Chief, the reward shows that the King thought a lot of the ring. The gem must be worth something.

Chief. No, it wasn't the fine gem that pleased the King. It was this way.

The two policemen. Well?

Chief. I think, when the King saw it, he remembered somebody he loves. You know how dignified he is usually. But as soon as he saw it, he broke down for a moment.

Suchaka. You have done the king a good turn, chief.

Januka. All for the sake of this fish-killer, it seems to me. (*He looks enviously at the fisherman.*)

Fisherman. Take half of it, masters, to pay for something to drink.

Januka. Fisherman, you are the biggest and best friend I've got. The first thing we want, is all the brandy we can hold. Let's go where they keep it. (*Exeunt omnes.*)

The second scene is in the palace gardens. The King has remembered and sets out to find Shakuntala.

Act VII contains the reconciliation. This is the manner in which it was effected:

King. Very well. (*Exit MATALI. The king's arm throbs, a happy omen.*)

I dare not hope for what I pray;

Why thrill—in vain?

For heavenly bliss once thrown away

Turns into pain.

A voice behind the scenes. Don't! You mustn't be so foolhardy. Oh, you are always the same.

King (listening). No naughtiness could feel at home in this spot. Who draws such a rebuke upon himself? (*He looks towards the sound. In surprise.*) It is a

child, but no child in strength. And two hermit-women are trying to control him.

He drags a struggling lion cub,

The lioness' milk half-sucked, half-missed,

Towzles his mane, and tries to drub

Him tame with small, imperious fist.

(*Enter a small boy, as described, and two hermit-women.*)

Boy. Open your mouth, cub. I want to count your teeth.

First woman. Naughty boy, why do you torment our pets? They are like children to us. Your energy seems to take the form of striking something. No wonder the hermits call you All-Tamer.

King. Why should my heart go out to this boy as if he were my own son? (*He reflects.*) No doubt my childless state makes me sentimental.

Second woman. The lioness will spring at you if you don't let her baby go.

Boy (smiling). Oh, I'm dreadfully scared. (*He bites his lip.*)

King (in surprise).

The boy is seed of fire

Which, when, it grows, will burn;

A tiny spark that soon

To awful flame may turn.

First woman. Let the little lion go, dear. I will give you another plaything.

Boy. Where is it? Give it to me. (*He stretches out his hand.*)

King (looking at the hand). He has one of the imperial birthmarks! For

Between the eager fingers grow

The close-knit webs together drawn,

Like some lone lily opening slow

To meet the kindling blush of dawn.

Second woman. Suvrata, we can't make him stop by talking. Go. In my cottage you will find a painted clay peacock that belongs to the hermit-boy Mankanaka. Bring him that.

First woman. I will. (*Exit.*)

Boy. Meanwhile I'll play with this one.

Hermit-woman (looks and laughs). Let him go.

King. My heart goes out to this willful child. (*Sighing.*)

They show their little buds of teeth
 In peals of causeless laughter;
 They hide their trustful heads beneath
 Your heart. And stumbling after
 Come sweet, unmeaning sounds that sing
 To you. The father warms
 And loves the very dirt they bring
 Upon their little forms.

Hermit-woman (shaking her finger). Won't you mind me? (*She looks about.*) Which one of the hermit-boys is here? (*She sees the King.*) Oh, sir, please come here and free this lion cub. The little rascal is tormenting him, and I can't make him let go.

King. Very well. (*He approaches, smiling.*) O little son of a great sage!

Your conduct in this place apart,
 Is most unfit;
 'Twould grieve your father's pious heart
 And trouble it.

To animals he is as good
 As good can be;
 You spoil it, like a black snake's brood
 In sandal tree.

Hermit-woman. But, sir, he is not the son of a hermit.

King. So it would seem, both from his looks and his actions. But in this spot, I had no suspicion of anything else. (*He loosens the boy's hold on the cub, and touching him, says to himself.*)

It makes me thrill to touch the boy,
 The stranger's son, to me unknown;
 What measureless content must fill
 The man who calls the child his own!

Hermit-woman (looking at the two). Wonderful! wonderful!

King. Why do you say that, mother?

Hermit-woman. I am astonished to see how much the boy looks like you, sir. You are not related. Besides, he is a perverse little creature and he does not know you. Yet he takes no dislike to you.

King (caressing the boy). Mother, if he is not the son of a hermit, what is his family?

Hermit-woman. The family of Puru.

King (to himself). He is of one family with me! Then could my thought be true? (*Aloud.*) But this is the custom of Puru's line:

In glittering palaces they dwell
While men, and rule the country well;
Then make the grove their home in age,
And die in austere hermitage.

But how could human beings, of their own mere motion, attain this spot?

Hermit-woman. You are quite right, sir. But the boy's mother was related to a nymph, and she bore her son in the pious grove of the father of the gods.

King (to himself). 'Ah, a second ground for hope. (*Aloud.*) What was the name of the good king whose wife she was?

Hermit-woman. Who would speak his name? He rejected his true wife.

King (to himself). This story points at me. Suppose I ask the boy for his mother's name. (*He reflects.*) No, it is wrong to concern myself with one who may be another's wife. (*Enter the first woman, with the clay peacock.*)

First woman. Look, All-Tamer. Here is the bird, the *shakunta*. Isn't the *shakunta* lovely?

Boy (looks about). Where is my mamma? (*The two women burst out laughing.*)

First woman. It sounded like her name, and deceived him. He loves his mother.

Second woman. She said: "See how pretty the peacock is." That is all.

King (to himself). His mother's name is Shakuntala! But names are alike. I trust this hope may not prove a disappointment in the end, like a mirage.

Boy. I like this little peacock, sister. Can it fly? (*He seizes the toy.*)

First woman (looks at the boy. Anxiously). Oh, the amulet is not on his wrist.

King. Do not be anxious, mother. It fell while he was struggling with the lion cub. (*He starts to pick it up.*)

The two women. Oh, don't, don't! (*They look at him.*) He has touched it! (*Astonished, they lay their hands on their bosoms, and look at each other.*)

King. Why did you try to prevent me?

First woman. Listen, your Majesty. This is a divine and most potent charm, called the Invincible. Marichi's holy son gave it to the baby when the birth-ceremony was performed. If it falls on the ground, no one may touch it except the boy's parents or the boy himself.

King. And if another touch it?

First woman. It becomes a serpent and stings him.

King. Did you ever see this happen to any one else?

Both women. More than once.

King (joyfully). Then why may I not welcome my hopes fulfilled at last? (*He embraces the boy.*)

Second woman. Come, Suvrata. Shakuntala is busy with her religious duties. We must go and tell her what has happened. (*Exeunt ambo.*)

Boy. Let me go. I want to see my mother.

King. My son, you shall go with me to greet your mother.

Boy. Dushyanta is my father, not you.

King (smiling). You show I am right by contradicting me. (*Enter SHAKUNTALA, wearing her hair in a single braid.*)

Shakuntala (doubtfully). I have heard that All-Tamer's amulet did not change when it should have done

so. But I do not trust my own happiness. Yet perhaps it is as Mishrakeshi told me. (*She walks about.*)

King (*looking at SHAKUNTALA. With plaintive joy*). It is she. It is Shakuntala.

The pale, worn face, the careless dress,

The single braid,

Show her still true, me pitiless,

The long vow paid.

Shakuntala (*seeing the King pale with remorse. Doubtfully*). It is not my husband. Who is the man that soils my boy with his caresses? The amulet should protect him.

Boy (*running to his mother*). Mother, he is a man that belongs to other people. And he calls me his son.

King. My darling, the cruelty I showed you has turned to happiness. Will you not recognize me?

Shakuntala (*to herself*). Oh, my heart, believe it. Fate struck hard, but its envy is gone and pity takes its place. It is my husband.

King.

Black madness flies;

Comes memory;

Before my eyes

My love I see.

Eclipse flees far;

Light follows soon;

The loving star

Draws to the moon.

Shakuntala. Victory, victo—— (*Tears choke her utterance.*)

King.

The tears would choke you, sweet, in vain;

My soul with victory is fed,

Because I see your face again—

No jewels, but the lips are red.

Boy. Who is he, mother?

Shakuntala. Ask fate, my child. (*She weeps.*)

King.

King. Dear, graceful wife, forget;

Let the sin vanish;

Strangely did madness strive
Reason to banish.

Thus blindness works in men,
Love's joy to shake;
Spurning a garland, lest

It prove a snake. (*He falls at her feet.*)

Shakuntala. Rise, my dear husband. Surely, it was some old sin of mine that broke my happiness—though it has turned again to happiness. Otherwise, how could you, dear, have acted so? You are so kind. (*The King rises.*) But what brought back the memory of your suffering wife?

King. I will tell you when I have plucked out the dart of sorrow.

"Twas madness, sweet, that could let slip

A tear to burden your dear lip;

On graceful lashes seen to-day,

I wipe it and our grief, away. (*He does so.*)

Shakuntala (*sees more clearly and discovers the ring*).
My husband, it is the ring!

King. Yes. And when a miracle recovered it, my memory returned.

Shakuntala. That was why it was so impossible for me to win your confidence.

King. Then let the vine receive her flower, as earnest of her union with spring.

Shakuntala. I do not trust it. I would rather you wore it. (*Enter MATALI.*)

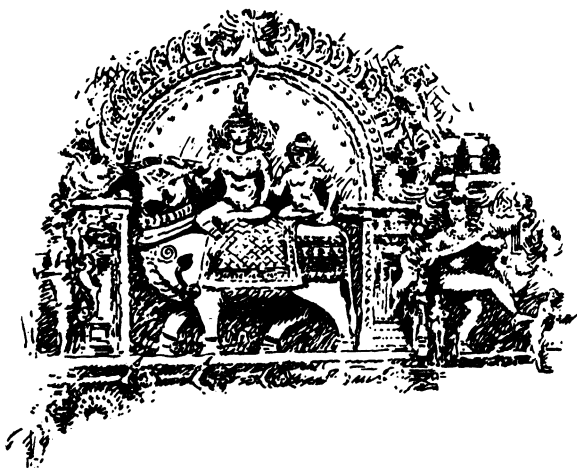
Matali. I congratulate you, O King, on reunion with your wife and on seeing the face of your son.

King. My desires bear sweeter fruit because fulfilled through a friend. Matali, was not this matter known to Indra?

Matali (*smiling*). What is hidden from the gods? Come. Marichi's holy son, Kashyapa, wishes to see you.

King. My dear wife, bring our son. I could not appear without you before the holy one.

Shakuntala. I am ashamed to go before such parents with my husband.



CHAPTER XII

FABLES AND FAIRY TALES

FABLES. Although, as we have already said, the prose of India is relatively negligible, yet no account of Sanskrit literature would be complete without more than a passing allusion to its fables and fairy tales. Indeed, there is nothing in comparative literature much more interesting than these, for, in fact, fables probably originated in India, and nearly every lesson taught in later years by these interesting little tales has its prototype in those remarkable collections of the far-away East. Concerning their origin we know nothing, but the oldest that remain were written in Pali and are Buddhistic in their teachings. They probably reach back four centuries before the birth of Christ.

II. THE "JATAKAS" (BIRTH STORIES). These numerous fables, some five hundred fifty in number, are the most important and oldest collection, and all deal with the early incarnations of a Buddha. Each has at its end a religious sentiment corresponding to the more formal "moral" of our modern fables.

III. THE "PANCATANTRA." There are two other Sanskrit collections of considerable importance, the earlier of which is undoubtedly the basis for the second. The *Pancatantra* (Five Threads, or Books) contains a large number of beast fables and dates back to Buddhistic sources. The *Jatakas* probably furnished much of the material, with the prose of which are mingled aphorisms and moral principles in verse. Many versions of these tales have been made, and the later editors have given an anti-Buddhistic turn to many of them.

Most of these collections are gathered into a "frame," something after the plan of the *Arabian Nights*, and in all probability it was from them that the idea of such collections as the latter was obtained. In this instance, the frame is as follows: Amarasakti, the King, had three idle and very stupid sons, of whose future he was very skeptical. Under the advice of his minister, Sumati, however, he secured as tutor the Brahman Vishnusharman, who agreed within six months to teach the boys to be real princes in every sense of the word. To further this design, he wrote the *Pancatan-*

tra, and embodied in it his moral teachings. It is interesting to know that he met with complete success, and at the end of six months the boys had become models in their station in life.

The stories are collected in five books, under titles which may be translated as follows: *Separation of Friends*, *Acquisition of Friends*, *The Book of Crows and Owls*, *On the Loss of What has been Gained*, and *Thoughtless Action*. Although different versions vary in many respects, the moral teachings are faultless, and the tales have exerted a great influence, not only upon Hindu character, but also upon succeeding authors; in fact, their influence was not confined to India, for they were translated into Persian during the sixth century A. D., and on this Persian translation were based various versions in the Arabic, Greek, Turkish, Syriac, Hebrew, Latin and other languages. Descended from these are numerous versions in all the modern European languages. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries these books were more used than anything else except the Bible. The name *Pancatantra* may not be the original title of the stories, as the early Syriac and Arabic versions are under titles that suggest that in the original the stories may have been collected under the name of *Karataka* and *Damanaka*, from the names of two jackals which appear frequently in the first book. However, this is mere speculation.

IV. THE "HITOPADESA" (SALUTARY INSTRUCTION). In its preface this famous collec-

tion acknowledges its indebtedness to “the *Pancatantra* and another work;” and throughout *The Book of Good Counsel* bears internal evidence of this indebtedness. These stories are quite well known through modern translations and have served as models in all languages.

V. FAIRY TALES. An important advance in prose fiction was made even in ancient times in the great collections of fairy tales, which were written not to inculcate a moral lesson but to please with an interesting story. They are ingenious, delightful, and have been widely translated.

The largest and most important collection of Sanskrit stories of this type is the *Kathasaritsagara*, the work of Somadeva, a writer of the eleventh century, probably a native of Kashmir. *The Ocean of Streams of Stories*, as the title may be translated, is in about twenty-two thousand slokas, divided into one hundred twenty-four chapters, or “waves.” It has been translated into English. This collection is not original with Somadeva. It is an abridged translation of a lost Prakrit work composed early in the Christian Era.

VI. THE “SUKASAPTATI.” Two other collections, though briefer and of less importance, deserve to be considered. The first of these is the *Sukasaptati* (Seventy Stories Told by a Parrot). The frame for this interesting collection is as follows: The wife of a merchant, who was away on his travels, is inclined to be

adulterous, and consults with her parrot on the best means of accomplishing her desire. The bird appears to fall in with her project, but is perpetually warning her of the possibilities of detection, and by means similar to those which prompted Scheherezade, the parrot keeps up her interest, and night after night prevents her from making an assignation. All of the bird's stories are concerned with women who planned similar defections, and when brought to a climax, they end with the question, "What ought So-and-so to do?" Unable to decide herself, the reluctant wife consents to remain at home for the night, providing that on the next evening the parrot will complete the story. Thus for seventy nights the wife's attention is held, and at last the husband returns and finds his wife faithful. The frame of the *Arabian Nights* will be recalled.

These stories have been exceedingly popular in India, have been translated into several other languages, and some of them have been published in English under the title *The Enchanted Parrot*.

VII. OTHER COLLECTIONS. A second collection, the *Vetala-Pancavinsati* (Twenty-five Stories of the Vetala), has been translated into English under the title of *Vikram and the Vampire*. A third is the curious collection, *Simhasana-Dvatrinsika*, in which the throne of the famous Vikrama, King of India during the Golden Age of literature, tells the stories. Both of the collections mentioned in this sec-

tion consist of numerous tales set in frames similar in form to those above described.

VIII. PROSE ROMANCES. There is also in Sanskrit a series of stories which resemble our novels, but which by the Hindus are called poems. Most of these date from the sixth or seventh century, and the best, the *Dasa-Kumara-Charita*, was written by Dandin, who lived probably in the sixth century. This is not a series of tales set in a framework, but, as its name indicates, is the *Adventures of Ten Princes*, which really make a series of tales, but altogether compose a loosely-constructed romance that somewhat resembles our modern novels. The tales are full of roguery and remind one strongly of the picaresque tales of Spain. It also calls to mind *Simplicissimus*, the old German story which gives so vivid a picture of conditions in that country during the latter part of the seventh century.

The *Vasavadatta*, the work of Subandhu, a Sanskrit writer of the sixth century, is a highly-artificial romance which has as its subject the love affairs of a prince and princess. The tale is loosely constructed and written in a style which in its curious conceits and peculiar word-juggling reminds one somewhat of methods in Japanese prose. For all these tales and similar ones of later periods, the word *Charita* (adventures) serves as a generic name.

Bana, a Sanskrit writer of the seventh century, gives us in his greatest work, *Kadambari*, a very romantic love story of an amazing

prince and the fairy Princess Kadambari, than whom there was never a heroine more beautiful or more fascinating!

With these, the list of important prose works in Sanskrit must close, though we are not to infer that there were no others. However, the only considerable influence which these writings have had upon world literature is through the fables and the early fairy stories.

A STREET JUGGLER IN BOMBAY





CHAPTER XIII

CHRONOLOGY

THE literature of India is that of a dead language, so far as modern spoken tongues are concerned, and the origin of so much of it dates so far back that an accurate table of chronology is practically impossible of construction. Yet for purposes of comparison, even speculative dates are interesting. With that idea in view, the following table is presented:

1500–1000 B. c.—The period of the *Rig-Veda*.

800–500 B. c.—Period of the *Brahmanas* and the earlier *Upanishads*.

557–477 B. c. (about)—Life of the Buddha.

500–200 B. c.—Composition of the Vedic *Sutras*.

477–250 B. c.—Composition of the Buddhist Pali texts.

400 B. C.—A. D. 400—Period during which the two great Epics were compiled.

326 B. C.—Invasion of India by Alexander the Great and consolidation of great empire begun by Chandragupta.

300 B. C.—Panini, the great grammarian, and the beginning of Classical Sanskrit.

273–232 B. C.—Reign of Asoka.

240 B. C.—Council of Asoka established a canon of Buddhist scriptures.

200 B. C.—A. D. 200—*Code of Manu* and the *Bhagavadgita*.

A. D. 200–500—Formation of the six great philosophical systems.

Third Century—Beginning of the *Puranas*.

Fifth Century—*Kalidasa*.

Sixth Century—Dandin wrote the *Dasha-Kumara-Charita*.

Sixth Century—*Panchatantra* translated into Persian.

Seventh Century—Subandhu wrote the *Vasavadatta*.

Seventh Century—Bana wrote the *Kadambari*.

Eleventh Century—The *Kathasaritsagara* translated from Prakrit (which is lost) into Sanskrit.

1001—Mahmud of Ghazni began his inroads into India.

1206—Mohammedans establish their rule in India. Buddhism extinct in India.

Twelfth Century—Ramanuja founded his sect.

Fourteenth Century—Ramananda founded his sect and Kabir founded Kabir-Panthi sect.

1397—Tamerlane invaded India.

Fifteenth Century—Vallabha Swamin founded his sect.

Close of Fifteenth Century—Chaitanya and beginning of the Vaishnava sect of Bengal.

Sixteenth Century—Nanak and the beginning of the Sikhs.

1602—The English appeared in India.

1604—East India Company chartered.

1707—Death of Aurangzebe, Mogul ruler. Waning of Mohammedan power in India.

1738—Nadir Shah, Persian monarch, plundered Delhi.

1757—Lord Clive defeated Suraja Dowlah. English established in Bengal.

1765—English rule firmly established.



STREET DANCERS

